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Edwd Codrington

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE LARGER WORK

BY HIS DAUGHTER

LADY BOURCHIER.

WITH PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1875.

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TO THE

DEAR MEMORY OF AN HONOURED FATHER

FROM

A LOVING AND GRATEFUL DAUGHTER.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

It has been considered advisable to publish this abridgment of the Memoir of Sir Edward Codrington in order to make more accessible to general readers the record of a life the stirring incidents of which cannot fail to be attractive to the young, and the picture of a character whose personal qualities must interest readers of all ages.

In doing this it has been my wish to make my Father familiarly known to all classes of his countrymen; for which purpose I have, in condensing the work, retained most of the private letters, and omitted as much of the bulk of official documents as could be spared from the record of public events.

Jane Bourchier.

March 1875.

PREFACE

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

It may, perhaps, be thought late to publish now a memoir of Sir Edward Codrington, who has been dead nearly twenty-two years. The delay has been caused by circumstances over which I had no control. However, although so many of his personal friends and brothers in arms have passed away, it is not, I think, too late to bring before others the character and services of one who was himself an ornament to the profession he so truly loved and honoured and so devotedly served.

To that character, and those services, the key and the incentive were the innate chivalry and high feeling of honour which made professional duty always the first consideration, to the utter exclusion of all sordid or selfish views of personal advantage. His principle was, as stated in his private letters to his wife, to strive to *deserve* credit, rather than to *obtain* it.

It will be advantageous to those who are now entering on life to note how one who began his career with no advantages of training or cultivation,—with no other help but his own personal qualities,—was able by these

means to attain ultimately to the completeness position in which he was seen and known as a ref English gentleman, a highly distinguished officer, centre of a large circle of warm and true friends, the cherished ruler of a happy family circle.

I have not attempted to write a memoir. I wished simply to place the honourable career of Father—private and professional—before his friends, to introduce him to others, by letting him show hir in all the reality of his character, through his pr letters and professional acts; with only such add from other sources as was necessary to form the con ing links of his history.

JANE BOURCHIE

March 1873.

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MEMOIR

OF

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD CODRINGTON was born April 27, 1770. He was descended from an old and already distinguished family: one of his ancestors was standard-bearer to the Black Prince; and since that time the family has continued in possession of the estates of Codrington and Dodington, in Gloucestershire. He was the youngest of three brothers; and, having been left an orphan in his infancy, his first recollected home was with his uncle, Mr. Bethell, who was very kind to him. He was, however, early sent out into the world; and, after a period of schooling at Harrow—which cannot have been a long one, for he entered the Navy at thirteen years old—he spent nine years at sea as a midshipman; and I have repeatedly heard him say, that during those nine years (so important for the formation of character) he never was invited to open a book, nor received a word of advice or instruction, except professional, from anyone. More than that, he was thrown among a set in the gun-room mess, older than himself, whose amusement it was—a too customary amusement in those days—to teach the lad to drink, and to lead him into their habitual practice in that respect. His own strength of character came to his

aid; he found himself growing fond of 'grog'; he himself in danger; he felt that he could not, at time, take a little without wishing for more; and therefore resolved to save himself by taking *none.* this I have heard from his own lips.) He had the ness, young as he was, to carry out his resolve in of his tempters, and through life he continued a abstemious man, though without refusing the use of and holding no prejudice against it.

He first went to sea in H.M.S. 'Augusta,' in 1783, for Channel service; and served as midship mate, and acting lieutenant, till 1793, in H.M. 'Brisk,' 'Assistance,' 'Leander,' 'Ambuscade,' 'For able,' and 'Queen Charlotte,' three of which were flagships of Admiral Sawyer, Admiral Peyton, and A ral Lord Howe.

On one occasion, a royal visitor going on boar ship in which he was serving as midshipman, the ropes of the companion-ladder were, according t etiquette on such occasions, manned by youngsters. royal visitor observed to the captain, 'You have a handsome boy there—who is he?' The captain answ 'His name is Codrington, sir. Yes, indeed, he is a some boy; but his good looks are the least part of he is himself quite as good as his looks, and better and I am proud of him.'

The anecdote may seem trivial, but it has at lea value of showing that, even in very early life, h ceeded in gaining the good opinion of his superiors.

There are not many details to be found now early life of naval officers at that distant period; b circumstance of considerable interest has been re by the subject of this memoir, which occurred wh was a midshipman and sixteen years old. He wr down some years afterwards at the request of his wi

Adventure of Thoughtlessness: a Warning to Young Midshipmen, &c.

During the long and severe winters which prevailed in Nova Scotia whilst the country was yet uncleared of wood, the principal diversion of the officers of such ships as were stationed at Halifax was in skating; and the string of lakes running inland from the side of the harbour opposite that town—which were sometimes frozen over before any fall of snow had taken place, and even after a snowstorm had generally some parts left clear owing to the partial gusts of wind—offered great encouragement to the practice of that exercise. At about eight o'clock one morning, in the winter of 1786, a party of us, whose names are undermentioned, set out with our skates as usual for this purpose:—Stafford Palmer, master's mate (now Banks, 1818); Meyrick Holmes, midshipman; Edward Codrington, midshipman; —— Bromedge, captain's clerk; —— Hicks, writer in the Admiral's office; —— Prior, writer in the Admiral's office. Finding no part of either the first or second lake adjoining fit for skating, we all proceeded to the third lake, something less than a mile farther, and connected by a brook. We were equally disappointed in our object here; and a suggestion made by me that it would be well worth our while to explore the fourth lake, which probably was not far off, and which none of our shipmates had yet visited, was assented to by all but Prior, who alone had the prudence to resist our importunities that he would accompany us, and to return directly to the ship.

Following the brook as our surest guide, we reached this fourth lake without much difficulty; and we were so absorbed in the wildness and beauty of the scene before us, that we pursued our way to the upper part of it without recollecting how time passed on. Its form was oblong, and its length about three miles; its sides smoothly irregular, occasionally broken by bold rocky projections covered with pine trees, and the whole embosomed in one immense mass of different firs, the contrast of whose dark green with the pure unsullied snow on the lake was very striking. Nature seemed to reign here in all her glory, and to have denied all human intrusion,

whilst the wood and the water strove each to encroach c the boundaries she had set them. The trees in some par were actually growing in the water, and in other parts tl water had undermined the fertile banks and exposed the tre to destruction.

Upon reaching the farther extremity of this fourth lak we came in view of the fifth, which nearly adjoined it, a which we had not seen before in consequence of its windi quickly to the left, and being comparatively very narro Whilst contemplating the beauty of the scene before us, t the pleasures of which we little thought we should pay dearly, we were suddenly seized, and each as it were at t same moment, with a fit of hunger so violent that up mutual explanation of the sensations we felt, we were all p suaded that we could not survive the pain we endured su ciently long to reach the village of Dartmouth, from whe we set out, and where we knew we could obtain refreshmen

It was immediately thrown out by Hicks for our c sideration, that there was a settlement called McNab's Bric somewhere thereabout, which he understood was at the h of the fifth lake then before us. And as this lake did appear to extend more than three-quarters of a mile, I v induced by the excruciating pain I then felt from hunger, avow my determination to risk my life upon the speedy c covery of that settlement.

Hicks agreed to accompany me.

But Palmer decided on turning back; and advised us weigh well the certainty of death if we failed in our spec tion, and the probability of our strength still enabling us reach Dartmouth in safety if we called forth all our exerti

Of the remaining two, who, probably from being m exhausted, did not take so active a part in this critical c sultation, Bromedge determined to go back with Palmer, Holmes on risking his fate with us.

Although the day was still unusually mild and fine, tl was no time to be lost, and, therefore, after a short melancholy 'Good-bye' and friendly shake by the hand, began our arduous undertaking.

The snow in the lakes was generally up to the calf of

leg, and sometimes nearly as high as the knee; and whether from the slipperiness of the ice underneath, or whatever other cause, we were frequently impressed so strongly with an idea that it was giving way with us, that we involuntarily, and in spite of our better reason, ran back several paces for safety. To avoid these recurrences I picked up a long stick, with which I went forward some yards before my companions in order to sound our way. We were proceeding in this cautious manner, following the winding of the lake over which we had gone about three miles without yet seeing its termination, when the pain of hunger was succeeded by a drowsiness which it was extremely difficult to resist. I was now about a hundred paces before the other two, who, although close together, seemed equally silent with myself, and absorbed in their own thoughts. Their thoughts, too, were probably, like mine, bent on that home to which we had so little prospect of ever returning; and they were possibly, like me, repenting the rash determination we had made, and lamenting the thoughtlessness which had brought us into so serious a predicament. I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by perceiving something large and black upon the ice near the upper part of the lake by which we were necessarily to pass, which I concluded was a bear. I concealed the fear which came over me so long as I had hopes of the supposed enemy being alarmed by our nearer approach. But when it became expedient to close together for our mutual protection, I found that they had also seen this terror-exciting object from the first, and had fully sympathised in the feelings which I had wished to confine to my own breast. Almost all dangers are greater in imagination than in reality. But taught to expect all sorts of wild beasts in these woods, never perhaps before penetrated by human beings, and sensible that without anything but our skates either for offence or for defence, we were in the power of whatever foe might assail us, our having submitted to the 'slavish yoke of fear' may be somewhat excusable. We were subject to deception, moreover, from our sight being much weakened by weariness and long looking on the snow. However, after coming to a resolution to march up to this obtruding enemy with an im-

posing front, we were relieved by the discovery that it wa the stump of a burnt tree which had been brought down b the brook.

Solemn as had been our previous steps, and little as ou minds were disposed to mirth, we could not help laughin heartily on contemplating the cause of our immediate anxiet Short, however, was the period of our joy on escaping th imaginary danger. For, at length arriving at the head of th lake, which could not be less than five miles in extent, not symptom was there of that settlement upon the discovery which we had staked our existence. We could not find o single Indian mark of a notch in a tree; and the woods he appeared too trackless even for *their* venturing. In the wil ness of our search we traversed the brook several times, oft falling into holes amongst the hidden rocks which near fractured our limbs. But the farther we advanced the mo our hopes diminished; and in despair of success we we again obliged to hold a consultation as to what next should done. Hicks commenced by observing that all the efforts could now make must be as useless as they would be painf and that it would be better to give up the point at on Holmes, whose strength was nearly exhausted, yielded to opinion; and yet he seemed to cling to life with considera anxiety. The pains of hunger were gone by. Nor did eit of us know a suffering at that moment beyond the conviction perhaps I may say the hope—that our loss would be a s affliction to our parents, as well as to our shipmates and ot friends; and we were each fully sensible that to die t were merely to indulge in a delightful sleep, almost attractive to resist.

Seeing that the point rested with me alone, I summo up all the reasoning I could. I urged still further effort we valued our characters for courage and manliness. I d on the probability of some of our messmates being lost making search after us—the justice of exertion due to t greater virtue, and our filial duty to those who had protec our infancy; and I derived new strength from finding tha did not plead in vain.

The scene which followed is as fresh in my memory as

had happened in this last winter. The sun was still up; and by the direction in which it was declining, we determined the line on which we hoped to reach the upper end of the sheet of water above Halifax, called Bradford Bason. Hicks slowly led the way, followed by Holmes at some little distance, whilst I once more struck deeper into the wood near the brook for the chance of making some useful discovery. The snow was in many parts of the woods nearly up to our hips; and whilst I was with difficulty forcing myself forward, I heard Holmes cry out to me for help, 'that he was frost-bitten and could not move.' I instantly turned towards him, and called to Hicks for God's sake to assist him immediately. But, declaring his total inability to do so, he sat himself down in the snow.

Although I found that Holmes's difficulty arose more from the weakness of fatigue than severity of cold, I thought his remaining any time motionless would equally cause his death, and I forced him on with a violence which was little short of beating him. But upon coming up to Hicks I found I had still greater obstacles to overcome; for he was just falling into a doze from which he was unwilling to be disengaged, although he knew it would be fatal; and my repetition of the words used by Doctor Solander on a similar occasion in New Zealand,—'He that sits will sleep, and he that sleeps will wake no more,'—only served to irritate him. After which ineffectual reasoning upon the subject, in the course of which he urged me to resign myself to death with as much earnestness as I pressed him to struggle for his life, I told him as well as Holmes who took part with him, that no argument they could possibly employ should shake my determination to resist to the last moment the weakness to which they had given themselves up; that I was convinced I had sufficient strength to reach the water-side before dark, where I might possibly get sight of some boat or a fisherman; that if they would still exert themselves I would never leave them; but that if they had resolved on resigning themselves without further effort, it was but honest and honourable that they should tell me so at once and let me shift for myself. At last they discontentedly rose from the snow, and still querulously complaining of

the force of my expressions, they again put themselves
motion. I was thrown into a sort of wildness of despair
witnessing the desponding tardiness of our progress whi
precluded all hope of final success; and I began to reg
that I had bound myself to encumbrances but for which
might have insured my own safety,—when I suddenly fell f
on my face. For the immediate cause of this, in my th
almost bewildered state, I could not readily account; but t
effect I cannot ever forget, since it put me to a greater tr
than perhaps I have ever since undergone. I had lost
sense of bodily pain, and I felt that to lie still in the positi
in which I had fallen, was to make dying a luxurious enj
ment; and I must confess that my resolution was so
shaken, that nothing but a sense of shame on recollecti
the expressions I had used towards my fellow-sufferers dur
their time of trial, could have excited in me an effort to
up again from the seeming bed of down on which I
reposing.

Once more, however, I regained my self-command. I
in my endeavour to rise, I found my steps impeded b
sloping bank; and after closing my eyes with my hands fo
little, in order to recover a better sight, the regularity of
opening in the wood convinced me I was in a carriage ro
Such was the effect of this news on my companions, to wh
I vociferated it with the utmost power of my lungs, that t
stepped forward to the spot with the lightness of harlequ
We were doubting which direction would conduct us n
speedily to a habitation, when, at a turning of the road s
hundred yards off, there suddenly appeared a man on ho
back coming towards us. He, however, galloped away
suddenly; somewhat alarmed at first, as he afterwards told
by our very extraordinary wildness of figure and the bois
ous mode of our calling after him. Upon examination
found ourselves checkered over, both face and clothes, by
branches of burned trees among which we had passed
the spot where we then stood; and neither the man nor
horse would consent to approach us until they had surve
us more minutely.

After explaining our situation to him, he told us his n

was McNab; and that his house, for which we had been searching, was only about a mile off. The self-interest of this man induced him to conceal the true distance, which was not less than three miles, and all *from* Halifax. Had he not reckoned on turning our distress to his pecuniary advantage, he would have directed us at once to Sackville, only five miles farther than it was to his house, on our road home, and where there was an inn with better accommodation.

This man's habitation was a two-roomed log hut, placed on an eminence by the side of a brook which fell into a lake upon which the house looked, no less, as he informed us, than eighteen miles long.

The situation in summer must have been beautiful. But neither the beauty of the prospect nor the comeliness of the daughters, who were busied in preparing for us the boiled eggs and bread and cheese with their store afforded, could reconcile our stomachs to the taste of either. The very attempt which we thought it right to make, created nausea; but after resting a while we contrived to get down a spoonful of very weak rum and water, which aided in raising our spirits to such a pitch that we imagined ourselves equal to walking as far as Halifax by ten o'clock that night, although it was then nearly four. To the disappointment of our mercenary host, we set out immediately.

We had scarcely paced back the three miles which McNab had led us away to his house, when Holmes began to lag behind. I made him rest on a stone whilst I stood by him, and then helped him along until he reached Hicks, who had got half-a-mile farther when he found it requisite to resort to a similar expedient; and thus they went on alternately, without my daring to trust myself so far as to sit down also, until at nine o'clock we reached the village of Sackville, having been five hours in going eleven miles. Here we had some difficulty in persuading the people of the inn to open the door to us; for there were none but females in the house, and they were not aware of the harmless state of the guests we proposed to them. They at first discredited our story altogether; but upon reconnoitring us by lights from the window, they found we were not impostors, and did their best to make us welcome.

Why, being disgusted with the sight of food at McNal Bridge, we should recover our appetites after eleven mil severe walking farther, I know not; but so it was, and p haps it is fortunate that the means of the house were limi to one basin of milk and the remainder of a loaf, wh allowed us only a moderate slice of bread apiece.

This scanty supply nevertheless gave us a meal of gr enjoyment, and we ate it before a fire with our legs in a of tepid water, which very considerably lessened the pa and the soreness from chafing by which we had all suffe during the latter part of our journey. Of the three sm spare beds which the house afforded, one was previously gaged, another fell to Holmes on our drawing lots, and Hi and I, although the two largest, were obliged to share third. We had scarcely room to lie down on it, but nevertheless counted on a good night's rest, and it was p bably owing more to our extreme fatigue than to the sm ness of the bed, that we courted sleep in vain. We were able to continue in the same position for one minute toget and neither of us felt a disposition to close our eyelids. when at length something of forgetfulness had stolen over we had so much consciousness of the scenes which hac long occupied our minds, that we should have known no tinction betwixt being asleep and awake, but for a partic circumstance. Haunted by the idea of being frost-bitten, s what appeared to me merely an interval in our conversati found myself deprived of all power of movement. Com nicating to my bed-fellow my alarm, in which he insta participated from the same cause, we each made a do effort to move our legs, when lo! a large Newfoundland which, it seems, had unobservedly laid himself across the of our bed, went growling off, so discontented by our dist ing him, that he resisted all our efforts to coax him again, that we might again benefit by his warmth as he done by ours. Further sleep was now out of the ques and we arose at four o'clock in the morning, in order to home as soon as possible. The snow on the road was much above our ankles, but our feet were so sore and tered, and our limbs were so weak, that neither of my

friends could go a quarter of a mile without resting: no longer fearing the fatal effects of falling asleep, I also shared in this indulgence; and so altered was the state of our minds that we could joke and laugh at each other's imbecility. Hicks was a stout heavy man, who used to boast of the distance he could go afoot. He was so jealous on finding that I got over the snow much lighter than he did, and that I outwalked him throughout our whole journey, that this feeling seemed always to predominate in him.

To the prevalence of this jealousy I attribute that unwilling effort which preceded my discovery of the road to McNab's; and it continued so strong to the last, that when I proposed leaving him at Birch Cove, within five miles of Halifax, that he might rest himself and get some breakfast whilst I went on to report our safety, he almost quarrelled with me; insisted upon it that he was neither tired nor eager for his breakfast, that he had nothing to impede him but the blisters on his feet, and that I should wait a few minutes until he could adjust his boots a little, and accompany me. It was not until near nine o'clock that we reached a tavern abreast of the ship, where we ate a hearty breakfast.

Several parties were preparing to go in search of us, and we were most highly gratified to find that Palmer and Bromedge were coming on board on one side of the ship from Dartmouth at the same moment that we entered on the other from Halifax. Palmer was a strong well-set man, much more able to endure fatigue than either of us; and his anxiety of mind must have diminished at every mile he gained, although the distance he had to go was probably greater than ours from where we parted to the village of Sackville. But Bromedge was so exhausted by hunger and fatigue, that after entreating Palmer to let him go to sleep; remonstrating against his cruelty in making him walk on; claiming ineffectually his right to die, or to dispose of himself as he pleased, and making every excuse that ingenuity could suggest—he would even slip off his shoes whilst his companion was dragging him along, that he might steal a little sleep in the snow during the time Palmer's kindness led him back in search of them.

After shortly talking over the difficulties and disaster had each been subject to, we all went to our hamm where we continued in a state bordering on stupefaction three days together; and I doubt not the others arose, did, with a determination to avoid similar follies there and to advise other young people to take warning by we had undergone.

In detailing this adventure of my early life, accordin my promise, you will find that I have made myself a conspicuous figure in the group than I could have wis And in truth, the feeling it impossible to state the facts so simply without doing so, has hitherto deterred me fro undertaking. You therefore have no right to censure and you must remember that for you alone I have drawn i

E.

At Sea, June 1814.

It does not often happen that a lad of sixteen ha opportunity, or is able to seize the opportunity, of sa two lives besides his own, by the actual weight of per example and moral influence. In this case, the firm of character was aided by physical strength and e ance: but while the latter might have enabled hi save himself, it required the former to enable hi rescue his companions; and that only by the ut exertion of qualities not often developed at so ear age

CHAPTER II.

In January 1832 Sir E. Codrington remarked to King William IV. that 'it was a great pity, and a great loss to the profession and the country, that no person had written a life of Lord Howe; that, besides being one of the greatest sea-officers we had ever had, his servitude embraced a long period of the most interesting part of naval history; and that his conduct was an example of honesty and uprightness, as well as persevering and courageous devotion to duty, which should be held forth to the succeeding generations.' He suggested His Majesty ordering some proper person to undertake it. Some time after, when Mr. Barrow's 'Life of Lord Howe' was published, it naturally occupied the attention of my father, and made his thoughts revert to the events of 1794 and 1795, which had left so vivid an impression on his memory.

In home hours he told us many incidents relating to them: some he recorded in his own handwriting, some were put down by my brother, and some by me; all were authenticated by my father. He was not at all satisfied by Mr. Barrow's book; but he was excited to indignation by the review of it in the 'Spectator' of January 13, 1838, in which he found 'shyness and want of nerve' attributed to Lord Howe in the latter part of his life.

Some of the following anecdotes were written down from his dictation with an express view to the refutation of such an idea. Finding them to be in some cases different from and additional to those already obtained from him, I have now intermingled them with the others

in their proper order of time, so as to give a relatio my father's own words, of the incidents that most st him (at the impressionable age of twenty) in these of his first going into battle.

When talking of Lord Howe, I asked my father he first became acquainted with him; he answered—

I was very intimate with his brother, Sir William I the general, but had never seen the admiral, although h a near neighbour of my uncle's, with whom I lived William was very kindly disposed towards me, and upo war breaking out in 1793, he said to me one day, 'Com to-morrow morning; I want to take you to breakfast my brother in Grafton Street.' Of course I was ver to do so; and after breakfast Sir W. left the room, s 'Now, brother, I shall leave you together, for I kno want to talk to him.' I was not a little frightened a There was a shyness and awkwardness in Lord H manner which made him apparently difficult of approac gave him a character of austerity which did not really b to him; but such was the fatherly kindness with wh spoke to me in talking over his proposal that I should in his flagship, that, to my surprise, I found myself in a time nearly as much at my ease with this man, who wa posed to be so cold and morose, as I was with his b My condition then was that of a midshipman under a p from Lord Chatham to be promoted whenever a pro should take place. Lord Howe spoke much of his b and of the great difference between them, which was s in his brother's favour, as his superior knowledge world and peculiarly agreeable manners made *him* univ popular, while he himself found so much difficulty in g on with people. He led me on in conversation so as t me express my feelings and opinions, and seemed well s with them; and he then said, 'You are expecting to moted, are not you?' I answered that Lord Chathm promised Lord Downshire that he would promote me d He then expressed his wish to have me as one of h lieutenants. Lord Chatham was at this time per

inimical to Lord Howe, and his dislike was increased by a peremptory order from the King to appoint his Lordship to the command of the grand fleet, without consulting either the Minister or the First Lord of the Admiralty. He did not choose to promote me, although he privately wished me well, but wanted to force Lord Howe to ask for my promotion. Lord Howe did not choose to ask any favour from him, but put my name on the list of officers selected for his own ship, 'as he understood I was on the point of being made lieutenant.' Upon Lord Chatham's dry answer that 'there was no promotion at present,' he felt obliged to fill up the vacancy; and thus for a time my hopes fell to the ground, in consequence of a personal difference between my two protectors. Lord H. then said to me, 'I suppose you would not like to go as midshipman in the ship where you are afterwards to be lieutenant?'—meaning that in the change of rank there might be a difficulty in being obeyed. I said, 'On the contrary, my Lord, I should feel myself in a higher situation as mid in your flagship than in any other;' and that, if I did my own duty properly, and showed proper obedience to those above me, I did not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining it from those under me; upon which I remember his answering —and surprising me agreeably—'that he was glad to hear me say so.' Shortly after this I went down to join the 'Queen Charlotte,' where I found that Lord Howe had desired that I might be put under the particular care of Larcom, the second lieut., to teach me the dockyard duty of taking out stores for a ship's outfit, and, under the particular care of Bowen, the master, to learn how to stow a hold.

Bowen, who had a pink umbrella, was standing on the wharf looking at the ship when I was introduced to him by Larcom. He immediately said, 'What! are you the *youngster* I am to take care of? I expected to see a little boy, not a —— fellow like you!'

When the ship was fitted and at Spithead, Lord Howe employed me in his cabin drawing plans of the hold, and matters of that sort, having told me that I should never do duty as a mid, but should act as his aide-de-camp. The greater part of the men that entered for the 'Queen Char-

lotte' at the Tower were taken by Lord Hood for the s
he was to command in the Mediterranean, which occasi
great delay in preparing the grand fleet for Channel ser
The 64's and inferior ships were allotted to Lord Howe,
the superior ones to Lord Hood. This delay in collecting
grand fleet induced me one day to ask Lord Howe to a
me to go into one of the gun-vessels which, accordin
report, were about to be employed on the coast of Fra
To which he answered: 'I see what your motive is in
wish, and I cannot but highly approve of it—you wish to
an early opportunity of distinguishing yourself; but I
I shall find you a better one than that; it is a very infe
service to that in which I may probably have to employ you
case of battle with the fleet, when it may not be in my p
to make signals, I may have occasion to send you wi
message in a boat; and if you can carry that message bet
two ships in battle without making any mistake, you will
more courage than if hand to hand with an enemy.'

He frightened me exceedingly, but I felt the compli
—that he could even *expect* a man to go through suc
ordeal who had never before been in action.

Before the fleet was ready I was made lieutenant,
appointed to the 'Santa Margarita,' Capt. Eliab Harvey;
upon the 'Pegasus,' Capt. Barlow, being appointed rep
to the 'Queen Charlotte,' I was removed to her at the sp
request of Lord Howe, that I might be employed in the s
duty; and upon the first lieutenant of the 'Queen Charl
(Broking) being made a commander, I was again mov
the 'Queen Charlotte' as junior lieutenant. Capt. Ba
had gained high approbation of Lord Howe (when he
First Lord of the Admiralty) for services against the s
glers, and was therefore a favourite, and was named b
request to repeat his signals. (The very hostility of
Chatham to Lord Howe gave Barlow the 'Pegasus,' the
sailing ship, when he ought to have had, as repeater of
nals, one of the fastest—badly manned, too.) The 'Peg
never got any credit from Sir R. Curtis,[1] Capt. Barlow

[1] Sir Roger Curtis, Captain of the Fleet.

one of Lord Howe's favourites, and Sir R. C. always wishing to detract from them, and not allow them to be favourites.

When I was made lieutenant with Barlow, I used on the average to be nineteen hours out of twenty-four on deck, and Barlow (who was strict,) used to allow me to sit down anywhere on the quarter-deck. When I was appointed, the 'Niger,' Capt. Legge, was the quick-sailing and best repeating ship, and beat us hollow. I determined to do all I could by zeal, and set to work, taking two youngsters who had known nothing of signals, and men the same (except one yeoman). We got to great perfection, so much so that Legge acknowledged himself beat, and gave up, as it was not worth his while paying all his attention to signals, not being specially a repeater. Upon my subsequently joining the 'Queen Charlotte' as lieutenant, Sir R. Curtis never would allow praise to the 'Pegasus;' and on signals being repeated, said, 'Well done "Niger," well done "Niger."' I was near Sir R. when he said this, and said, 'Sir, the "Pegasus" has had the signal up at the masthead before this'—but Sir R. never wished to see it. Lord H. had a black and white flag, meaning, the signal made with it will take place after dark. One day when Sir R. said, 'Now we shall see the "Pegasus," now we shall see;' while the signal was going up in the 'Queen Charlotte,' it was at the 'Pegasus'' masthead, and Sir R. Curtis observing, said, 'D—— that ship, how could she know what we meant?' I was by, and said, 'Thank you, Sir Roger.'

His valued shipmate, James Bowen, master of the fleet, was often mentioned by my father in connection with Lord Howe, and the two following anecdotes were related as occurring previously to the encounter with the French Fleet:—

After a consultation on what was to be done with the fleet for the night, it was decided that we should continue on the larboard tack by the wind, under a conviction that we should weather the Scilly Islands. This arrangement was made according to calculation by a chronometer under the charge of Capt. John Hunter, who, having been a master in early

days with Lord Howe, went to sea with him as a sort of amateur master of the fleet. The course having been so decided upon, and Lord Howe having retired to his cabin for the night, Bowen began to show great uneasiness, and continued on the quarter-deck quickening his pace,—his usual way of showing his anxiety. Observing this, I said to him, 'What the matter, old boy? you seem uneasy.' 'The matter? Master Codrington, we shall all be lost to-night on Scilly rocks' to which I flippantly answered, 'Well, I hope it won't be my watch, that's all.' 'Oh Master Codrington, it's more serious than you think.' Seeing that he was really uneasy, from his adding that he wished he could speak to Lord Howe about it, I said, 'Why not send in and ask to speak to him?' He did so, and, when he had fully explained his reasons to Lord Howe, the fleet was ordered to lie-to for the night; and at daylight in the morning the rocks of Scilly, on which Sir Cloudesley Shovell was lost, were seen just on the weather bow.

This naturally inspired Lord Howe with confidence in Bowen's extraordinary professional knowledge. On a subsequent occasion (December 1793) the fleet, of between thirty and forty sail of the line, were in constant danger from a succession of S.W. gales of wind and thick weather, cruising between the rocks of Scilly on one side and the very dangerous coast of France on the other. Under these circumstances, and the main object of keeping the sea being over, it was desirable to get the fleet safe into port. Four days had elapsed since the sun had been visible to enable us to take observation and ascertain the latitude, and there was every appearance of a continuance of the same violent weather, with the risk of the fleet being disabled by it.

On the morning of December 10, a consultation took place between Lord Howe and Sir Roger Curtis, and Captain Christian, as to the fleet trying to get to Tor Bay. The latter urged the great danger of the experiment, and the certain loss of the fleet if a mistake were made in making the land; and the fears of these two officers had led to the decision that the fleet should keep the sea, when Bowen the master, upon hearing the conversation which took place

the quarter-deck, went up to Lord Howe and said abruptly, 'My Lord, I can take the fleet safely into Tor Bay.' After a little consideration, apparently ruminating upon the former instance of Bowen's well-founded opinion, Lord Howe said, 'You shall try it, sir.' Both Sir Roger Curtis and Capt. Christian remonstrated with Bowen on the impossibility of his knowing exactly where we were, and on the probability of his making a mistake and losing the whole fleet in Whitsund Bay. Bowen's answer was, 'We shan't make any mistake.' Sir Roger Curtis then added, 'But if you do make a mistake, recollect you will be the loss of the whole fleet.' Bowen replied, 'The fleet won't be lost.' And then, as desired by Lord Howe, he directed the course for Start Point. This was, I think, about ten o'clock in the morning. The 'Phaeton' frigate, commanded by that able and excellent seaman, Sir Andrew Douglas, noted also for bearing a press of sail, was directed to keep on the lee bow of the 'Queen Charlotte' as far forward as she could go without losing sight of her. The 'Black Joke' lugger, under Lieutenant Somerville, being directed to do the same by the 'Phaeton.' In this way the fleet continued, the 'Queen Charlotte' leading under all sail she could bear; some of the smaller two-deckers dropping astern with signals that they were overpressed with sail. At about 4 o'clock P.M. the 'Black Joke' was seen to haul short up on the starboard tack, having run very close to the breakers of the Start, and the 'Phaeton' to follow her example. And the 'Queen Charlotte' kept steadily to the course on which she had started, by which she just cleared the Start Point so as to keep away for Bury Head; and thus the whole of the fleet, with the exception of the 'London' and one of the two-deckers, were conducted into a snug anchorage in Tor Bay by the confidence and skill of James Bowen, the master.

During the anxious days of the month of May, 1794, preceding Lord Howe's great battle, Lieut. Codrington, who was long-sighted and much practised in the use of his strong vision by observing signals, &c., was employed specially by Lord Howe to keep a look-out for the French fleet, which he was daily hoping to fall in with. For this

purpose most of the twenty-four hours were spent by hi with either his day-glass or his night-glass in his hand, the masthead of the 'Queen Charlotte.' The work w very harassing and fatiguing, and Lord Howe had t kindly consideration to order him a chair on the quart deck. He scarcely ever went below, except for his mea and *then* he used to fall asleep almost between the mou fuls of his dinner. His messmates thought it a g service to him (or a good joke for themselves) to k him awake; but his need of rest was such, that t found it a difficult matter. They knocked loudly u the table, threw things at him, called out sudde 'Codrington!' without even that having the power rouse him. There was only one word that took ef upon him, and that was a talisman that acted shar enough: if they suddenly called out 'Signal!' he instantly awake and up, and starting off to his work.

He did not look out in vain. On the 28th May, French fleet was sighted.

His good clear sight lasted till a very late period life, and it was not till his eightieth year that he fo himself very slowly losing the sight of one eye by the cl of cataract gradually overspreading it. It is remark that the eye that failed him was the left eye, and not one that had done so much work under a trying st during the time of the Signal Lieutenant's anxious l out.

Previous to 29th May, Lord Howe, in a conversatio naval tactics with Lieut. Codrington in the 'Queen C lotte,' observed that if he had his choice in engaging enemy with a good English fleet under him, he w choose to do so by night; giving as his reason, that greater the difficulties to be encountered, the more w the superiority of discipline and seamanship tell in encounter; and he considered that a good English flee high order and discipline would, under those circumsta

of difficulty, have great advantage over a French fleet of equal strength. With this conversation in his mind, Mr. C., when Lord Howe was speaking to him of the French fleet on one of the days just preceding June 1, said, 'I suppose, my lord, from what you were saying lately, if we come up with the French fleet at night you will attack them at once?' Lord Howe answered him, 'No; I require daylight to see how my own captains conduct themselves.'

May 28 and 29.

After missing the French fleet, the first thing done by Lord Howe was to steer a course after Admiral Montagu who had gone with the convoys, in order to protect him and his convoy from the French fleet; and about 11 o'clock at night we nearly ran on board of a vessel, a brig; and when boarding her, we found her to be one of the Newfoundland ships coming home with fish, which, with the convoy under the 'Castor,' Capt. Troubridge, had been taken by the French fleet. This occasioned the whole fleet to be brought to; and after a consultation, arising out of the information given by some of the English crew still left on board the prize, a course was adopted for the French fleet instead of for Admiral Montagu's squadron.[1]

On the morning of the 28th, at daylight, I counted and reported from the masthead the French fleet of 27 sail, a frigate, and one I could not make out. On the 'Russell,' up to windward, making signal of a different number, I was told I must be wrong; I repeated I was right. I was called down from the masthead to be told I must be wrong, as the 'Russell' had reported they were different. I repeated I was right, all but the one I could not make out. The 'Russell' in the meantime corrected her signal. The one I could not make out turned out to be the 'Brutus,' the first Razé we had seen.[2]

[1] In order to account for the fragmentary character of these notes, I have given the number of the page in Mr. Barrow's 'Life of Lord Howe' to which they refer: they were intended as refutation in some cases, and addition in others.—J. B.

[1] Barrow, p. 225. [2] Ibid. p. 228.

May 29.

Signal was made to take station as most convenient form the line:[1] 'Cæsar,' with a reef in her topsails more tha the rest, yawing about much, so that she never got ahe of us, being the best sailing ship. (We heard of Capta Molloy frightening the men at the helm.)

The 'Russell' (Captain Payne) was coming down 'Queen Charlotte;' Sir. R. Curtis exclaimed, 'Where t devil is that ship coming to?' I said, 'Make her signal, s to lead the fleet, for *we* must back the maintopsail if she com here.' He said again, 'Where the devil is that ship comi to?' but made no signal. The 'Russell' did come; t 'Queen Charlotte' had to back her maintopsail, and t others astern of her also. These circumstances were t cause that when we tacked we did not fetch the French fle

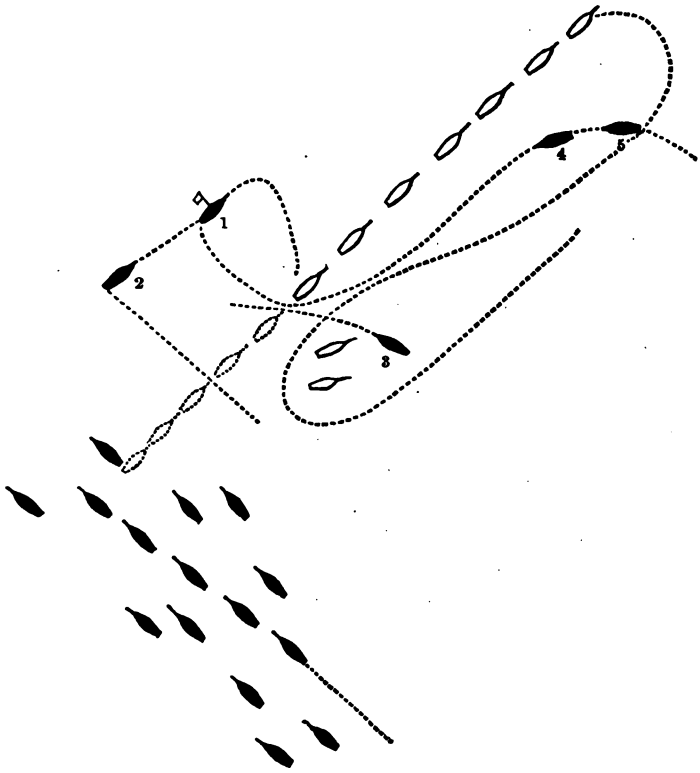
On this occasion we, the lieutenants on the quarter-de were speaking our minds very freely respecting the cond of the different captains, and, upon some particular obser tion made by Larcom, first-lieutenant, on the conduct of 'Cæsar,' Lord Howe said, 'I desire you to hold your tong sir; I don't desire you to shut your eyes, but I desire you hold your tongue till I call upon you, as I probably shall hereafter, for your observations.' When the signal was m to form line as most convenient, it was quite competent Payne, of the 'Russell,' or any other ship ahead of 'Cæsar, have taken the lead, instead of coming down towards us putting himself astern of the 'Queen' (not 'Queen Charlott Pasley's squadron, 'Bellerophon,' 'Audacious,' 'Marlboroug 'Russell,' and 'Thunderer.' 'Gibraltar' was to take sta where she pleased, in order to get into order, and there happened to be with them.

The 'Queen' behaved nobly.

On Lord Howe finding that the signals for tacking engaging the enemy's fleet were not *generally* obeyed,[2] that the 'Queen' and 'Invincible,' which *had* obeyed th were suffering much by the enemy's fleet as they passed al their line to leeward, he told Bowen, 'Then tack the "Q

[1] Barrow, p. 229. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Charlotte," sir, and let us show them the example.'[1] 'Bellerophon' and 'Leviathan' had formed the 'Queen Charlotte's' seconds ahead and astern on this occasion. The 'Bellerophon' tacking immediately after the 'Queen Charlotte,' and following her example, cut off the three rear ships of the enemy's



1. Queen Charlotte. 2. Bellerophon. 3. Leviathan.
4. Queen. 5. Invincible.

line, and the 'Leviathan,' doing the same, passed to windward of only the two ships that had been disabled by the fire of the 'Queen Charlotte' passing between them. This was the first time I was in action.

[1] Barrow, p. 230.

The 'Queen Charlotte' then passed towards the enemy' line. I was on the lower deck—the ports were lowered t prevent the sea washing in. On going through the smoke hauled up a port, and could just see it was a French ship w were passing, and I successively hauled up the ports an myself fired the whole of my seven weather guns into her then ran to leeward, and fired the lee guns into the othe ship: the weather guns bore first, as we went through on slant, and therefore I had time for the lee guns. The breech ings were mostly carried away, and guns running about; a the sand was washed away off deck.

On going on deck, Bowen, in answer to my asking if I ha done wrong in firing without any immediate order, said, ' could have kissed you for it!' Bowen said, 'In goin through the helm was hard up, and we were thinking w should not clear her, and we quite forgot to send you an orders.'

The 'Queen Charlotte' passed between two two-deckers. On passing through, after firing the guns, and while they wer loading again, it was the second gun from the bow that wer off, and I, by the recoil, was thrown from to windward, an found myself to leeward in the lee scuppers, in the wate with which the deck was filled. I had no recollection how got there. On leaning on my left arm I could just raise m head out of water. We were obliged to haul up the lee port to let out the water off the deck. On getting through th fleet—alone—the signal was made in the 'Queen Charlotte for general chase, in order to bring our fleet up to windward and so gain the weather-gage of the enemy.

Upon Admiral Pasley closing with the rear of their flee under signal to harass the enemy's rear, a signal was made b the French 'Révolutionnaire' three-decker, being the thir ship from the rear, which was evidently, by the answer of th French Admiral and her subsequent proceedings, for leave t become the rear ship. For she accordingly backed her mizen topsail, while the three-decker astern of her passed ahead these two ships thus changing stations.

[1] Barrow, p. 231.

Pasley's squadron had gained the weather-quarter of the French fleet, and had just shortened sail, when Lord Howe made the signal to harass the enemy's rear. Upon this, Admiral Pasley in the 'Bellerophon' bore up, ran across the three-decker's stern, raking her, and then engaged her from to leeward. Lord Howe then made the signal for the rest of his squadron to assist ships engaged;[1] and shortly afterwards, finding that signal was not attended to, it was repeated individually to each ship of Pasley's squadron with guns, and still without effect. Just at this moment the 'Leviathan,' by dint of carrying sail and outsailing the rest of the fleet, had reached the position of Pasley's flying squadron, and was shortening sail, when, observing the above reproachful signals, she again made sail, and passing the rest of the squadron crossed the stern of the French three-decker and engaged from to leeward. This was about the close of the day; and it was afterwards found that the 'Audacious' had followed her example and closely engaged the French 'Révolutionnaire,' which eventually lost her mizenmast, wore round, and, being closely pressed by the 'Audacious,' struck her colours.

It was after dark, as we learnt by subsequent information, that the 'Audacious' closed with the 'Révolutionnaire,' and engaged her; and in the morning[2] neither of those two ships was in sight. Captain Bertie ('Thunderer') told me he saw the French flag hauled down from the main yard arm of the 'Révolutionnaire' whilst the 'Audacious' was engaging her after we had lost sight of them. Her mizenmast I saw go over. By the log it appears that the 'Niger' frigate reported the striking of the 'Révolutionnaire' to 'Audacious.'[3]

The signal was general 'to assist ships engaged,' which not being obeyed, Lord Howe asked eagerly, 'What ship's that, sir?' and then, on hearing the name of the 'Russell,' 'Marlborough,' and 'Audacious,' he ordered their particular signals to be made to the same effect with guns.

The 'Gibraltar' (Mackenzie) was up to windward with them from the general line, as she was lately fitted and much out of order, to practise and get in order.

[1] Barrow, p. 227. [2] Of the 30th. [3] Barrow, p. 277.

At this time in a state of general chase, the 'Cæs Captain Molloy, the most powerful and best sailing ship the fleet, had a reef more in her topsails than any other, never advanced nearer the enemy than she would have d if in the line as leading ship of the fleet.[1] 'Leviathan' (L Hugh Seymour), on the contrary, by carrying all poss sail in common with the fleet in general, had reached position of Pasley's advanced squadron, and was just haul up her courses when, observing the signal to assist ships gaged, she again set them, and passing the ships before n tioned crossed the stern of 'Révolutionnaire' and went to assistance of Sir T. Pasley.

On one of those occasions of Lord Howe offering me friendly advice which he had frequently done, as to my duct in the profession, he said, 'In case of going into battl in the conduct of any important event, make your observat freely as to your own opinion of the mode of proceedin your superiors in command.' Upon my manner evide expressing surprise, he added, 'I say it in reference to my for instance; make your remarks freely as to your own nion of what is right or wrong, and even write them down— take care you keep them to yourself; refer to your remarks later period, and you will either, by that time, have found ou error of your own judgment, or you will have had it confi by your own experience.' As a practical proof of the so ness of this advice, I well remember, when I was employ the 'Pegasus' to repeat Lord Howe's signals, I often imag I had discerned errors, which a little more experience in taught me arose entirely from my own want of inform on the subject.[2]

From Sir E. C.'s dictation:—

Previous to the victory of the 1st of June all the mea and proceedings of Lord Howe evinced the greatest coc and judgment in following the track of the French fleet resolute determination to bring them to a decisive b There was no want of nerve, no 'shyness' in the conte

[1] Barrow, p. 228. [2] Ibid., p. 421.

tion of dangers and difficulties throughout these transactions. He had ample reason to be dissatisfied with several of the captains on the 28th of May; he had more reason to be dissatisfied with them on the 29th, when, from his signals not being obeyed, he deemed it necessary to set them the example of tacking and passing through the rear of the French fleet single-handed, urging the rest to follow him by the signal for a general chase. Upon seeing the 'Leviathan' and 'Queen' in danger of being cut off by the French fleet, he again single-handed bore down to their support; and after declining to bring on the action as he might have done on that same evening of the 29th, his own fleet continued enveloped in a fog, when the French fleet might have escaped him and returned to port in safety, having thus (as it might have been) lost an opportunity of fighting a decisive battle at the close of the day, because, as he had himself told me, he required daylight to see how his captains conducted themselves. Here was an evidence of coolness and determination to which few men are competent.

It seems to me peculiarly characteristic of my Father himself that what he considered the best evidence of his chief's nerve and courage, was not his readiness to *engage* the enemy, but his cool determination in *omitting* to do so in the evening of the 29th, thereby *running the risk* of *letting him escape*, in order to ensure the right conduct of his fleet by deferring the engagement till daylight should enable him to watch their behaviour.

It is in keeping with a saying of his that I well remember: 'I have observed throughout life that the test of a man's honour is money, and the test of his courage is responsibility.'

Sir E. C.'s dictation resumed.

Upon Sir Roger Curtis going into the cabin at daylight on the 31st, to make his report to Lord Howe, I, being officer of the watch, lifted up the canvas screen by which alone the

cabin (then cleared for action) was divided from the quarter-deck, for him to enter. Lord Howe was in his great coat sitting in an arm-chair his only resting place from the time of our falling in with the enemy; and the following dialogue took place: 'Well, sir, how is the weather?' 'My Lord, I am sorry to tell you that the fog is now so thick that we can not see anything beyond our own ship;' adding, 'and God knows whether we are standing into our own fleet or that of the enemy.' I can never forget the contrast of Lord Howe's answer: 'Well, sir, it can't be helped; we must wait with patience till the weather improves.' Instead of shyness or nervousness in these trying circumstances, Lord Howe evinced a heroic fortitude which may have been equalled, but never can have been exceeded.

Upon the fog clearing up about one o'clock in the afternoon, the French fleet were seen to leeward, showing every symptom of determination to sustain a battle. I watched Lord Howe's countenance when this report brought him to the quarter-deck to look at them: it expressed an animation which, at his age, and after such fatigue of body and mind, had not thought it capable: he seemed to contemplate the result as one of unbounded satisfaction.

The fleet were employed that evening in re-fitting and preparing for the impending battle. On the morning of the 1 June, Lord Howe ordered the signals to be made for each ship to pass through the enemy's line and engage them from leeward, in order to make the battle decisive, and that each ship was to engage her proper opponent; and addressing Sir R. Curtis, he added, 'And now, sir, prepare the signal for close action.' Sir R. Curtis said, 'My lord, there is no signal for close action.' 'No, sir, but there is a signal for *close* action, and I only want that to be made in case of captains not doing their duty.' He then said, turning to us by whom he was surrounded, and shutting the little signal-book which he always carried about him, 'And now, gentlemen, no more book, no more signals. I look to you to do the duty of the "Queen Charlotte" in engaging the French Admiral. I do not wish the ships to be bilge and bilge, but if you can lock the yard arms, so much the better, the battle will be the sooner decided.'

In going down, I asked Lord Howe whether we were to fire the starboard lower-deck guns. He said, 'No; I think you had better not.' We went down, so that the starboard

guns only were engaged;[1] and as we suffered more in going down than was expected, permission was given to fire the lower-deckers. I asked, 'Is it an order or only permission?' I was answered, 'Only permission;' and I then kept the guns and ports fast, and made the men lie down on deck—so that we should keep our fire for our opponents—while the men at the next quarters were firing, and my men cheering them. I had the foremost quarters, and had levelled and trained the guns while lying-to to windward before the action, knowing we should be in the same situation in action. In passing under the 'Montagne's' stern, I myself waited at the bow-port till I saw the rudder (guns 32-pounders, double shotted), and then I pulled the trigger, the same sea splashing us both; the fly of her ensign brushed our shrouds. I recollect a large quantity of paper, as if from a printing-press, fell into the water between us from her stern. I pulled the trigger of the whole seven guns, just in the same way, as I saw the rudder about the gun-room port.

A man, the captain of the next gun, in Hale's quarters, asked me to fire his gun; and on my saying, 'Oh, no; nonsense,' he took me up in his arms and carried me, and, putting me down at his gun, made me do so.

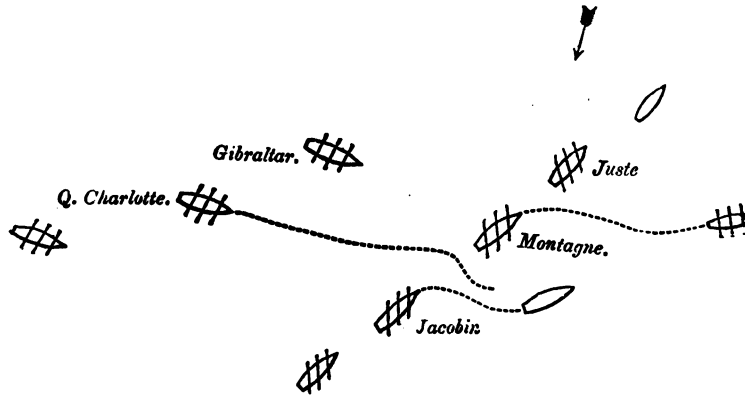
The 'Jacobin' was next astern of the 'Montagne,' and was opposed to us in going down; she doubled alongside the 'Montagne' to get out of our fire. We raked them both, but I am not sure whether we passed ahead of the 'Jacobin,' or whether between the two afterwards, when in rounding-to, the foretopmast went.

The captain of the foretop, seeing by the foretopmast-stay that in coming to the wind we should lose it, went up to the

[1] Barrow, p. 233.

foretopmast-head, just as we were hauling up to the wind, and got a light hawser to it and secured it. Coming to the wind the topmast went: this man fell on the starboard gangway with the whole wreck of it, and was not at all hurt. The same thing happened to the captain of the maintop: the maintopmast-stay was shot away; he subsequently went up to do the same thing, when the topmast went, and took him with it into the water alongside, and he got up the rigging of it alongside unhurt. Some of the men in the top were cruelly hurt by the doubling of the rigging upon them. Another captain of the top (Andrew Ure) remained in the top with his leg shot off.

Just as we were closing our opponent, the French Admiral's second astern, the 'Jacobin,' was seen to run up under the 'Montagne's' lee, doubling, as it is termed; and Lord Howe expressed his doubt of there being room for the 'Queen Charlotte' to go between them and get alongside her opponent; upon which Bowen (the master) said, 'My lord, the "Queen

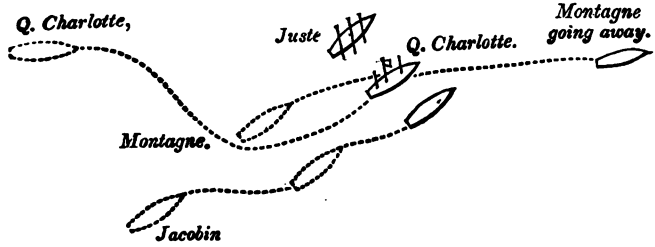


Charlotte" will make room for herself.' And the 'Queen Charlotte' did so effectually.

On the 1st of June the 'Queen Charlotte' bore down, intending to pass to leeward of, and engage, the French Admiral, 'La Montagne.' The second astern of the 'Montagne,' seeing the intention of the 'Queen Charlotte,' or perhaps fearing the

effects of the 'Queen Charlotte's' fire, doubled up abreast of the 'Montagne'; so that the 'Queen Charlotte,' after passing the stern of the 'Montagne' so close that the mizen-rigging brushed the fly of the French ensign, was unable to haul up alongside the French Admiral for want of space. Bowen seeing this, ordered the helm to be put hard a port, saying, 'Then let's rake them both.' The 'Jacobin,' upon feeling this effect of the foremost guns of the 'Queen Charlotte,' went away large. Upon this, the 'Queen Charlotte's' helm was put hard a starboard to recover her intended position alongside the French Admiral; in doing which, owing to the foretopmast-stay having been shot away, the foretopmast went close to the cap. The 'Montagne' seeing this, let run her foreclue-garnet, and went away as the 'Jacobin' had done. The 'Queen Charlotte' set her foresail, but at that time the maintopmast went in the attempt to follow her, having by this time reached a position between the 'Montagne's' second ahead ('Juste') and the 'Jacobin,' her second astern. The 'Jacobin' had brought-to as soon as she was clear of 'Queen Charlotte.' 'Montagne' did not stop.

The 'Queen Charlotte's' action continued with the 'Juste' on the larboard and the 'Jacobin' on the starboard side. ('Juste' red-sided ship.) Lord Howe sent down Larcom to say we were firing into 'Invincible,' and to cease firing.



'"Invincible,"' I said, 'why she is a French ship that has been firing at us all along.' 'I know that,' said Larcom, 'let's have a shot.' Lord Howe himself came down to stop the firing, and thinking it was Barney Hale who had fired the gun, struck him with his sword. The people at my

quarters were firing all the time, whilst I was talking to Lo Howe and assuring him it was a French ship; and just at th time, the 'Juste' fell off before the wind, and coming unc our stern gave us two wicked shots in passing. Lord Howe s her as we did with her colours up, in the interval of firing, her coming down on the angle of impunity, and was then co vinced it was not the 'Invincible.'

One of their shot went through, by my measurement, seven feet elbow of the new transom knee, and then struck t aftermost gun just in front of the charge, making such a d that the charge could not be drawn. In the action a s struck the muzzle of one of the main-deck guns and spli large piece off, itself breaking into pieces. It killed or wounc ten men of that gun, out of eleven; one of them, a lit scrubby-looking fellow, whom we thought not fit for muc pressed man, we had made a sidesman. He was one at t gun, but showed his qualities when the action began, and l probably kept himself quiet in order to get away from the sl But he showed himself in the action. He was so ba wounded by that shot, that on Murray, the surgeon, see him, he said, 'Why, what was the use of bringing me dow poor fellow of this sort, why not let him die quietly, and before the other wounded?' He had————, and one knocked out, and both his hands shattered. He said nothi and the surgeon had him put by and went on with oth At last, when the surgeon had several more brought dow the cockpit, he called out to him, 'I say, Mr. Surgeon, co don't you mean to give me my turn?' He was then pu rights, and, notwithstanding all his wounds, recovered.

The 'Gibraltar' (Mackenzie) did not go through, but d up to windward; and when the 'Montagne' drew ahead, 'Gibraltar's' fire came into 'Queen Charlotte.' Sir Douglas was wounded by her in the head, went down, gc tourniquet on his head, and came up again, and continued deck with the tourniquet instead of his hat.

Lord Howe was sixty-nine. I don't believe he went to the whole time of the three days' chase. He went to completely done up after the action of the 1st. On s occasions one is enabled familiarly to approach a man in

situation. We all got round Lord Howe; indeed, I saved him a tumble; he was so weak that from a roll of the ship he was nearly falling into the waist. 'Why, you hold me as if I were a child,' he said to me good-humouredly. 'I beg your pardon, my lord, but I thought you would have fallen.'

How little Lord Howe was supported by his officers as compared to Lord Nelson! There was a midshipman, named Floyd, who had been signal midshipman of 'Queen Charlotte;' he was then lieutenant of 'Gibraltar.' I said to him after the action, 'Floyd, how is it you were such cowards in the "Gibraltar"? The only ship you engaged was the "Queen Charlotte."' His answer was, 'You will be more surprised when I tell you we were *not* cowards, and this is the reason: our captain (Mackenzie) is about the stupidest man possible. Having been signal midshipman with Lord Howe, I took the opportunity of saying, "Captain Mackenzie, you have not been accustomed to signals, will you allow me, as I have been signal midshipman in the 'Queen Charlotte,' to go over the signals with you?" He said, "I shall be very much obliged to you." I dwelt particularly on the two signals, "each ship to take her opponent," and "engage to leeward." which we had always understood Lord Howe would use. I dwelt particularly on them. After the action, although those were the only two signals made before bearing down, Captain Mackenzie asked me if either of those signals had ever been made!'

After the action was over and the firing had ceased, Larcom came down to us on the lower deck and said, 'Everything must be ready for renewing the action.' I answered immediately, 'Everything at my quarters is as ready as when we fired our first gun: and now may I go on deck?' 'Yes.' Upon reaching the quarter-deck and shaking hands with old Bowen, I observed him looking very sulky, and I said, 'What's the matter with you, old fellow?' Answer: 'The captain of the fleet won't let us pursue the enemy!'

Larcom then said to me, 'Now, Master Codrington, as you *are* here, make yourself of use.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I'll go and clear away the wreck of the maintopmast.' So I went up to the maintop with tomahawks, &c., to cut away the

wreck. Whilst performing this operation, I was called down to go to my quarters again on account of a French three-decker and two two-deckers to windward, with all sail set, wearing together from the larboard tack and steering towards us, apparently with the intention of coming down to attack us. But by the time I got down on deck, when they brought the wind on their starboard beam, two of the three lost some of their masts, showing evidently that they had been already crippled in the battle. I then went on the poop to see Lord Howe who was looking anxiously over the tafrail waiting for the smoke to clear away and to decide what was next to be done. He had made the signal for all ships able, to close round the Admiral; and seeing that the 'Queen,' Lord Gardner's ship which had lost her mizenmast, was a considerable way down to leeward, and in danger of being cut off by the enemy, nine sail of which, under their Admiral in 'La Montagne,' were retreating with the wind on their starboard quarter, Lord Howe came to the forepart of the poop under great anxiety and called eagerly to Sir R. Curtis, 'Go down to the "Queen" sir; go down to the "Queen."' Answer: 'My lord, we can't we're a mere wreck; the ship won't steer.' 'Then send every thing else, sir, directly.' 'My lord, we're a mere wreck, and there are three sail of fresh ships coming down upon us. What can we do, when the ship herself won't steer?' Bowen, who held his place at the con, then burst out with, 'She *will* steer my lord.' 'Try her, sir,' said Lord Howe. And Bowen, with a seaman's eye, watching the moment of her falling off, and getting the spritsail well filled to assist her, got her before the wind with her head towards the enemy; and she attained the position given of her in the picture, which I myself gave to Cheiveley, the painter of the large picture from which the two prints were taken.[1]

Commenting on Barrow's 'Life of Lord Howe,' Sir C. said:—

The comparison of the three great Admirals (Lord How

[1] In Sir E. Codrington's handwriting, and signed by him.—These circumstances descriptive of the battle of the 1st of June are correctly taken down from my dictation.—EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Lord St. Vincent, and Lord Nelson), as far as the biographer is concerned, is by far the best part of his performance; there is great truth and justice in his discrimination of the distinct qualities of each.[1]

The characteristic of Lord Howe was being too forbearing; so much so, as to do himself personal injustice by preventing the ships under his command from attaining that high discipline and efficiency in evolutionary movements by which his own success would have been greatly increased. To this may be attributed the non-capture of Van Stabel's squadron, in the year 1793; the backwardness of the —— and some other ships in getting up with the French fleet on the 28th May; and the squadron under the command of Admiral —— not assisting him in battle even after their own individual signals had been made with guns to do so, in consequence of their not obeying the *general* signal to that effect; the backwardness of the —— and other ships in the van in not carrying sufficient sail to execute the manœuvres which Lord Howe ordered on the 29th; and the same backwardness in some of the ships in taking their proper stations for engaging the enemy on the 1st of June. If Lord St. Vincent had commanded that fleet not one of those captains would have been suffered so to conduct himself with impunity; and an example made on the first occasion would have prevented the ill effects of repetition which Lord Howe experienced by his forbearance. It was the want of that discipline which Lord St. Vincent always established, and the relaxation in all other matters by way of an equivalent for constant confinement on board, which led to the discontent and mutiny in the Channel Fleet. Lord Howe got rid of the mutiny by granting the men all they asked; but the discipline was not restored, until the ships most remarkable for misconduct had been, one after the other, placed under the command of Lord St. Vincent. Lord Howe, by his forbearance, failed in obtaining that discipline, that perfection of manœuvre which the fleet ought to have attained; Lord St. Vincent obtained a strict and ready obedience by a severity which nobody could venture to resist. Lord Nelson obtained a greater perfection than either, by the

[1] Barrow, p. 425 to the end.

example of his own personal sacrifices, by the pains he took to keep the fleet in health and efficiency in every respect, and by his kindness and attention to the wants, wishes, and comforts of those under his command. The predominant feeling was not fear of his censure, but apprehension of not gaining his approbation.

The following extract from the return of service called for by Admiralty circular in 1846 is the only circumstantial account of this portion of Sir E. Codrington's early services: [1]—

Served in America and the Mediterranean under Admiral Sawyer and Peyton, and in Russian Armament, under Admiral Leveson Gore; was sent into 'Pegasus' frigate as one of her lieutenants in 1793, by special desire of Admiral Earl Howe, for the purpose of repeating the signals made by the 'Queen Charlotte'; from thence removed into the 'Queen Charlotte,' where he served as lieutenant in the battles of the 29th May and 1st June, 1794; was sent to London by Lord Howe with his despatch announcing the safe arrival of the fleet and the prizes off the Isle of Wight; remained in the 'Queen Charlotte,' at Lord Howe's request, to do the duty of first-lieutenant, instead of being included in the general promotion, under a promise made to the Earl by Lord Chatham 'that he should be considered as having the rank of commander'; was removed from thence to the 'Comet,' fireship, to accompany Lord Howe in an expected battle with the French fleet, in October, 1794; and thence made post-captain in 'La Babet' frigate, which he commanded in April, 1795, when the fleet, under Lord Bridport, captured three sail of the line from 'La Babet' he was removed to the 'Druid' frigate, and went to the Lisbon station, under Admiral Vandeput, from whence he returned in that ship to England with a large convoy, in company with the 'Assistance,' the 'Alcmene,' and the 'Aurora,' encountering such a succession of bad weather as made almost the whole of the merchant ships founder, and with difficulty enabled the ships of war to save themselves

[1] Return of services in vol. ii. of larger edition.

the 'Druid' being obliged to throw all her forecastle and quarter-deck guns and many other heavy things overboard, on account of having a leak at the stern-post, two beams sprung, almost all her masts and yards crippled, and not one complete square sail left in the ship. In this condition, after chasing a French frigate of equal force, and reconnoitring two others of superior force, he ran into Cork; and there learning that the French fleet were off Bantry Bay, he again put to sea in company with the 'Unicorn' and 'Doris' frigates, without any orders from Admiral Kingsmill, who said he would not be responsible for his going in that condition. Upon this squadron capturing a large ship *en flute* filled with ammunition, and having on board 500 of General Hoche's body-guard, he consented to take charge of her, in order to prevent the whole being so encumbered as to disable them from keeping the sea; and, notwithstanding his falling in the next day with three sail of the line, three frigates, and three corvettes, belonging to the French destined to invade Ireland, he succeeded in getting the prize safe into Kinsale. Upon his return to England, the 'Druid' was found to be very defective and requiring great repairs, and he therefore retired to half-pay.[1]

After this commission Captain C. was unemployed for some time, and lived the life of a country gentleman at Winchfield, in Hants, eagerly enjoying society and its pleasures,—and country life too: for, with a great love of horses, he soon acquired much knowledge of them, and became a beautiful rider and a very keen sportsman. He did not lose either his love or power of riding until he was more than seventy-six years old.

Extract from Sir E. C. to a friend:—

July 1801.

There is something very fine in the manner of men of courage to each other before going into action, and the memory of this seems almost to repay one for the danger.

[1] Some details relating to Lord Bridport's action, in which Captain C. commanded a frigate, are given in the larger edition, p. 34.

The little traits of this sort I have witnessed in the few opportunities which chance has thrown in my way I can hardly ever think of without emotion.

The scene over-night on board the 'Elephant' before the battle of Copenhagen must have been a particularly interesting one. Poor Riou, who so richly deserved the name Lord Nelson gave him of *gallant and good*, was a prominent figure throughout the whole; and his loss is really irreparable as an officer, a man, a son, a brother, and a friend! He has died as he lived, beloved and honoured.

My heart is full—so good night, and may God bless you!

1802.—About this time while living at Winchfield Captain C. was a very frequent visitor at Old Windsor putting up his horse or sometimes staying at the Bell of Ousely, a quiet little inn by the side of the Thames On one occasion he rode over to attend a county ball carrying with him very carefully a choice nosegay out o his garden, which had a very special destination. H sent for a hair-dresser; and when duly prepared an dressed for the ball he sat down in an arm-chair to wai for the proper hour to go. But the ride from Winchfiel had been long, the hair-dressing had been tedious—h closed his eyes,—and very great indeed was his vexatio the next morning, however laughable the circumstanc to find himself in that arm-chair in full daylight with th fresh nosegay before him which he had so carefully place in water: for the ball was over, and the nosegay had nc been presented!

In December 1802, Captain Codrington married Jan daughter of Jasper Hall, Esq., of Kingston, Jamaica.

I must claim the privilege of in some degree makin known in the course of this memoir the character this loved and honoured wife and mother, by incident traits that must necessarily come into notice in conne tion with the history of him who so deeply felt her valu She was eminently beautiful in face and figure; but th

great and abiding charm was the lofty, and at the same time, loving expression of the noble countenance. They were indeed most fitly matched. She was for many years the cherished centre of a circle bound up in her by a bond of love and veneration: and when she died, the halo of that love shone over that circle with a glow that has never been dimmed.

Blessed is her memory to all who ever had the privilege of knowing, and loving, and being loved by her.

CHAPTER III.

PRIVATE LETTERS TO MRS. CODRINGTON.

From August 8, 1805, to November 1806.

In May, 1805, Captain Codrington was appointed to command H.M.S. 'Orion,' 74, and proceeded to the Mediterranean to take part in the service of that eventful year. This being the first time of his leaving his married home, it is here that the private correspondence begins which, in all times of absence from that dearly loved home, was his chief solace, and the great support of mind and heart under the anxiety and labour of very arduous work.

It was, I think, in 1844 that I promised my father, in accordance with his expressed wish, that I would after his death put together his papers and letters as a memoir of the services in which he had been engaged. I at once began making extracts from his private letters to my mother while on service abroad; and as the mass grew under my hand, I placed each batch of extracts before him for his approval.—In August, 1845, I wrote to him asking whether I had used the materials too freely as to the expressions of private feeling, and received his answer dated August 25th. I have entered the note in this place out of date and order, because I am anxious, before entering upon his correspondence, to show that I have not in my extracts from the private letters strained the confidence placed in me by the writer of them. These words of his are my sanction and warrant; and in addition to them the

packets of extracts are endorsed in his own handwriting—'Read over by me, 1845. E. C.' After his death I was prepared to carry out the work thus undertaken; and should have set about it at once, had not circumstances prevented my doing so.

August 25, 1845.

There is no feeling of objection whatever on my part to your extracting expressions such as you refer to: the high estimation which drew forth those expressions of affection which were due to your mother when living, are equally due to her memory now, as evidence of that conduct on her part which so justly and so naturally excited them: and I am as fully alive to them now as I was when my pen recorded them.—E. C.

H.M.S. 'Orion.' Torbay, August 8, 1805.

Two nights have passed away without my writing one line to my dearest Jane in readiness for an opportunity of sending it. Neither of those two nights, however, has gone by without my wishing to pay her that little tribute of affection; but I dare not indulge it for fear of the weakness it might leave behind! Even now that we are decisively separated, I cannot detach myself from the desire of being with you in spite even of the impossibility; and so much faster do my thoughts fly than my pen moves, that I must confine myself to a bare journal, and not unman, or, rather, *uncaptain* myself by attempting to detail them. . . .

August 10.

I shall be very comfortable, I doubt not, by-and-bye, respecting my cabin, my officers, and ship's company—and not less so, I trust in my ship—but I have another home to which my heart will lean, and I cannot properly enjoy the advantages I possess. I want a letter, a little short line, to say those are well who are so dear to me; and I fancy that with that comfort, now and then, I should be satisfied. Do not, however, suppose me weak and inefficient in my business; on the contrary, I never felt myself better equal to it, and everything comes to my hand as if I had not been disused to it. On the quarter-deck I am the captain: in my cabin I am the husband and the father, with a full sense of the blessing of being so.

Off Plymouth: August 16.

Yesterday we were joined by Lord Nelson; and he, I find, obtained leave to go home directly, leaving the rest of his squadron here; but we know no more than our glasses tell us, except by accidental or stolen information. . . .

August 21.

In sight of Cape Ortegal. The 'Naiad' joined us yesterday, and told us of her having been chased by a French fleet of twenty-six sail of the line and ten frigates, the shot from one of which passed over her, and, as they made the signal for her to show her number, it is clear that they have got possession of our signal book; this, however, is of no consequence, as they do not appear to have our private signals, and the others can be all changed by one signal from the admiral. It is a noble and most animating scene, which I wish you could witness for a moment: eighteen sail of the line and but two frigates under every sail they can possibly set so as to keep together, in chase of so superior a force. The day before yesterday I was expressing my wish that the fleet might be out before we got to Ferrol, in order to have this very cruise we are now taking. Our object now is, I conclude, to look into Cadiz Bay, and from thence proceed according to further information. The Gut of Gibraltar would be a fine place for the event which I ardently hope may take place and though the labour may be Herculean, I trust the success may be as complete as his was. 'Orion,' dear old 'Orion, sailed yesterday I think better than anything excepting 'Revenge,' whose superiority is very conspicuous. To-day she ('Orion') is under a press of sail, from having been suffered to fall astern in the night; which my morning's lecture will, I doubt not, in future prevent. But she likes a little more wind than old Boreas chose last night to allow her; and when once a ship has dropped astern, it is very difficult for her to regain her station. The ship's company answer truly the description I had of them from the two captains who formerly commanded them; *being in no sort of order whatever* they are, however, convinced of my determination to have them otherwise, and I dare say we shall make daily advances, with such a stimulus as we have before us.

Lord Nelson's squadron (of which we have now eight sail with us) seems to be in very high order indeed; and although their ships do not look so handsome *as objects*, they look so very warlike, and show such high condition, that when once I can think 'Orion' fit to manœuvre with them, I shall probably paint her in the same manner.

August 29.

We this day joined Admiral Collingwood, with, I believe, six or seven sail of the line, and were afterwards joined by Sir R. Bickerton, with three more, and we have since detached Admiral Louis with four sail; so that we remain about twenty-three or four to watch about thirty now in Cadiz; unless Admiral Louis is merely forming an advanced squadron, I fear it will be dull blockading work; but still it is foreign service, and more to my fancy than being off Brest. . . .

September 4.

We have got into the clutches of another stay-on board Admiral (Collingwood), who never communicates with anybody but upon service; and so, unless Buonaparte orders his fleet out, we stand a very good chance of forgetting that anything like society is known amongst men. I could not exactly count the Cadiz fleet yesterday (when we were close enough in to see them); but I doubt not our in-shore squadron know them thoroughly. I have no idea, however, of their coming out whilst we are in readiness for them, even were they double their number. It would be very annoying to my feelings to see an inferior fleet of an enemy challenging that of the nation to which I belonged, even under the very walls of its principal harbour. The old Spanish pride, if there is any left, must be galled by it; but the French I dare say console themselves under the knowledge that our fleet is wearing itself out whilst theirs is repairing. . . . Is Lord Nelson coming out to us again? I anxiously hope he may be; that I may once in my life see a commander-in-chief endeavouring to make a hard and disagreeable service as palatable to those serving under him as circumstances will admit of, and keeping up by his example that animation so necessary for such an occasion.

September 5.

Finding that the Admiral rather thought me inattentive to one of his orders, I went on board, and rather surprised him by the account I gave of our various wants and inability to assist others. He was very good-humoured, chatty, and communicative. He says the French could not have come up with him without passing the Gut of Gibraltar, which they wished to avoid, and that as soon as he got between the capes he shortened sail; but they would not follow. He seems to do everything himself with great attention to the minutiæ.

We suppose the Cadiz fleet to be now about 36 or 38: but I have no idea of their coming out. The fishing-boats from thence report Cornwallis having taken six sail of the Brest fleet; but I fear there is no truth in it. If that fleet had intended to come out, they would have done it at the time Cornwallis left his station to look for Calder's opponents. . . (Dined with Sir Robert Calder.) Sir R. says he knows he must be abused, but that he thinks he deserves a very different treatment. It was an awkward situation his having another force in Ferrol equal to his; and, as he says, he could not prevent the fog coming on. I could have said, 'Why did you raise our hopes?' in which he was most assuredly unjust to himself. However, I can only say I should like very well to be under his command, although I should much prefer Lord Nelson.

September 10.

Sir Robert Calder has written to get home, and says he is too much worn to continue serving. He has sent to me to dine with him to-day, and I intend going if possible, although I am quite confident the Admiral does not like to see any of us associating together. Sir R. is not only much worn, but much out of spirits, in consequence of public opinion bearing so hard on him; and to a hospitable man fond of society and having many of his sea friends in the same fleet, it is very cruel not to allow him any intercourse with them, when their society is of value to him. How few there are who even at the close of a long life of hard service have had during all that life an opportunity of distinguishing themselves; and how few of those who have been favoured with that opportunity and dis-

their utmost, have escaped public reprehension! Even the unnoticed service that we are now performing, without the smallest prospect of amendment, deserves at least the thanks of those whose ease and enjoyment are thereby secured to them. You have long been in possession of my sentiments, however, on this head; and they are founded too much on experience to be liable to much alteration.

September 20.

. . . . About me be quite at ease; I never was better in health in my life; and am never out of spirits, except when fancy paints you before me in suffering. 'Orion' begins to hold up her head and pry into her neighbours' imperfections, and under Croft's persevering exertion would, with a moderate degree of life and activity in the men, have ere now made a good figure.

For charity's sake send us Lord Nelson, oh ye men of power!

September 22.

The signal is made about the letters, and I must close this. Be at ease about an action; there is not the smallest chance of any such event.

September 29.

Lord Nelson is arrived! A sort of general joy has been the consequence, and many good effects will shortly arise from our change of system. He joined us too late yesterday evening for communication. I had not got any of your letters before I waited on Lord Nelson this morning; he received me in an easy, polite manner, and, on giving me your letter, said that being entrusted with it by a lady, he made a point of delivering it himself. I have no fear of obtaining his good will by the conduct of 'Orion'; because I shall do my best to deserve it, and he is a man well able to appreciate such endeavours.

September 30.

The signal has been made this morning for all of us who did not dine on board 'Victory' yesterday to go there to-day. What our late chief will think of this I don't know; but I well know what the fleet think of the difference; and even

you, our good wives, who have some causes of disapprobation, will allow the superiority of Lord Nelson in all these social arrangements which bind his captains to their admiral. The signal is made that boats may be hoisted out to buy fruit, stock, or anything from vessels coming into the fleet; this, I trust, will be a common signal hereafter, but it is the first day I have seen it made.

The statement about Sir R. Calder, depend upon it, is very incorrect. None of his captains say he could have done more on the 23rd;[1] and I believe he is only blamed for giving unfounded hopes of his doing more afterwards. Had the French fleet, his superior, come out whilst he went after the combined squadrons, he would have been annihilated; and as it was, he was betwixt the combined squadrons and the Rochfort squadron, which was then endeavouring to form the junction. Heroism will do a great deal; but perhaps even Lord Nelson, who is heroism personified, might have found it difficult to gratify the alehouse expectations of John Bull, had he overtaken this same squadron. There are many of these *untried* heroes who, *after* a hearty dinner and a few glasses of wine, would rather fight the devil than eat their dinner! I have even heard such speeches on board a ship, but I never saw the proof that such was the real feeling. I would rather be sensible of having done that which entitled me to the thanks and the esteem of my countrymen, and I would gladly fight my country's enemies to obtain that esteem, although I would not eat myself into all the honours and glory they could bestow on me. But it is for the love of glory I would fight, and not from any partiality for the act of fighting. Indeed, I have now a double stimulus, in the gratification it would be to you, dearest, and to your dear babes when a sense of valour shall have made its first impression in their little hearts. And yet, alas! it might befall me, after betwixt forty and fifty years' service, to be blamed, abused, and insulted, after doing my utmost, because the wind or weather had been unfavourable. Indeed I trust poor Calder will come off with honour; and that, if the Admiralty have countenanced

[1] July 1805.

the vulgar notions, they will receive all the contempt such conduct merits.

Sir Robert Calder, I hear, goes home in the 'Dreadnought.' If the Admiralty refuse him his own ship, after being out nearly nine months without going into port, it is infamous. Had he written well, they would have made it a great victory.

Thanks for dear Edward's vocabulary, which entertains me much; and most readily would I stand the ridicule of those who feel so disposed, for the pleasure of hearing such little chit-chat. Be not afraid of being the mother when writing to the husband and father separated from the family he delights in, from such motives as have sent me hither. . . . 'Orion' is admired as a beauty now, dirty and ragged as she is; and I cannot help thinking that it is only owing to the lines being drawn correctly with the form and *set* of the ship. I shall endeavour to preserve my yellow band, although I intend following our admiral's whim as to the two streaks; but, as all small ships are much disfigured by this attempt to look large, like the frog in the fable, I shall divide betwixt the line of the ports and the sheer of the ship. We have the credit of having been very attentive to the improvement of the ship, and of having greatly benefited by that attention; and as Croft, with the greatest perseverance and attention, is one of the ablest and best first-lieutenants I ever saw, and as I know how to do my part in improving the discipline of the ship, I have no doubt but we shall be in very good order ere long.

October 4.

. . . . Peace, peace, is the anxious cry here. Hope has been fourteen months at home in these eight years; and Captain Rutherford told us yesterday, declaring that it was d—d foolish for a sailor to marry—that he had been in that happy state for nine years, one only of which he had been with his wife!

October 5.

I saw to-day papers of the 20th of last month, by which I conclude that the continental war is now pretty far advanced, and that either the fleet in Cadiz must push out shortly or be

entirely dismantled. Indeed, we hear that Buonaparte ordered them out some time ago, and that, after holding a council of war, they refused to come, although we were then two or three and twenty only; that he then ordered the admirals to Paris, and they declined that also; and that he has, in consequence, sent Admiral Duplex to supersede Villeneuve. So distant as Lord Nelson keeps us from Cadiz, I think it very possible they may contrive to give us a good run for it; but I think if we do come up with them, with such a fleet as we have, including seven three-deckers and about as many 80-gun ships, they stand a chance of being rather roughly handled.

October 6.

The reason of our keeping so far off is that the westerly winds which may shortly set in strong shall not drive us up the Gut, which Lord Nelson thinks a worse evil than the chance of the fleet getting out and running for it.

October 7, 9 P.M.

Brown and Hope were too far windward to come to dinner to-day; but I have nevertheless had a very passable day with two other brother-captains; a wish for peace and a disgust for the service being the burden of our songs. Some are disposed to think the fleet will come out! but if they do, it will certainly be when they have a pretty fair chance of reaching Toulon or Carthagena before we can catch them. Brown thinks they will steal off by small squadrons; which, as the weather advances, will become more probable. Were it not for getting letters, as I have said before, I should prefer being up the straits to this; but this said wish for news from *home* I confess, is become of serious consequence to my comfort. Sir Robert Calder will, I suppose, now go home; and success go with him I say, in unison with all here whom I have heard talk upon the subject. Little do the public know the feeling of justice in these cases; but I trust their indignation will yet recoil from Sir R. when they learn that the latter part of his letter was purposely suppressed, in which he said (after expressing his intention to see what more could be done with the combined squadron), 'but under the circumstances in which I find myself placed, I shall look at them with a degree

of caution as to the consequences.' This is about the substance of it; and is fully justified by his having a superior fleet on each side of him, besides a squadron from Rochfort, which it is only wonderful did not succeed in joining his opponent (and for which probably we may thank the fog), his own disabled ship and two prizes to protect, and the expectation of Lord Nelson, from whom he had received despatches, coming in sight on the outside of the enemy, whilst he prevented a junction between them and the ships in Ferrol. Had this happened, they would have made a capital affair of it: but, on the contrary, had Calder, even supposing it in his power, brought on another battle, and his opponents been then or afterwards joined by either the Ferrol or Rochfort squadron, to both of which Villeneuve had sent despatches of his arrival—and one of which, observe, was then his rendezvous—I do not hesitate to say that the event would probably have been most calamitous. It is agreed on all sides that all that could be done on the 22nd was done; and that on the 23rd the enemy had got so far to windward that it was quite impossible to bring them to action; and the whole that can be said as to the 24th is, that if the enemy had chosen to meet him he might have renewed the battle.

I maintain that the utmost that can be brought against Sir Robert Calder, then, is a small error in judgment; but I by no means admit that such charge can be made good. However, the Admiralty have thought proper to promote —— for his statement of Sir Robert's conversation with him, and have passed by all his officers unnoticed. And I trust, in investigating the point at issue betwixt them, the public will yet see the cruelty and injustice of thus persecuting a man who has served his country faithfully, and with the credit of a brave and good officer, for more than five and forty years, and who for those services has been decorated by the King with a *medal*, a *knighthood*, and a *baronetcy*. And are *we*, with such a prospect before us, to eat salt beef and get the scurvy in a prison for eight or nine months, &c. &c. &c., for thirteen shillings a day? No wonder if, under such circumstances, we listen to the rewards and promises of Lloyd's Coffee House.

October 16.

Sir R. Calder's story will be better known, I hope, before you receive this, and have met a little justice at the hands of the *public*, if not of Ministers, who dare not *order* a court-martial on him, although they force him to ask for it by means unworthy of anybody but Ministers. Even the authority that has biassed you is too interested to have effect on me, who am more aware of the facts. It is easy for people to say (and I have said it all before) that his own letter condemns him: but *it is not his own letter*, but an EXTRACT from it which they have published, because the *whole* letter would have exposed the truth of the situation in which the Ministry had placed him: they might have ended with his bad account of the action if they pleased, but having gone into the next sentence with an evident view to rest the whole weight on his shoulders, they should certainly have completed it. I have urged him strongly to make the whole public; not only on account of his own honour, but for the general good: for I am one of those who will resist to the utmost the principle of passive obedience to that mean exercise of power, which sacrifices an officer to the intrigue of office. 'A driveller!' How came a driveller entrusted with the command of fifteen sail destined to oppose nearly forty? and I would also ask, how came —— to escape after a conduct liable to have produced the loss of the whole West Indies to England, without even that public censure which would have been some compliment to general indignation? Aye, and from the hands of those very same people who are now using the utmost exertion of ministerial power and influence to crush an officer of unblemished character, after betwixt forty and fifty years' service who, with a squadron of *fifteen*, *attacked*, *defeated*, and *captured two* out of twenty sail of the line, almost in the presence of our squadron of (I believe) sixteen, and another of eight ordered to form a junction! You are much misinformed, my dear Jane, as to his abilities and character altogether, and I hope the world will yet do justice to both. If this man is such a second-rate officer, how came he to be chosen by the discerning Lord St. Vincent for his first captain? No, no; the real truth is that he wrote very often to represent the necessity

his force being increased, and thereby exposed the misconduct of the Ministry in leaving him so very inferior.

So ignorant were the Ministers, that Sir R. Calder had orders to go to *Ireland* after the fleet which are *now in Cadiz*; and had he not had abilities superior to them, this immense force would probably by this time have been ready at Toulon to co-operate with the French army in Italy. He also showed some courage in disobeying their orders under such circumstances, and no little good-will in coming into a country which disagrees with him, to put himself under the command of a man barely his superior officer (Collingwood). Nobody denies his having done all that could be done on the 22nd, and yet the Admiralty have promoted the lieutenant of the ——, who had no more to do with the action than you or I, without noticing his first lieutenant, or that of any other of the ships engaged. . . . . Different facts must be produced before I can alter my opinion, which cannot arise from prejudice, because I had but little acquaintance, and never served with Sir R. Calder before. . . . . To make the whole complete, he was ordered home in a frigate, without his officers; but Lord Nelson, like an officer and a gentleman, gave him his own ship, and also all the captains here, who were under his command in the action, except ——, who *being the only man amongst them under obligations to Sir Robert*, begged to decline leaving his ship *at so important* a moment!

'Orion:' October 19, 1805, 8 P.M.

How would your heart beat for me, dearest Jane, did you but know that we are now under every stitch of sail we can set, steering for the enemy, whom we suppose to be come out of Cadiz! Lord Nelson had just hoisted his *dinner flag* to several captains at nine o'clock this morning, when to my great astonishment he wore ship and made the signal for a general chase to windward. It was nearly calm, and has continued so ever since, till towards evening: but we have now a nice air, which fills our flying kites and drives us along four knots an hour. 'Orion,' true to the affection we bear her, has now got a-head of *all* but 'Belleisle,' although she started in the very middle of the fleet, half of which were to windward

and half to leeward. 'Defence' and Agamemnon' are upc the look-out nearest to Cadiz, and I conclude have seen ε the enemy's movements; 'Colossus' and 'Mars' were station next, so as to keep up the communication with the fleet. T above four, and as many more of us, are now to form an a vanced squadron; and I trust by the morning we shall ε be united and in sight of the enemy. We are fully prepar in every respect, and I have every confidence in the rest being such as will at least keep up and justify the esteem y have for your husband. As to my coming out of the bat alive or dead, that is the affair of chance and the little cheru but that I shall come out without dishonour is my affair; a yet I have but little apprehension about the matter, so gre is my confidence in my ship, and in our excellent Admir It is not, dear Jane, that I am insensible to the value life with such a domestic circle as I belong to: no, my he was never more alive to the sacrifice than at this very m ment. But life in such a situation as this, even with t delightful prospect of returning to pass years in the socie of a wife and children whom I love with a religious reveren is really but a secondary consideration. However, it will all over before you get this, and it is, therefore, needless dwell longer on the subject. I feel a little tired; and a have now nothing to do but keep the ship's head the rig way, and take care that the sails are well trimmed, in readin for the morning, I shall even make that over to the officer the watch and go to my cot; nor do I think I shall sleep worse for my cabin being only divided from the quarter-d by a boat's sail. And so, dear, I shall wish thee once mor good night, and that thy husband's conduct in the hour battle may prove worthy of thee and thy children.

October 2(

All our gay hopes are fled; and instead of being under possible sail in a very light breeze and fine weather, expect to bring the enemy to battle, we are now under close-ree topsails, in a very strong wind with thick rainy weather, ε the dastardly French we find returned to Cadiz. . . . are all charmed with our little ship, and have every confide

in her power of sailing in whatever point circumstances may direct. I went to bed last night full of hope that Lord Nelson's declaration would be verified; viz. that we should have a good battle, and go home to eat our Christmas dinner.

From Sir E. C.'s dictation to J. B. (many years later):—

Lord Nelson's mode of blockading Cadiz was by being about twenty leagues off, well out of sight of Cadiz, so that the French fleet could not know what he was doing; while by means of his look-out ships a chain of communication was kept up, and he was kept aware of all the enemy's movements and everything that passed in the French fleet, and they knew nothing of his movements, except that Admiral Louis was detached to Gibraltar with his squadron. The French, therefore, knew that he had diminished his force by that squadron, and were not aware that he had been reinforced by three other ships from England.

Under a conviction that the French would push for Toulon as soon as they came out of Cadiz, Lord Nelson made the signal to our fleet to make sail for Cape Spartel, as the probable means of meeting with them at the Gut of Gibraltar. Instead of pursuing that course which seemed so evident, the French Admiral, finding he could not avoid being brought to action before he could reach any port of advantage, wore round and stood back towards Cadiz. Lord Nelson then arranged our fleet to windward of the French, so as to prevent their escaping him either by pushing for Toulon or for Brest.

In this position, abreast of each other, the two fleets continued all the following day (Sunday, October 20th) and night. On the morning of Monday, October 21st, there was evident appearance, from a heavy swell into the Bay and gloomy atmosphere, of a S.W. gale coming on. At this time the French fleet continued standing towards the Gut of Gibraltar, when they suddenly wore round so as to have Cadiz under their lee with every appearance of a determination to go into that port. Lord Nelson therefore took advantage of their

confusion in wearing, and bore down to attack them with th fleet in two columns.

On the Sunday morning, Lord Nelson, as a compliment t Collingwood, called him on board by signal to consult wit him, saying to Hardy, jocosely, that he should not be guide by his opinion unless it agreed with his own; and, upon ask ing him, Collingwood gave his opinion in favour of attackin the fleet immediately. Lord Nelson, however, kept to his ow plan of waiting till he could get them farther off; and a they did not seem determined to return immediately to Cadi but to persevere in attempting to pursue their original inten tion of pushing for Toulon, he continued waiting upon them in two columns according to the order of sailing, and th memorable written instruction which was given out to all th captains.

Of course I do not pretend to give an account of th Battle of Trafalgar, which is so fully related elsewhere My business is solely with the part played in the engage ment by the 'Orion,' as given in home letters from he captain; the Admiral's order of battle to the captain of th 'Orion,' with the honoured signature of 'Nelson and Bronte attached to it, remains as an heirloom in the Codringto family. I have added a personal anecdote relating t Lord Nelson's famous signal to his fleet, which is not ver generally known; it was confirmed to me in March, 187 by Sir William Rae, who, without knowing that I wa acquainted with it, related it to me as having been *told t himself by Captain Pascoe*, in almost the same words.

In a letter of 29th October, 1840, from Captai Pascoe, who was senior and flag lieutenant of th 'Victory' at the Battle of Trafalgar, to Mr. Cole, Plymouth, he writes as follows:—

His lordship came to me on the poop, and after orderin certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said 'Mr. Pascoe, I wish to say to the fleet, "England confid that every man will do his duty".'—And he added, 'You mu

be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute the word "expects" for "confides" the signal will sooner be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, but the word "confides" must be spelt.' His lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pascoe; make it directly.' When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for close action, and to keep it up: accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant mast-head, and there it remained until shot away.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM Captain Codrington to Mrs. C. (Continuation of letter of 20th October):—

October 28.

On the 20th the signal was again made that the fleet were at sea, and on the 21st, the wind being more moderate, but with a heavy swell, we bore down to attack them, although they took care to keep Cadiz under their lee. . . . Our list of wounded is only twenty-three, and killed but one. In the ships which led the noble attack it must be much greater. But our Nelson, our *truly noble* Nelson, is no more! he was killed early in the action, having himself led the van division.

Collingwood led the other *famously*, and is well.

I am shaking off the *severe fag* of the *most* severe week I have ever passed, and am as well as you can wish me; and *ever, ever* yours.—E. C.

From Captain C. to Lord Garlies.[1]

'Orion': October 28, 1805.

Although our poor Nelson is no more, and although a hurricane for the last week has deprived us of most of our prizes, we have added honour to the name of Britons. 'Victory' led the weather and 'Sovereign' the lee line, like steady heroes. We all scrambled into battle as soon as we could, and I believe have done our best *in imitation* of the *noble example* before us. I was in the middle of the battle before I fired a gun, not liking to waste our fire, and my men behaved as coolly as possible. When our own length from a wounded Frenchman (the 'Swiftsure'), I gave leave to fire

[1] Then a Lord of the Admiralty.

—carried away his masts, and made him strike. We then passed on to Gravina's ship, but we could not get within three cables' length of him and his supporters; and thus we continued, meeting now and then a French and a Spanish ship with whom we exchanged fire. At length, after a continuance of firing against a sort of reserve line they had formed, I found the opportunity of assisting 'Leviathan,' who had just beat the 'St. Augustin' (Spanish), and who was galled by 'L'Intrépide' (French) (*one* bold one out of their shy van)—we got up what studding sails were left, began on his *starboard* quarter, and in turning round from thence to his *lee* bow (almost calm), we carried away his tiller and his three masts, and took possession. He had fought bravely with several others, and was determined to fight till the last extremity, as he did. When I first made for him I thought we should have had their whole van also upon about four of us, but *Dieu merci* they only fired on us at a distance. You will judge of the action when I tell you that *entouré de feu et de fumée*, I three times met with Gravina's ship, the 'Prince of Asturias,' who got off after all by avoiding close action. I am not wishing to speak of 'Orion,' because *each* ship engaged must have fought with a dozen enemies, and those headmost in the line had much the greater part of the action. It was all confusion when 'Ajax' and 'Orion' got down, and Croft was afraid I should find no ship to engage closely, as I had promised my men; but there were still enough for us to keep up a cannonade of five hours, as I expected, and for which I had prepared myself by not wasting our fire. This reserve did well for me, for our fire on 'L'Intrépide' within shot of their whole van was the best directed and best kept up I ever saw. We burned her with 14 feet of water in her hold: we are now taking out the 'St. Augustin' to burn her; and I believe we, here at anchor, have each 500 prisoners on board already. I towed a prize belonging to 'Bellerophon' from close to Trafalgar in safety for three days, but having my topsails blown out of the boltropes, and one bumpkin carried away, with the foremast wounded, and only six miles from the lee shore near St. Mary's in the worst hurricane I ever saw, I was obliged to quit her, to save my own ship, which

I had little hopes of. 'Ajax' and 'Orion' were much together, and employed in the same way, each profiting by circumstances and assisting each other.

Pilford will, of course, write to Brown;[1] but send him this also. How I lament his not being here! He and I could have gone together under the greatest advantage, and, I think, between us we would have got Gravina, who was at one time my decided object. When driven in close to Cadiz on the 23rd the remaining French might have got at me, if they had had spunk, being far to leeward of them; but I kept my prize in tow, and they contented themselves with retaking three others. You will know all official particulars, and I shall, therefore, only say that I am well, and in hope of soon seeing you. I trust, at all events, 'Orion' will now get home; for I do not wish to stay here under Collingwood. Croft, I trust, will be promoted, and indeed he richly deserves it.

I am now of a mind to rest contented, whenever I get once on shore again, with having made a good finale. We have not one officer killed or wounded, although we have some very awkward shot about the hull, except, indeed, two mids, who are wounded slightly. But such is the confusion that we hardly know, or can find out, how to make out our list; we have on board men belonging to all the ships of the fleet, taken out of the different prizes destroyed.

Kind remembrances to Lady G. Yours ever, E. C.

Send to Mrs. C. that I am well, in case she should not get my letter.

'*From Captain C. to Mrs. C.*

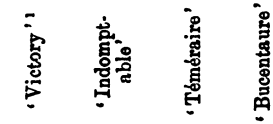
October 30.

Do not, my dearest, think me wanting in attention if you have heard of our glorious, yet hard-earned victory, without knowing whether your poor husband is alive or dead. The horrid weather which came on the following day, dispersed

[1] Edward Codrington and 'Billy Brown' first became acquainted when travelling in the stage-coach together to join the same ship for their first cruise; and they continued fast friends till the death of the latter, in command at Jamaica, in 1814. In 1805 he was captain of 'Ajax.'

us in such a manner that, until to-day, I have never known whether all our ships were safe or not, nor have I yet had any communication but with 'Leviathan' and 'Ajax.' Indeed, I have, at this minute, men belonging to several different ships whom I have got out of the different prizes we have been under the necessity of destroying on account of the weather. As to the 'Orion,' she is now getting to rights in her sails and rigging again, and might perhaps be in some order, were it not for the number of prisoners, and the dirt, filth, stench, and confusion they occasion. Besides our own people we had yesterday nearly 100 men of other ships, and 580 prisoners, French and Spanish. In short, we victualled yesterday nearly *twelve hundred people*. To-morrow we are to be relieved of our wounded prisoners, which is a great comfort; we have about thirty on board, and they not only take up much room and attention, but, poor creatures, the stench is most intolerable. I presume we shall shortly make for Gibraltar, where eight of our ships and one Spanish prize now are; and if we do not there get rid of our Spanish prisoners, they will, of course, be more divided amongst the fleet than they are at present. I hope we shall hear of no jealousies and reproaches amongst one another, although I fear it is impossible to avoid it. It is, however, always to be remembered that those who led must have had most, necessarily; and that a ship being late in action was no discredit to her if she was not behind her station. The lee line were in much more open order than ours. Our line pressed so much upon each other as to be obliged to go bow and quarter instead of a-head, thus—

I suppose no man ever before saw such a sight so clearly as I did, or rather as we did, for I called all my lieutenants up to see it. After passing 'Santa Anna' dismasted, and her opponent the 'Royal Sovereign' little better, on our larboard side, besides three of our ships and some of those of the enemy all lumped together on our starboard bow, we passed close to the 'Victory,' 'L'Indomptable' (French), 'Téméraire' (English), and 'Bucentaure' (French), all abreast or aboard each other, each firing her broadside and boarding the other at the same time.



In this situation the two French ships were soon settled; but as we were the only ship thereabout not firing (for even the 'Agamemnon,' far astern of us, was blazing away and wasting her ammunition), we were the only people who could have a distinct uninterrupted view of that grand and awful scene. The shot both from friends and foes were flying about us like hailstones, and yet did us hardly any damage whatever; and, to the honour of 'Orion's' crew, they did not attempt to break my orders to reserve their fire till I could put the ship where I wished. The occasional request of —— to fire, who was very anxious to be doing, was the only interruption I met with. All the rest were as cool as if they had been used to such scenes, and Croft all astonishment at the sight and all attention to my orders. I still persevered in my reserve in spite of the firing all around us, until I saw an unfortunate Frenchman, the 'Swiftsure,' not closely occupied; and going close under his stern we poured him in such a dose as carried away his three masts and made him strike his colours. Having repeatedly pointed out to my men the waste of shot from other ships, I had now a fine opportunity of convincing them of the benefit of cool reserve. In my next attempt to close with a French two-decker which annoyed the 'Victory,' my second ahead ('Ajax') cut me out, and I could only fire at a little distance. I then made for Admiral Gravina in the 'Prince of Asturias,' but the 'Dreadnought' again cut me out here, and yet, like the 'Ajax,' did not close and make a finish of it. I had, therefore, to undergo what always alarms me, a distant cannonade, for a considerable time, and what mischief we met with was from that said 'Prince of Asturias,' with whom we had three of these distant salutes in the course of the action between the fleets, and who escaped for want of being more closely attacked.

[1] 'Victory,' 'Redoubtable,' 'Téméraire,' 'Fougeux;' and 'Bucentaure' on 'Victory's' larboard bow.—E. C.

Croft still wanted some more, and I told him I thought the battle was yet to come; and had their van done well, we should have had a hard task to have taken our own parts.

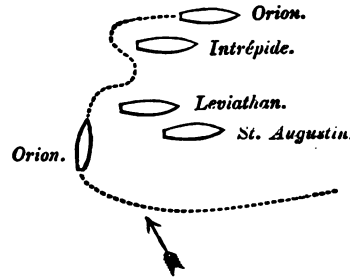
10 at night.

I am just ordered to wait on the Admiral and seal this to send. Ever yours, E. C.

October 31.

I was in the act of writing last night at 11 o'clock, when 'Euryalus,' with Admiral Collingwood on board, passed under our stern; and shortly afterwards the Admiral sent a boat for me merely to 'how d'ye do,' and talk over our condition, as being my first communication with him since the action. He makes out eleven French and eleven Spanish who were taken, but three or four got away the first night after, from not being sufficiently secured. Of this, however, his despatches will give you more full and clear accounts; and I shall therefore confine myself to other matter. I was proceeding to describe 'Orion' last night when I was sent for and desired to take my letters with me, and know not how far I had got. This, however, was our finale, and, I believe, the finale of the whole affair. Seeing 'Leviathan' make a fine and well-judged attack on a Spanish seventy-four, 'St. Augustin' (in the van of the enemy when there were eight or nine others, French and Spanish untouched, which ought to have come to her support), I made sail to assist her. 'L'Intrépide,' however, was the only one which wore and came to action gallantly, keeping up a very good fire both on 'Leviathan' and the Spaniard, of whom she was taking possession. After several fruitless attempts to pass by one or two of our ships, who kept up a distant cannonade on her, I managed, first to back all sail so as to get under 'Ajax's' stern, and then to make all sail so as to pass close across 'Leviathan's' head, who hailed me and said he hoped, laughing, that *I* should make a *better fist of it* (if not *elegant*, still very cheering to me to meet so much confidence and good opinion); and then to bear down sufficiently to get our starboard guns to bear on 'L'Intrépide's' starboard quarter, and then turn gradually round from thence under his stern, pass his broadside, and

bring to on his larboard bow. He had said he would not strike till his masts and rudder were shot away; and this we did for him in so handsome a way that they had no time to do us much injury. Indeed, the only injury we received, except some few chance shot from *friends* and *foes* indiscriminately, was from the 'Prince of Asturias,' Admiral Gravina, with whom I was prevented from closing by one of *our own three-deckers*, who nevertheless did not contrive to act up to my intentions for 'Orion' had she not been thus impeded. My prize's head was in the contrary way to that of all our fleet,



(Traced from Captain C.'s own letter.)

and we were almost within shot of the enemy's van who were in a line to leeward, and one of whom continued for half-an-hour to show a disposition to attack us. However they, to my great joy, all bore up for Cadiz, and 'Ajax' came to assist me in taking my prize in tow. I begged 'Ajax' to take her in tow for the night, intending to do so myself in the morning; but the weather began to change, the tow-rope broke, and I never saw her till the day we were ordered to destroy her. We, however, took charge of another instead, the 'Bahama,' and had more difficulties to encounter than I hope ever to meet with again. On the 23rd, in a calm, heavy swell, and violent rain, we were obliged to anchor within a few miles of Cadiz to prevent being driven in nearer, their remaining ships (ten) being without the harbour, and coming down to attack us. They re-took one two-decker which was left to herself, and also the 'Santa Anna,' three-decker, which the 'Thunderer' had in tow; but although to leeward of the 'Thun-

derer' much, and so situated that they could easily have come up with me, and with one of their frigates then within shot firing at us, I persevered in retaining the ship in tow, in order, if I must quit her, that she might be driven on Portugal instead of Spain; and I was the more encouraged to do this, because, had they attacked me, they could not have again fetched into Cadiz, and would have risked an action with some of our fleet then to windward. They therefore contented themselves with the two they had, and returned to Cadiz. In the middle of the night, however, we had the most violent hurricane I ever was in, which blew away our main-topsail out of the rope which surrounds it, although it was close reefed, and also even the fore-topsail *after it was clewed up ready for furling*. For an hour and a half or two hours we dare not attempt to set even a storm stay-sail, although within about six miles of a lee shore where we must have been lost; and we therefore prepared to trust to our anchors, and cut away the masts; but the wind abating sufficiently for us to set our reefed fore and main sail, after unwillingly making up my mind to cut the tow-rope, and sacrifice the unfortunate people in the prize, the 'Bahama,' in spite of their signals of distress, I wore round, took advantage of the wind veering a little to the westward, and clawed off shore. It is a great comfort to me that the people in that prize were taken out by my launch, after all, on the 26th, and the vessel burned on the strand yesterday. Considering circumstances, we are most fortunate in saving all our own fleet, although we have only four prizes out of our twenty-two or three to show for our victory. In telling you all this so much in detail I do not mean to say 'Orion' did more than others; and I should be guilty of hypocrisy if I gave you that impression. Those who were in action first had most to do, and doing their all, did best; and the great difficulties they had to contend with, and their proportionate sufferings, entitle them to a greater share of honour; but this I will say for 'Orion,' 'that she took all the fighting she could get coolly and deliberately, always reserving her fire to produce decision, and never risking the firing into, but cautiously assisting her own friends.' Ten minutes before I thought myself near enough to fire a gun

into a ship I was approaching, was I obliged to desire a ship on 'Orion's' quarter *not to fire* into us in her eagerness to fire at the *distant* enemy. But, however, it was all well done *errors excepted*, and I hope we shall have no abuse about want of good conduct.

It is certainly the greatest victory in our annals, and it should be verified to England by those who assisted in gaining it, in 'propria persona.' For the present, good-bye.

Gibraltar: Sunday, November 3.

Poor Hardy has just been here, and I cannot describe to you how much I feel interested about him. From the first day that I saw him on board the 'Victory' I was captivated by his manner, so unusual and yet so becoming to his situation as confidant of Lord Nelson; and I gave in to the general good opinion of the fleet. He has not beauty or those accomplishments which attract sometimes *on shore above* all other qualities; but he is very superior in his situation, and I feel for him more, perhaps, than our short acquaintance justifies.

I will beg him to deliver this in person if he goes to town or, at all events, to make himself known to you, and if you can show him any civility you will do so for my sake. At the same time, dearest, that I ask this, I know not what civility lies in your power; but I would say, let your heart so incline and let it ever beat in unison with mine, on every the most trifling, occasion!

The 'Victory' and four or five others will go towards England directly; and it is supposed we shall all go home thus in squadrons; drivelling away thus, as I suspected, the whole *éclat* of this glorious victory!!! I went with Hope and King to wait on the Port Admiral here last night, and we went in our dirty boots to the Governor's ball, and are to dine with him to-day. Poor Hardy has, however, unfitted me for the sort of thing, and I wish I were to stay quiet on board. We are just sending our Spanish prisoners away in exchange, and shall, therefore, have only about 2 French to annoy us. If you are asked if I claim any prize say no, that I claim nothing more than having done my duty I shall thereby avoid all jealousies whatever; and the

claimers, of whom there will be many, will expose themselves. Be mine as I am yours. E. C.

Extract from the log of H. M. S. 'Orion.'

November 14, 1805.

The officers and ship's company being assembled, the captain read the proposal of the admiral to them that two thousand pounds[1] should be deducted from the prize money for the action on the 21st of October, 1805, for the purpose of erecting a monument on Postdown Hill to the memory of Lord Nelson, the late commander-in-chief, which the officers and ship's company all agreed to, and as much more if required. Also that H. M. S. 'Donegal' should share with them.

Captain C. to Lord Garlies.

'Orion,' Gibraltar: November 4, 1805.

My dear Garlies,—As our admiral is not come in, we know nothing of our destination; but as I feared, so I find, that we are doing everything in a sort of drivelling way which will not increase the *éclat* of our victory. The disabled ships, which must of necessity go home, have a *kind of understanding* that they are to go home by fives, without any ship to protect or assist them if necessary; and I must confess that I now envy those who lost their masts in the gale after the action, and who have come in here without having shifted their sails, spliced their shrouds, or done anything to make themselves efficient. From the want also of the presence of our admiral, and a unanimity in our proceedings, the ships' companies are beginning to abuse each other. We are all in distress about our poor wives hearing of the action and not knowing if we are dead or alive; and even if 'Euryalus' is gone now, of which we are not certain, she did not start till a fortnight after the schooner, which is a most cruel circumstance.

Why could not the question have been asked by telegraph the day after the action, instead of one of the numerous signals we have had made by that means? Poor Morris seems

[1] Note in the log-book, in Captain C.'s handwriting:—'The people thought it too little.'

to me much agitated by his fears for his wife under these distressing circumstances; he and Tyler are, however, doing well, and I trust will recover entirely. Lord Collingwood certainly went into action in the finest style possible, and is as brave a man as ever stepped on board a ship; I can also believe him to be a very good man in his way, but he has none of the dignity an admiral should have, and seems to lose all the great outline of a chief command in his attention to minutiæ. What he is now doing God knows; I believe we have no ships now at sea which were in the action but the 'Dreadnought,' 'Spartiate,' and 'Britannia' in one squadron, and 'Leviathan' and 'Ajax' in another, loaded with prisoners, and waiting for orders to come in. I thought it my duty, however, to come here as soon as possible under the hint that I was to come in shortly, before our fevers, which were beginning amongst the Spaniards, increased. Although obliged to beg water from 'Ajax' we were victualling 1,190 *persons*; which I think was inducement enough to come here as soon as possible.

We have got rid of the Spaniards, but not of the French, of whom we have 250 still remaining. At all events, as there is now no longer a Lord Nelson to serve with here, I should wish to get home as soon as possible. *Never* whilst I live shall I cease to regret his loss. *He* made the signal to prepare to anchor; and had Admiral Collingwood *acted upon that hint* we might now have secured almost all our prizes, and the news would, ere this time, have been public at Vienna and in the army of Buonaparte, where it would have made a sensation advantageous to the Austrian cause. How I lament poor Brown's absence! (attending Sir Robert Calder's court martial.) I hardly know how to write to him on the subject. His 'Ajax' did all she could, under circumstances; but had he been there he would have seen things quicker, and we might have gone hand in hand more satisfactorily. All the ships that got on board others seem as usual to be razé entirely, and to have a great slaughter: their sufferings and their greater difficulties in making way for us little ones more in the rear, entitle them to a greater share of honour. The

have my submission on that score; and I only claim doing all I had to do, and doing it well.

Ever and sincerely yours,—E. C.

Captain C. to his brother, Mr. Bethell.[1]

'Orion,' November 15, Gibraltar.

I have been in such a constant hurry and worry, my dear Bethell, refitting my ship, getting rid of prisoners, &c. &c., since my arrival here, that I have had no time to write other than official letters; but as we are detained a day longer than I expected, and the remaining squadron of our crippled ships going to England are detained also, I must give you a little cosy line, taking the chance of its growing into a letter. Had I *played a game*, or even made a *fair* report of the state of my ship, I think I should now be on my way home; but being asked by Admiral Collingwood what state we were in the first time I saw him after the action, I answered that we had knotted our rigging, fished our wounded foremast, and helped ourselves out of the prizes to many articles for which we were much distressed, and that we were then fit and *ready* for any service whatever. By this report he judged of the real state of the ship; not considering that the zeal which prompted one report off Cadiz, when ships were wanted, might not justify any but a very different one when at anchor off an arsenal. However, others are gone home by adopting a different mode of proceeding; and *we*, who before the action were considered scarcely efficient enough to belong to the fleet, are now, by the same commander, thought fit to enter upon severe winter service. It is, however, discovered, upon examination, that our lower rigging is not trustworthy, and that the wound in our foremast is of a very serious nature. Had we all gone home together it would have been highly gratifying; but frittered away as the *éclat* of so grand a victory has been, in consequence of the irreparable loss of the greatest admiral England ever knew, I should now prefer passing the winter in this country, living in the hope of being exchanged in the spring by some ship fresh from England. . . .

[1] Captain Codrington's brother William took the name of Bethell on inheriting the property of an uncle of that name.

In the battle he thinks the '*Victory*' did nothing whatever towards effecting the capture of the 'Redoubtable,' although she kept up her fire on her after they were on board each other, and *actually*, with great deliberation, threw a *bucket of water* to put out the fire of the wads from their own guns, which fairly stuck into the 'Redoubtable's' sides, lest, by her taking fire, they should *all be burned together*. Passing down, as the 'Orion' did, through the whole group of those whose fortune it was to be placed *foremost* in the attack and who were then all engaged with their various opponents, without firing a single gun to impede my view although the ship next astern as well as all those a-head of us were firing broadside after broadside, I had an opportunity of seeing more of what was doing than, perhaps, any other captain in the whole fleet and *so grand*, so *awful*, and so *tremendous* was the scene before me, that the impression will be ever fresh on my mind. The gratification of that sight was almost as great a recompense for our coolly reserving our fire, as the effect produced on the first ship which I conceived to be a proper object of attack However, I will reserve this for some fireside occasion, when the relish derived from recollection of such scenes is so much increased by the highly-contrasted tranquillity of a small domestic circle. The battle after all, as I warned my officers is nothing compared with the fatigue, the anxiety, the distress of mind which succeeds, more particularly in case of such horrible weather as we had to encounter on this occasion. I confess I thought it hard and grievous to be obliged to prepare for a *watery* grave, and to feed for some hours on bare hope with all our sails blown from the yards and no possibility of setting others to claw off a lee shore, after having so well escaped the chances of the action. It is not fighting, my dear W., which is the severest part of *our* life, it is the having to contend with the sudden changes of season, the war of elements, the dangers of a lee shore, and so forth, which produce *no food for honour or glory* beyond the internal satisfaction of doing a duty *we* know to be most important, although passed by others unknown and unnoticed. Perhaps the saving the lives of the men on board the prizes, both English and foreigners, previous to their being destroyed or lost, was one

of the most trying duties men could possibly be put to; and yet, in spite of the noble exertions made on all sides to effect this object, humanity shudders at the recollection of the numbers who perished. Of those on board the 'Fougeux' only three were saved, and the present master of this ship, who was on board the 'Rayo,' Spanish three-decker, saw about a hundred perish (including two boats loaded with men belonging to the 'Donegal') during the time he secured himself by the poop, which was still above water. The poor Spaniards behaved very creditably indeed: they not only sent boats for them (English and all) as soon as the weather moderated, with bread and water for their immediate relief; but when the boat in which the master of the ship was sent had got into Cadiz harbour, a carriage was backed into the water for him to step into from the boat, all sorts of cordials and confectionery were placed in the carriage for him, and clean linen, bed, &c., prepared for him at a lodging on shore: added to which the women and priests presented him with delicacies of all sorts as the carriage passed along the streets. In short, he says, and with very great truth, that had he been wrecked on any part of England he would never have received one-half the attention which he did from these poor Spaniards, whose friends we had just destroyed in such numbers; but I must add, the survivors amongst whom we had been at the greatest pains and risk in saving from the jaws of death. And so, my dear Bethell, good-bye and God bless you.—E. C.

Extract from Mr. Bethell to his brother, Captain C.

December 12, 1805.

Mrs. Challoner met at Southampton the chaplain of the 'Téméraire.' In conversation about the battle she said to him, 'Pray, was the "Orion" much in the action?' To which he replied, 'To be sure she was—and was one of the ships that ought to be particularly signalised; and it was the wonder of the fleet that she lost so few men, as she was in the hottest part of the action for twenty minutes; her coolness was admirable, and the judgment of her commander conspicuous; and "L'Intrépide" was her prize.' He then described your going

down the line, withholding your fire till the right moment—as you have yourself said you did.

Captain C. to his brother, Mr. Bethell.

'Orion,' March 9, 1806.

How shall I thank you sufficiently, my dear Bethell, for al your kindness to my poor anxious Jane during her long an cruel state of suspense? She had told me that if an accoun of a battle arrived with no little 'All's well' from me sh should fear the worst; and I would, of course, have given th world to be able to write by the first conveyance; but, alas I was too far to leeward amongst the disabled prizes to kno even when the vessel sailed; and at one time, indeed, I ha lost all prospect of saving my own ship from a lee shor without having had any communication with the admira The Wednesday and the following night were to me times severer trial than the day of battle. Having had a watchf night in the general chase of the Saturday (before the battle which continued until daylight on the Sunday morning, hung up my cot and got a very sound sleep on the Sund night, although the enemy were ranged under our lee, knowir that it was not Lord Nelson's intention to give them batt till the morning; and at eleven o'clock, when just steerir down for them, I gave the ship's company their dinner, a ate the leg of a turkey myself, which was prepared beforehan so that on that day (the 21st) we were all strong, fresh, hear and in high spirits.

But when, after a separation from 'L'Intrépide,' with r first lieutenant (my right hand) and a hundred of my b men, I towed the 'Bahama' who had only a lieutenant a four seamen on board, from amongst the shoals of Trafalg —and was on the following Wednesday noon obliged anchor with her within a few miles of Cadiz, at the very ti that the enemy's ten sail were getting underway in order cut off as many of us as they could reach in safety; my peo so worn down as to be absolutely indifferent to my orders neither of my officers or myself able scarcely to produce m voice than a whisper,—a fine large frigate tacking across

stern, and trying by a few long shot to rob us of our prize, whilst her consorts stood out with a fine breeze, which allowed of their cutting us off completely if they had had but spunk enough to risk the consequence,—wearied as I was, I found my mind hard pressed to support itself. But the worst was still to come; for the danger of being wrecked on a lee shore, which saved me from the attack of the enemy, became most alarmingly increased by the hurricane, which came on that night at the most critical moment, and blew all our topsails to atoms; the foretopsail absolutely blew from the yard after it was snugly clewed up; and for about two hours, all which time we were driving towards the shore in utter darkness, we could not venture to show a rag of canvas.[1] With nothing to do but wait the uncertainty of events, in this time of *real* trial, my mind, wandering towards the probable sorrows of her who is dearer to me than myself, was alone supported by the importance of my exertions to the safety of those committed to my care. No, it is not the battle, as I forewarned my officers, but the necessary exertion to save your ship, your prizes, and the many lives which are at stake in consequence, which requires exertion of both mind and body. I kept the 'Bahama,' with the poor lieutenant and his four men, in tow, until the absolute necessity of getting the ship's head the other way obliged me to cast him off, and the opportunity of the violence of the wind abating a little, allowed of making the necessary sail to claw the ship off shore; and you may judge of the pain I felt on seeing her signals of distress in consequence of being left in so hopeless a situation! The necessity of the case, however, raised a little unusual exertion in the poor Spaniards; and, by getting up an anchor out of the hold and letting it go, they saved both the vessel and their lives; and she is now in Gibraltar Mole, waiting the opportunity of going to England. She was finally saved by the unremitting exertions of the 'Donegal'; a fresh ship not in the action, a dear Nelsonian throughout, and in all things perfect.

[1] Unprofessional readers must be reminded that at that time there were *no steamships*. Wind and sails formed the only power by which all these large ships, many of them helplessly disabled, could be either moved or guided.

England is certainly about to be very hardly pushed just now, but I have great faith in a change of Ministry. . . . Let them found their political measures on the basis of national honour and national virtue, and pursue them with the firmness such motives inspire, and we may yet emerge from the cloud of darkness which hangs over us. It is now a war of our liberty against Buonaparte's despotism. The advantages a despotic government has in secresy and expedition must be counteracted by the ardour every man will feel in the support of our excellent constitution, *by being made a partaker of its blessings.*

Long years afterwards, Sir E. C. said to his son Henry that he had never been so glad to see the stars as on one particular night in 1805.

It was during the very bad weather that followed the 21st October, when he was, with his own ship considerably injured in the battle, in charge of disabled prizes which he was endeavouring to save,—while it was difficult enough to save his own ship in the tremendous gales. For a succession of days they had seen neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, when suddenly a small break in the N.-W. sky revealed a few stars, heralding that partial shift of wind from S.-W. to N.-W., which just enabled the ship to creep out from the near danger of the lee shore. Singularly enough those stars were the belt of Orion; and never was good omen more welcome than those stars to the worn-out crew of that sorely-pressed ship.

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Gibraltar: November 4, 1805.

I have written to you a great deal already since the action, and hope some good chance may carry my first letter to you before you hear of our having been so situated by any other means. For indeed I dread the publicity of Admiral C.'s despatches before any of our wives or friends can learn whether we are alive or dead. Indeed, I could almost wish the schooner may be taken, or dismasted, or something of that

sort. Can anything be so cruel as to send his despatch away under such circumstances, and *not* take the *very very first* opportunity of relieving the minds of the parents of those in the action? Whether 'Euryalus' is now gone or not we can't tell, but at all events she was not gone a fortnight after he had sent the schooner; and even now he has sent no man of rank in the service, as is usual, who bore a conspicuous part in the action. It seems to be his plan to send the ships home by *driblets*: five are now ordered which are completely disabled, and five more are to follow, and no one of them in a situation to afford the other protection or assistance in case of need. However, three of the prizes are brought in, and possibly he may think them not quite so well able to go alone: and as we have a number of French prisoners still here, surely some of us who are not so much injured must yet be sent with them. Indeed it is to be hoped the Admiralty will see the thing in its true light, and order us all home except those ships that were not in the action, and which are sufficient for the number of the enemy now in the Mediterranean. The Spaniards we have sent to Algeciras to be exchanged for any men they may hereafter take of ours; but I apprehend, poor devils, they will never again run the risk of being so treated. I confess it is a melancholy thing to me to see so many other ships going home without me. ——, who is situated as I am, is doing his utmost, by all means in his power, to carry his point. I shall not, however, do anything of the sort, but, on the contrary, get my ship made as efficient as possible; which can readily be done, as our foremast is the only principal mast wounded, and we have spliced all the rigging which was cut by shot. I should like to see our admiral and learn his intentions, if possible; but we are all here without orders or instructions, and know not what he is about, or where he is pottering. I have told Hardy that, if he can do it, I wish him to deliver the letter he has himself, because I wish that you should know him: he said he would go anywhere a day's journey to see you. He is a bachelor, but fit to be a husband, by his amiability of temper and manner. But do not let me lead you to expect too much; he is a sailor after all; and *perhaps too good a one* to be a '*lady's man.*'

November 4

Not having lost our masts, 'Orion' is, I fear, destined stay here for the present. Morris tells me that a transp is going directly and will take this. Although the he most ships have done most and fared worst, be assured 'Oric did the part allotted to her, and did it well, as Hardy, 'Victory,' will inform you when he can see you. Had I l my masts, as the 'Africa' did, in the gale after the actio should, like her, have been ordered home.

November 6

To-morrow a squadron of seven sail of these crippled sh leave hence for England, Hope and King being of the numb and also Oliver, who is appointed to the 'Mars,' instead poor Duff, who was killed in the action; and only conc young Parker having the luck to get the 'Melpomene.' I I been aware of the sort of arrangement that has been ma I should probably have been also now on my way home; when Admiral Collingwood asked me what condition 'Ori was in, I told him, from pure zeal, that she was not so m hurt but that I could get her sufficiently refitted, out of on the prizes ordered to be destroyed, to be ready for any ser for which he might require her. The shot through our f mast is certainly not such an injury as to require more t a good fish (an additional piece of wood put up and dow for support), and the upper masts and yards shot away ma replaced here; but as she must be supplied with a consider quantity of new rigging, and is very ill fitted, at present a foreign station throughout, it is probable she will not tinue here many months longer. However, the charr going home altogether, and directly after the action, is broken: and I no longer feel quite so sore about it as I Admiral Collingwood is still at sea, and we still hear o being daily expected in, as he says, to make the nece arrangements: by which we are led to doubt if he is awa the 'Victory,' 'Bellisle,' and 'Bellerophon' being hall home.

Novembe

We have a report here of Buonaparte gaining a vi over ten thousand Austrians. It is not much of a vi

but may still be of use to him in raising the spirits of his army. Had Lord Nelson been alive the news of our battle would have spread all over the Austrian and even French army like wildfire: but the sending it immediately to Naples did not occur to Lord Collingwood, and our right worthy, able, and honest port admiral here refused the governor one of the several gun brigs in the mole to carry his despatches for that purpose, so that a fortnight was lost, and Buonaparte gained his victory in the interim. I just now hear that Buonaparte has taken 40,000 Austrians; but perhaps there is no truth in any part of the report. I can hardly say how much I am yours, E. C.

November 14.

I am getting ready as fast as possible to accompany the admiral up to Carthagena, but as our foremast is very badly wounded, and requires a great additional support, it will not be secured till to-morrow. 'Chifonne' arrived, and no letter: well, it can't be helped, and we must consider these as evils inseparable from a sea life. Let me therefore have the confidence, dearest Jane, in your taking as much care of yourself for my sake as you do of our children for all our sakes.

My French messmate, Capitaine Infernet, of 'L'Intrépide,' and his son go home with Harvey, in the 'Téméraire.' I have written to Bowen of the Transport Board, to get him his parole in the place where his admiral will be on the same terms, and do anything he can to assist him: and to you I commend him for the rest. I was prevented saving for him anything but the things in which he came on board, besides his watches and some little money. Captain Hallowell, of the 'Tigre,' although not in the action of the 21st, has insisted upon sending him a trunk with two dozen shirts, stockings, a bed, and some cloth to make him a coat, and a draft for 100*l.* as an acknowledgment of the civility he met with from Gantheaume and his officers when their prisoner. At present, therefore, he is very well off: but for hereafter, as his wife and family are at Toulon, and he has nothing but his pay, at the age of fifty, after forty years' services, I wish you to supply

any wants he may have to the amount of 100*l*. I shall give him your address that he may write to you whenever he is fixed; and the rest I leave to you. He is much like us in his open manner, is a good sailor, and, I have no doubt, a good officer: has more delicacy in his conduct, although perhaps, boisterous in his manner, than any Frenchman I have before met with: and endeavours to make himself agreeable to all the ship. He fought most stoutly; and had I not had the advantage over him of position and a ready fire whilst he was engaged with others, we should not have escaped as well as we did.[1]

I trust my letter by Hardy will reach you soon after the accounts of the victory, and I hope you will meet him in town. His relations, I believe, live in Dorsetshire; he is a man we all admire and esteem.

Tetuan Bay (Morocco): November 23.

We are this instant anchored, and restored to quietness after having left Mazary Bay (only about five miles off), where we have been for water. Any new place always gratifies me and I doubt if I have not more pleasure in seeing a country in a state of nature than in visiting some of those ancient cities whose present degradation serves only to heighten the contrast of their former splendour. Mazary is a little bay, which seems almost a continuation of a pretty valley, situated amongst a number of what may deserve to be called mountains, entirely covered with myrtles the smell of which is quite delicious, evergreen oaks, &c., &c.; they grow so thick in most parts that it is difficult to walk through them, and are about as high as one's shoulders; the tops of the hills seem, by the verdure

[1] Captain Infernet, of the 'Intrépide,' when prisoner on board the 'Orion,' while dilating on the successes of our navy, said, in reference to the recent battle of Admiral Sir Robert Calder with the fleet to which he (Infernet) had belonged, 'It is very well for you gentlemen that you can afford to find fault with an admiral who, when in command of *fifteen* sail of the line fights a battle with *twenty*, because he only makes two of the prizes!'

Captain Infernet also told Captain Codrington that the 'Intrépide' being the worst ship in the French navy, and the 'Bucentaure' the finest; as the 'Intrépide' was to the 'Bucentaure,' so was the 'Bucentaure' to the 'Argonauta,' a fine Spanish two-decker, which having been taken (at Trafalgar) was sunk by order of Lord Collingwood, because she had lost her rudder

to be full as well clothed as the sides, but there are no large trees to be seen amongst them; there are some pretty groups of figs, &c., with vines running all over them, and the shrubs which are suffered to grow in the vale are much more luxuriant than those which are on the rocky sides of the hills. The soil is very rich indeed, and, I am told, yields three crops a year, which is well proportioned to their style of farming; for these most enlightened of all God's creatures, use a plough which seems to be made merely of a few crooked sticks (one of which, indeed, is armed with iron), which is drawn by two small miserable oxen, being neither yoked nor harnessed, but having a cross piece of wood, in resemblance of a yoke, from the forehead of one to that of the other, and which rests on a bunch of reeds to prevent friction. However, as the beasts draw (or rather push) with their heads, this mode has the effect of keeping them in a handsome posture, and may, in reality, be more natural, and preferable to the old way of yoking in England.

. . . .

November 30.

By my stay here I am become intimate with a brother officer with whom I have long had a desire to be on that footing; this is Captain Hallowell of the 'Tigre,' with whom I hope, hereafter, to make you also acquainted. Somehow or other (which is better understood by women than men) I find that whenever I make a desirable acquaintance, see a new or extraordinary place or sight, or meet with any real gratification, my first wish is that you, my dearest Jane, should be a partaker of it. This wish, indeed, attends me on occasions suited only to the hardihood of my own sex; which may probably arise from the desire of repeating the gratification through my second self. But, as I have just said, you will account for this with more truth than I can, and I need only tell you (as I ever wish to do) the genuine feelings of my heart, in full confidence that they can never arise from any cause of which I need be ashamed. Indeed, I rather think that my inward satisfaction increases with the conviction of the real virtue of my attachment to you and my children: and the pride I have in such a feeling must ever be just and becoming until the conduct of my children discredit it;

which can never take place as long as you live to instruct and protect them.

We are now, I hear, on our way to form the blockade of Carthagena; but some of us will probably go higher up, under Admiral Louis, who is coming here from Cadiz, leaving Sir J. Duckworth to guard that quarter: and as Hallowell and Stopford will be most likely continued with Admiral L., I am praying to make one of their little squadron. In this case I shall not only serve on pleasanter terms, but be likely to see a greater variety of places, and consequently have more mental gratification.

December 3.

. . . . Old, however, as they are, I have dwelt on your letters, dear, with extreme pleasure, as you may suppose I shall ever do on the subject nearest my heart, yourself and your children. Your descriptions bring me into their presence. You must not think me the worse husband that I pass by (as it is possible I may do) the approaching day of our marriage, the foundation-stone of all I have thought happiness! The truth is, that days sometimes pass without my thinking what may be the day of the month, or being able to read, write, or abstract my thoughts (except momentarily) from the concerns of my professional duty. I have given a letter to Captain Bayntun, of the 'Leviathan,' to you. He is a gentleman and an excellent officer, A NELSONIAN, and deserving all the civility you ladies can show him, in return for the hard service he has undergone at sea. I desire all those I like, to call on you. I fear I shall have few opportunities of writing from hence (off Carthagena); and, as the Spaniards will never come out again, and the French have but two sail of the line in the Mediterranean, we have not even a hope of anything to do. It delights us to hear of Sir R. Strachan's taking the four sail: there is now but one ship of that whole fleet left to go to sea: they may, however, fit two or three of the others which got to Cadiz, I dare say. Great and glorious our victory is, I could almost give up the whole value of it for Nelson's life. In spite of Lady H. he was really a great man and all who served under him must think so.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

Brighton: December 4, 1805.

I must now, my very dearest, endeavour to conquer the fairy vision of happiness that has misled me, and I fear may have occasioned you anxiety from my silence. Till this day I have never given up the dream, that realised, would have compensated me for all I have suffered on this most interesting subject. But your letter from Gibraltar, dated 15th, has quite crushed my hopes of seeing you, and informed me of another source of care in *another blockade*. Where shall I begin, or how collect my scattered thoughts to send to you, since the great dates, to you of 21st, to me of the 6th November—the day I first heard of your glorious victory? From the latter date I have spent moments of heartfelt joy and exultation, and of the severest anxiety and misery; but to account for the latter at least I ought to give you some little outline of *how* the intelligence reached me, &c.

Mrs. C.'s servant had come into the room and told her suddenly that 'there had been a grand action and Lord Nelson was dead!' To relieve her distress at this startling news, a friend who was with her contrived to obtain more distinct information, by applying to Colonel Savery, then in waiting on the Prince Regent, at Brighton.

The letter continues:—

After *to me* ages of misery, he returned a very kind note with all the particulars the prince had had: and all the officers named who had been wounded. Never did Heaven pour such balm into a distracted mind as this communication. For your glorious leader I grieve most sincerely; but for the safety and honour of my husband how can I picture to you my ecstasy and gratitude!! None but a wife—and one as zealous as I am for the *fame* of a husband, can experience the same sensations. Few have *as* strongly, and no being can enjoy them *more* than I do. But for John's stupidity, I should have been spared all that anguish; for the next morning brought me a letter from Lord Garlies, with the comfort-

ing confirmation of your safety. From that time I have scarcely had the pen out of my hand: so many letters of enquiry and congratulation! Some of them delighted me, for to tell you the truth *this same business has become my weak side*; and I might be *very soon blinded* by a little of the *spray of the white waves of Trafalgar.* You know I am one of the most ambitious women in the world, and will not, therefore, doubt that I feel all the proper pride and exultation of being one of the 'wives of Trafalgar.' After Lord G.'s letter I was contentedly waiting further accounts, when I was told that 'Orion' was not in the action. This annoyed me most particularly; but on second application to Lord G. he assured me you were—in Lord Nelson's division, and next to 'Ajax.' Letters still poured in upon me: no 'Euryalus' *would* arrive it is quite impossible to describe the general anxiety about her; *at last* she brought me the happy tidings of my good man that nothing can ever efface; your dear letter, partly before partly after the action, which has drawn tears from every eye that has seen it—so affectionate, so manly, so eloquently speaking to every feeling of a good heart! . . . Your letter about the battle was so much hurried that, almost for the first time, I was dissatisfied with it. Pray, dear, tell me every little circumstance you can recollect. You do not know how very interesting every tittle in a letter is under such circumstances as yours. What a very fine sight it must have been from 'Orion,' the going between those ships as you describe them. I am very glad 'L'Intrépide' struck to '*Orion*,' and if I possibly can I shall be very civil to Capitain Infernet; but I fear I may not have an opportunity of being *personally* so, as I shall probably remain here the whole winter. B. left me this morning, and this has been my first evening alone; though less alone than any, as I have *fancied myself chatting with you, dearest, off Carthagena.* Heaven bless you

December 5

'Victory' is not yet arrived. While the memory of departed revered Nelson is cherished by a grateful people, surely that of his supporters, who bravely fought under him, ought never to be forgotten. He is to be buried in St. Paul

directly under the *Cupola*, which will be his *monument*, and may at the same moment remind *thousands* of the spectators of his merits and his loss; and animate, in a last look at London, the departing midshipman, lieutenant, captain, and admiral to imitate his glorious example.

God bless you, dearest. I must to bed; and hope you are as much the better for my little chit-chat as I am. What blessings are pen and ink!

December 7.

How very dear and good you have been in sending me so many letters. I have this morning again received two: you give me a very interesting account of 'Orion's' performances on the 21st; and I am now quite satisfied with your description and little sketch of the position of yourself and neighbouring ships. I have studied it till I am quite at home with the dear little story. What charms me more than all is the very handsome, liberal, and cheerful manner in which you allow greater credit to those who, from position, &c., must have had greater difficulties. You had your share of danger, and *have* your well-earned *share of honour*. Everyone will believe that a brave man, who did the utmost that his station allowed, and did it *well*, and who so justly allows greater praise where circumstances called forth greater exertions and exposed to greater dangers, would, in a similar situation, have acquitted himself of his duties in an equally heroic style. But my 'Orion' has in her place satisfied all the anxious hearts that rest on her with the affections of father, mother, and WIFE. I believe I am the only one, am I not? But my quantum of grateful joy on this occasion might supply your list of bachelors with a proper common proportion for each wife, and yet leave you a *Captain's* share!

I quite long to see Captain Hardy: to know him I mean, and receive him like a hearty brother officer's wife. Why should you think it necessary to apologise to me for his being *only a sailor?* Can you find a straighter way to my heart than merely saying that? That he is a good one and friendly to you gives him at once the master-key. Were I *with* you I should be a little angry with your saying he is too good in his profession to be a *lady's man*. Do you not remember how I

value the one race, and how much I look down on the other? But I cannot at *Brighton* think of scolding you at *Carthagena*; so it shall be *au revoir*.

His friend, Lord Garlies, advised Captain C. not to wish or try to get his ship sent home before her time was up; and Mrs. C. wrote on

December 8, 1805.

I have nothing to say against Lord G.'s opinion and advice. I truly believe they are given for your credit and advantage, and that such would be given by every honest unbiassed mind that had your interest at heart.

You know that I have been a happy wife—you know not to what extent I am an ambitious one (not for myself), but that the husband I love and live for should surpass everyone in glory and honours. I look forward to the day, when years shall have given time and opportunity, that I shall have as much reason to be proud of you as any connection could of our late noble Nelson. I see you astonished at what you will call my *vivid imagination*—but why so? Have I not sufficient foundation for such hopes, brilliant and dazzling as they are? They are very dear to me, my good man, therefore do not, I entreat you, think of giving up your ship. As I *began* to say, without saying, that, having been so happy a wife, the sacrifice of your society, if it depended on me, would be *trying* and an afflicting one; but I do not hesitate saying it would be most *cheerfully* made for any advantage to you in your professional career. I am sure I could make up my mind for a much more lengthened absence than I now expect were I certain that at the expiration of the time I should receive you well, happy, honoured, and distinguished. Do not, my very dear, fancy that I do not anticipate your return as one of the most happy moments of my life; the one in which I shall give and receive most pleasure in my whole existence. God knows I *do* most *earnestly* wish it; but never shall any feeling of mine interfere with what is thought your best line of conduct. In short, I feel that I shall love and respect you the more for the sacrifice we are each making, and much the

more for your increased estimation and distinction in the noble service you belong to.

A few letters from Mrs. C. have been inserted in various parts of this memoir, as showing how true and deep was the sympathy between this happy husband and wife, and how admirably fitted was such a wife not only to enter into and foster the best feelings of her husband, and co-operate with him in every act of generous kindness, but also how (as in that of 23rd May, 1806) the influence of the high-toned character he so much valued in her was used in soothing professional discouragement, sustaining professional zeal, and inciting to the acquisition of professional distinction. J. B.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

December 7.

I have met with a great disappointment in not being of a squadron detached by Lord Collingwood in search of the Rochfort squadron, with, I think, a very fair prospect of finding them. Upon my hinting it to him to-day, he told me that *he also* wished to have sent me, but that he had another job for me, which I should not dislike. Whenever the two ships coming from Gibraltar join, I am to have a little squadron under my orders, and to go a cruise after some frigates and privateers off Toulon. I should certainly have much preferred the other; but as certainly this is a very desirable thing, and very flattering to me in every respect. So far I shall pass through part of my time in a way very superior to blockading; and I must say, the admiral has seemed of late to be much pleased and satisfied with my conduct. . . .

December 11.

I am now fairly on my cruise, with 'Endymion,' 'Melpomene' (Parker), and 'Weazle,' under my orders, and it is impossible to pick out a better speculation than that I am now sent on. 'Melpomene' sails extremely well, and Parker is all life, attention, and activity; and I am sure he will leave nothing undone to make the cruise a successful one.

'Endymion's' captain is sick, and the ship seems to sympathise with him both in *sailing* and *doing*. I give Parker the brig to examine into every creek and corner of the main, whilst I keep with the 'Endymion' out in the offing, so as to pass nothing and yet conceal our force from the shore; and if P. wants assistance he can easily command it by signal. I collect them again in the dusk near some place of expectation; and when the moon rises away goes P. He promises really to make a very excellent officer, and I hope he will yet have some fair opportunity of distinguishing himself before our time is out. We have got, however, to scour the coast from hence (off Barcelona) all the way to Leghorn, and are to cruise in the neighbourhood of Majorca, until the 20th of January: and if we return without success I shall think myself a very unlucky commodore. Parker has the finest job in the world, looking into every little town on the coast; which I should like almost as much as taking prizes, did I not think it my duty to adopt the plan I have; and I am determined that my conduct throughout, whether we are successful or not, shall evince to Lord C. the propriety of his giving me such a command.

January 5, 1806.

What an uncertain life do we poor sailors lead! Just as I had taken a good look into Toulon, sent my account of the force there to the admiral, and proceeded on my cruise with fine weather, and our best chance immediately before us, I got information (by an American it is true) that the Brest fleet were out, had taken the 'Polyphemus' and all her convoy, including three regiments from Gibraltar, and were coming up the Mediterranean. I therefore immediately made the best of my way towards the admiral, whose force must be very inferior to theirs; and hope I may succeed in joining him before any action takes place. I have rather a difficult game to play; because, if the report be true, I am more likely to meet the French, than our own fleet, on this side of Gibraltar; and, unless it blows strong the getting away from twenty-eight sail of the line after they had once seen us, may be somewhat precarious. However, I feel that I am strictly doing my duty, although at considerable risk to my own ship

and my justification will, I trust, follow, whatever consequence may happen. To-day we have been going nine, ten, and eleven miles an hour, and are now abreast of Minorca. The enemy would probably go on the other side of the island, as being nearest the Spanish shore, and the shortest way; but my risk will be in making Carthagena, the *rendezvous* given me by the admiral; and I must ascertain whether he is there or not before I proceed to Gibraltar.

January 17.

Shortly after writing the foregoing part of this I found myself in rather a trying situation. Our maintopmast was just reported to be *sprung* (cracked) badly; and the main-yard no longer trustworthy; and we were proceeding, of necessity, to shift the one and to get down the other in order to *fish* it (you must learn terms), when the look-out men at the mast-head announced *a squadron* of *men-of-war*. I ordered the 'Endymion' (who was still with me) to reconnoitre, and favour me in my plans, whilst I got my ship ready; and as they did not answer her private signal, I drew my conclusion that our chance of seeing a French prison was very great. However, they, to my great joy, passed on to leeward of us, and must, I think, have been Russians. Gales of wind against us and but very light favourable winds succeeding, I have had a difficult and most anxious time of it ever since: and even now that we are not above a day's sail from Gibraltar, and the wind is little short of fair for our going there, it blows too hard for us to attempt to make sail, and we are driving back again to the eastward. By a vessel which I spoke last night I find our fleet is not at Gibraltar; and as the frigates I communicated with off Carthagena told me they were gone there, I conclude the admiral has mustered his whole force, and is now waiting off the mouth of the Gut to oppose the entrance of the enemy. If the wind should come fair for pushing through I will not stop at Gibraltar (unless ordered by signal from Admiral Knight), although we begin to run short of provisions and water.

Gibraltar: January 20.

After contending against the current, with the assistance of a very light breeze, all last night, I reached the anchorage

ferings on my account! But indeed you have quite unmanned me; and I feel that I must, in duty to us both, put by my pen till I have slept myself into better order. Be ever as thou art, dear to me beyond the power of expression.

February 22.

I am glad you like sailors; it requires but to know them and make allowance for their sea education, to esteem and love them. Contrive to meet and cultivate Hardy, that chaste medium through which Lord Nelson's liberal and heroic sentiments were delivered to his fleet. . . .

I have been dining quietly with poor Hallowell to-day, as the fleet were lying to; and I fear he has put me too much out of spirits to write further. He was one of Lord Nelson's chosen favourites: *the man who gave him the coffin made out of 'L'Orient's' mast*; and he cannot bear up against the disappointment of being out of the action, and the loss of the commander whom he had so long loved! In trying to raise his spirits I have depressed my own; and I had better, therefore, sing my own *starling song* of Good-night and God bless you.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

January 9, 1806.

I am safely returned from our dear Nelson's funeral . . . . And now you will expect me to say a word of the awful scene: all the ceremonies and order of the procession, &c., you will see by the papers; and I shall only speak of it with reference to my opinions and feelings. I can fancy nothing but the scene of action you describe, more grand, more awful and more solemn. It was certainly as fine a national spectacle, keeping in mind the hero whose life it closed, as can possibly be seen. But how can I account for its having not had the *great* and powerful effect on my feelings which I expected! I thought, with everyone else, that it would be the most affecting scene; that I should see faintings and swoonings; and that I, who am not practised in those things, should not be far from it. It was magnificent; it was solemn and impressive to the utmost degree; and with every shade of feeling I have for you, your profession, and every dear little member of it, i

was a thought most soothing and gratifying that all I saw was in honour of a Naval Hero; but I was not moved beyond *self-control.* The part that spoke to my heart most powerfully (and that I must acknowledge did touch me deeply) was when the sailors of the 'Victory' brought in Nelson's colours; and this I attribute to its being the only thing that was *Nelson*—the rest was so much the HERALD'S OFFICE. I do not mean to find fault with this, because it was a necessary pomp to satisfy the nation; but I mean only to account for not having wept bitterly and severely the whole time. Had it been a *quiet,* private funeral of his revered remains, I am sure I could not have supported it. Expectation and *heart* were also worn out in so many long hours of waiting. Now that it is over and *well* over, I must tell you that my *wish* to be present would not have conquered my other feelings had I not fancied *you* would *like* my having been there, though you could not yourself attend (which I have lamented every moment of this day), and in acquiescence with your desire, 'that our hearts should in every, the most trifling circumstance, beat in unison.' I know with what devotion you would have attended your most admired hero and example. Let it be some comfort, however, to hear that his physicians say he had some complaint in the heart, from which he could not have been a long-lived man; nor could his country have long benefited by his services, from the state of his sight. Let us, therefore, not continue to lament a death so fine and well-timed for *himself*; but rather turn with hope and reanimating confidence to our future Nelsons, who, perhaps, want opportunity alone to equal him. Need I say that amongst these my fond enthusiasm sees *you,* my good man, not least worthy of inspiring that dear hope? Heaven grant your career as brilliant as his; and as prolonged and happy, as a grateful wife can wish to the best of husbands.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

January 17, 1806.

I have just received a letter from Mrs. A. enclosing one from Lieutenant Popham (who went out to join the fleet after the action), from Tetuan. She says: 'I send it because I

think you will not be displeased at the zeal with which he expresses himself on the subject of the very able commander of the "Orion"; and as you will not be likely to hear it from himself, it is but right that his friends should give him all the merit, and you all the pleasure of knowing it, for which he deserves the thanks of his country.' From this I expected a very *high-flown* account of your performances; but it is far otherwise; a quiet unaffected narration, from hearsay, 'that "Orion" had been conspicuously engaged, fortunately not much hurt; that an excellent manœuvre of yours had immediately dismasted "L'Intrépide"; officers of the "Colossus" had thanked you for your timely assistance; you claimed no ship as having struck to "Orion," though you might, with more propriety than some who claim four or five.' All quite as you would wish.

February 23.

It is true, my very dearest, that the navy is a service that occasions many privations, exposes you to many hardships, and is the greatest enemy, *for a time*, to domestic comfort both to husband and wife; but you must also recollect how much both are occasionally rewarded for all their sufferings (as in our own instance); not all my anxieties, not all the *real misery* of suspense, would induce me, if it were in my power to give up *your having been* at Trafalgar; nor would any consideration, I am sure, purchase with you your absence on that glorious day.

I am sure, dearest, that this little separation and all its attendant miseries '*well recollected*,' may be the means of enjoying with increased satisfaction all the pleasures of our home. That that home may very long be the scene of our united enjoyment may Heaven grant!

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

February 23.

Even if I could find fair time to sit down and make out a regular account of what passed in the action, I assure you it would be no easy task; because every view one has in these cases is seen differently by others; and alas! jealousy makes mountains of these little molehills. You see, therefore, my

dear, how much better it is to let others tell our story for us, after simply gratifying our nearest and most anxious friends in a few particulars which concern ourselves singly. Morris and the officers of the 'Colossus' will tell you that 'Orion' made the 'Swiftsure' strike her colours; but it is my duty to say, that I only gave the finishing blow to the opponent of a friend, who had then two others to occupy him. The moment I heard of *claims* I offered 'L'Intrépide' to any who would take the credit of her, disavowing all pretensions to her myself; but they would *none of them take my prisoners* from me, although having in all eleven hundred men on board I could have spared some of them very willingly. Bayntun, however, who suffered much from 'L'Intrépide,' can give you the best account of her finale. The boasters, in this as in all such cases, will boast themselves into disrepute, although they may get some sugarplums in the interim. These rewards will never excite my envy. My present reward is the conscientious discharge of all the duty I could seize to my share, not only on that day but during the whole time which succeeded. The merit I have in my own eyes (between ourselves) has no competition; for it is, *not* fighting, not hurrying into battle with a shadow; but reserving my strength for the substance—a lesson taught me by Lord Howe, and afterwards well exemplified to me by Sir Andrew Douglas.

CHAPTER V.

February 20.

WHILST we were jogging along this morning, with a very stiff breeze and topgallant masts down (indeed, ours were on deck to be repaired), the admiral gained information of six vessels having got out of Cadiz, three of which were frigates, and that they were steering away west. Observing him wear and make all sail in such a strong wind, I got on the alert, and made sail a-head directly, just at the moment he was making the 'Tigre,' and 'Unité's' signals to chase N.-W. Being very anxious to make a third, I still pushed on, and at length he made my signal to chase also. Our rendezvous is Cape St. Vincent, I believe; but as we have no other orders than the signal to go in chase of these vessels, the Lord knows from whence you may next hear of me. We all three sail well, and are going at this minute a very good *eleven miles an hour*. I confess I hope we may be led away at least to the Madeiras, whether we get sight of these vessels or not; because we shall pass our time in life and exertion, and by the period of our return our final destination will be settled. We cannot have a better commodore than Hallowell, and I had rather he were in the command of our little squadron than myself.

Off Cape St. Vincent: February 28.

I don't know what instructions our excellent commodore had by signal, or what information he has got, not having myself communicated with him owing to the bad weather but not having seen anything of the vessels we came in search of, I conclude his object is now to work back to the admiral.

March 10.

. . . Our now continuing to blockade Cadiz with the whole fleet is ridiculous: for it is said in the admiral's public

despatches, that, out of the ten sail which got into Cadiz, six are wrecks; and yet, not having any single direction from the Admiralty, he does not know how to proceed. In the meantime we are carrying a great deal of sail backwards and forwards, and wearing the hearts out of both ships and ships' companies to no one evident purpose whatever.

March 2.

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will be best to look out for another in better plight at once. God knows my love of peace and *dear dear* home, very far exceeds my love of honour and glory; although I have a just estimation of those articles as accompaniments. . . . It is best therefore to confine my wish to the thing I most desire; which is, that 'Orion' may be paid off, and the *Captain* again turned into the *Squire*. But I am so fagged, I must go to bed and make up for being all last night in chase of what we imagined to be a French squadron. We were at quarters from dusk till between three and four o'clock, when we came up with two running ships from Glasgow, who told us that the other three we had seen in the evening chased them until they saw us, and were, as they judged, three French line-of-battle ships. We have looked for them all to-day without success, and I am inclined to think they are the frigates we came in search of.

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Since I added my last say to this letter, we learned the report, and afterwards, by a Portuguese seventy-four, the confirmation, of Sir John Duckworth's victory; but such has been the weather since we rejoined Lord C. here on the 12th, that we have had no communication.

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. . . . In answer to the question you sometimes put to me, 'Did I do right?' I say, 'Yes, in all and everything.' Every part of your conduct is evidently directed by an honest, upright heart; which is the best possible guide, and makes, in my opinion, a wise unerring head.

. . . . Well I know how much you would prefer the character of 'sailor' to 'lady's man'; but I wished much that your desire to like Hardy should not lead you to expect too much beforehand.

April 21.

. . . . But when you give the reins to your vivid imagination, dear Jane, it positively runs away with you before you observe it. Consider for a moment how many men, much superior to me in every respect as officers, pass through a whole life of severe attention to duty, without any of the sort of applause which attracts public notice,—and you will not

think my present good fortune so sure a forerunner of the very great distinction you anticipate. How were Sir Richard Bickerton's services treated by the dolts of the city? And were Sir R. to die of the illness those services have brought on him, who, let me ask, out of the corps, would have known that there was any such man, but for the just encomium of the great man who set a high value on him as an officer? Indeed, my dear Jane, you are much too sanguine; and I warn you not to expect anything further, in any naval event in which I am concerned, than that I shall do my duty without discredit to you, and without leaving cause to my children to blush when they hear me spoken of at a future day.

I am very glad to find that you went to the funeral of Lord Nelson, and for the very reasons which impelled you. I have somehow received very little gratification from the newspaper accounts, and am indeed tired of reading them; and the description of your own feelings on the occasion is quite a relief to me, by convincing me that mine were not unnatural. Commission Hardy to procure you the best print of him which is to be had. By *best* you will understand the one he would himself prefer on account of its expression of the character; as to large or small, *n'importe*. . . .

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February 10.

It is really cruel that we should be still without any official communication of the promotions in consequence of our victory; and they appear to be letting it dwindle away into nothing. Our first lieutenants will not *now* receive this boon with the same zest they would have done if offered promptly, and as it were '*de bon cœur*.' But the most important news is, although coming merely as a report, that Mr. Pitt is dead.

February 12.

We have just heard that the news of Mr. Pitt's death is confirmed; and also that Sir J. Duckworth might have brought the French squadron to action, but declined it because only half of his ships could come up. After poor Sir R. Calder's fate, this reason, I doubt, will not be sufficient; and now-a-days we receive both our rewards and punishments at the instance of the patriotic fund, as it is called.

The fleet seems to be all dissatisfaction on account of the dull sameness of our proceedings, the want of that free intercourse encouraged by Lord Nelson, and the marked want of attention in the ministry, who seem to have forgotten us entirely. I should not be altogether surprised if Lord C. were to offer me the 'Ajax,' supposing no one is appointed to her from home; but I am fully prepared to say nay, and take my chance with 'Orion' as long as she keeps going; by which time I trust I may, with some grace, retire contented to my own *dear unambitious* HOME. . . .

So then Mr. Pitt is really dead! As a politician I doubt his being any loss to the country: but I cannot help individually lamenting the loss of any person endowed with so much superiority as he possessed in other points, honourable to his native land. How much I lament not having ever heard his eloquence!

February 21.

I cannot go to bed, my dearest Jane, although quite worn out by the effect of your so highly interesting letters received to-day, without relieving my breast from some small part of the weight of thanks I owe you for all your anxieties and suf-

ferings on my account! But indeed you have quite unmanned me; and I feel that I must, in duty to us both, put by my pen till I have slept myself into better order. Be ever as thou art, dear to me beyond the power of expression.

February 22.

I am glad you like sailors; it requires but to know them and make allowance for their sea education, to esteem and love them. Contrive to meet and cultivate Hardy, that chaste medium through which Lord Nelson's liberal and heroic sentiments were delivered to his fleet. . . .

I have been dining quietly with poor Hallowell to-day, as the fleet were lying to; and I fear he has put me too much out of spirits to write further. He was one of Lord Nelson's chosen favourites: *the man who gave him the coffin made out of 'L'Orient's' mast*; and he cannot bear up against the disappointment of being out of the action, and the loss of the commander whom he had so long loved! In trying to raise his spirits I have depressed my own; and I had better, therefore, sing my own *starling song* of Good-night and God bless you.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

January 9, 1806.

I am safely returned from our dear Nelson's funeral . . . . And now you will expect me to say a word of the awful scene: all the ceremonies and order of the procession, &c., you will see by the papers; and I shall only speak of it with reference to my opinions and feelings. I can fancy nothing but the scene of action you describe, more grand, more awful and more solemn. It was certainly as fine a national spectacle, keeping in mind the hero whose life it closed, as can possibly be seen. But how can I account for its having not had the *great* and powerful effect on my feelings which I expected! I thought, with everyone else, that it would be the most affecting scene; that I should see faintings and swoonings; and that I, who am not practised in those things, should not be far from it. It was magnificent; it was solemn and impressive to the utmost degree; and with every shade of feeling I have for you, your profession, and every dear little member of it, it

was a thought most soothing and gratifying that all I saw was in honour of a Naval Hero; but I was not moved beyond *self-control.* The part that spoke to my heart most powerfully (and that I must acknowledge did touch me deeply) was when the sailors of the 'Victory' brought in Nelson's colours; and this I attribute to its being the only thing that was *Nelson*—the rest was so much the HERALD'S OFFICE. I do not mean to find fault with this, because it was a necessary pomp to satisfy the nation; but I mean only to account for not having wept bitterly and severely the whole time. Had it been a *quiet,* private funeral of his revered remains, I am sure I could not have supported it. Expectation and *heart* were also worn out in so many long hours of waiting. Now that it is over and *well* over, I must tell you that my *wish* to be present would not have conquered my other feelings had I not fancied *you* would *like* my having been there, though you could not yourself attend (which I have lamented every moment of this day), and in acquiescence with your desire, 'that our hearts should in every, the most trifling circumstance, beat in unison.' I know with what devotion you would have attended your most admired hero and example. Let it be some comfort, however, to hear that his physicians say he had some complaint in the heart, from which he could not have been a long-lived man; nor could his country have long benefited by his services, from the state of his sight. Let us, therefore, not continue to lament a death so fine and well-timed for *himself*; but rather turn with hope and reanimating confidence to our future Nelsons, who, perhaps, want opportunity alone to equal him. Need I say that amongst these my fond enthusiasm sees *you,* my good man, not least worthy of inspiring that dear hope? Heaven grant your career as brilliant as his; and as prolonged and happy, as a grateful wife can wish to the best of husbands.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

January 17, 1806.

I have just received a letter from Mrs. A. enclosing one from Lieutenant Popham (who went out to join the fleet after the action), from Tetuan. She says: 'I send it because I

think you will not be displeased at the zeal with which he expresses himself on the subject of the very able commander of the "Orion"; and as you will not be likely to hear it from himself, it is but right that his friends should give him all the merit, and you all the pleasure of knowing it, for which he deserves the thanks of his country.' From this I expected a very *high-flown* account of your performances; but it is far otherwise; a quiet unaffected narration, from hearsay, 'that "Orion" had been conspicuously engaged, fortunately not much hurt; that an excellent manœuvre of yours had immediately dismasted "L'Intrépide"; officers of the "Colossus" had thanked you for your timely assistance; you claimed no ship as having struck to "Orion," though you might, with more propriety than some who claim four or five.' All quite as you would wish.

February 23.

It is true, my very dearest, that the navy is a service that occasions many privations, exposes you to many hardships, and is the greatest enemy, *for a time*, to domestic comfort both to husband and wife; but you must also recollect how much both are occasionally rewarded for all their sufferings (as in our own instance); not all my anxieties, not all the *real misery* of suspense, would induce me, if it were in my power, to give up *your having been* at Trafalgar; nor would any consideration, I am sure, purchase with you your absence on that glorious day.

I am sure, dearest, that this little separation and all its attendant miseries '*well recollected*,' may be the means of enjoying with increased satisfaction all the pleasures of our home. That that home may very long be the scene of our united enjoyment may Heaven grant!

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

February 23.

Even if I could find fair time to sit down and make out a regular account of what passed in the action, I assure you it would be no easy task; because every view one has in these cases is seen differently by others; and alas! jealousy makes mountains of these little molehills. You see, therefore, my

dear, how much better it is to let others tell our story for us, after simply gratifying our nearest and most anxious friends in a few particulars which concern ourselves singly. Morris and the officers of the 'Colossus' will tell you that 'Orion' made the 'Swiftsure' strike her colours; but it is my duty to say, that I only gave the finishing blow to the opponent of a friend, who had then two others to occupy him. The moment I heard of *claims* I offered 'L'Intrépide' to any who would take the credit of her, disavowing all pretensions to her myself; but they would *none of them take my prisoners* from me, although having in all eleven hundred men on board I could have spared some of them very willingly. Bayntun, however, who suffered much from 'L'Intrépide,' can give you the best account of her finale. The boasters, in this as in all such cases, will boast themselves into disrepute, although they may get some sugarplums in the interim. These rewards will never excite my envy. My present reward is the conscientious discharge of all the duty I could seize to my share, not only on that day but during the whole time which succeeded. The merit I have in my own eyes (between ourselves) has no competition; for it is, *not* fighting, not hurrying into battle with a shadow; but reserving my strength for the substance—a lesson taught me by Lord Howe, and afterwards well exemplified to me by Sir Andrew Douglas.

CHAPTER V.

February 20.

WHILST we were jogging along this morning, with a very stiff breeze and topgallant masts down (indeed, ours were on deck to be repaired), the admiral gained information of six vessels having got out of Cadiz, three of which were frigates, and that they were steering away west. Observing him wear and make all sail in such a strong wind, I got on the alert, and made sail a-head directly, just at the moment he was making the 'Tigre,' and 'Unité's' signals to chase N.-W. Being very anxious to make a third, I still pushed on, and at length he made my signal to chase also. Our rendezvous is Cape St. Vincent, I believe; but as we have no other orders than the signal to go in chase of these vessels, the Lord knows from whence you may next hear of me. We all three sail well, and are going at this minute a very good *eleven miles an hour*. I confess I hope we may be led away at least to the Madeiras, whether we get sight of these vessels or not; because we shall pass our time in life and exertion, and by the period of our return our final destination will be settled. We cannot have a better commodore than Hallowell, and I had rather he were in the command of our little squadron than myself.

Off Cape St. Vincent: February 28.

I don't know what instructions our excellent commodore had by signal, or what information he has got, not having myself communicated with him owing to the bad weather; but not having seen anything of the vessels we came in search of, I conclude his object is now to work back to the admiral.

March 10.

. . . Our now continuing to blockade Cadiz with the whole fleet is ridiculous: for it is said in the admiral's public

despatches, that, out of the ten sail which got into Cadiz, six are wrecks; and yet, not having any single direction from the Admiralty, he does not know how to proceed. In the meantime we are carrying a great deal of sail backwards and forwards, and wearing the hearts out of both ships and ships' companies to no one evident purpose whatever.

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submits to be tossed about in a wooden box without power to call on his next neighbour, though his particular friend; and I will therefore put by my pen and seek comfort on my pillow.

From Mrs. Codrington to Captain C.

May 23, 1806.

How very provoking that Lord C. should have omitted mentioning you in his letter respecting the severe duties you so well performed *after* the action. However, he now seems doing his utmost to recompense you, and I sincerely hope it will gratify you.

I am particularly glad to hear that you are so highly and so justly estimated by your commander, and I must say that few things would annoy me more than your giving up a profession in which you are rising into well-deserved notice. I will not, with Lady ——, say that I should be sorry to have you at home; but notwithstanding all my privations and anxieties, I shall readily and cheerfully submit to a continuation of them, for your advantage in the service. I must not have your mind so affected by one or two instances of severity and unjust returns for the hard duties of your noble profession. Sir R. B. may not have been properly noticed and rewarded; and Sir R. C. has met with a harsh sentence at the close of a long life devoted to a hard and unpalatable service. Of the story of the former I know nothing; the latter had, perhaps, passed the active animated period that produces the best commanders; perhaps never having had sufficient *dash*, and spirit, and presence of mind to make him a distinguished one. I cannot, for the life of me, anticipate this as your *possible* future style, and I cannot admit an idea that your judgment and conduct in battle can ever be called in question. Rather, my dearest, look forward to the fascinating *professional* model left you by your late commander. Who more justly and warmly appreciates and loves his honoured example than you do? And why should not *this* instance in the navy, with many others I could name, have AT LEAST as much effect on your mind as those two, where circumstances in some degree conspired to produce that result. If you knew how eagerly I

hope for, and how ardently I love the idea of your being an ornament to your profession, a really great and popular character, how instantly would you catch some of my enthusiasm, and venerate the line of life that opens such a door to you.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

May 19.

. . . . Yet does this confounded convoy so take up my attention, that I shall hardly be able to go on writing. With the gun-boats watching, and ready to pounce upon them the moment they discover a hope of success, it is wonderful that they should be so shamefully inattentive; and as they will not close near together for the general safety, and I have no other vessel to assist me, I should not be much surprised if one or two of them were to be taken.

Gibraltar is a very worrying place, because we do not get our proper supply of stores, paint, &c., and our men get drunk too easily; and I think I have been more annoyed this time than usual, from not having a proper first lieutenant;[1] but Beauclerk and I took a ride into Spain one day with one of the Governor's aides-de-camp, which was a real gratification to us, although it brought *home* too much into my mind to make me content to enjoy the scene in *their* society only. We went about fifteen miles into what is called the cork wood. It is really the New Forest upon a more grand scale, and more full of nightingales in every part than the wood at dear little Winchfield. In addition to the immense number of very fine cork-trees, we passed every here and there a large well-grown oak, which would do credit to any man's park in England; and we had to pick our way along the little paths which are made by cattle, amongst the thick scrubby bushes which grow in all parts of this forest—just as one does in my favourite part of the world. But when we came to the grandest part of it, where are the remains of an old miserable convent, I was quite disgusted at seeing in what wretched sheds the poor people exist. Nothing have they, by way of a house, but a mere ill-made straw roof resting on the ground, into which they

[1] Mr. Croft, his good first lieutenant, had gone home.

creep like so many pigs. Whilst I was musing, and thinking within myself that in this country with a few I love I could live contentedly for ever, and walking gently on to see for what purpose these places were made, I was so thunderstruck with the sight of the children crawling out of them, that I would have preferred a turf hut upon Bagshot Heath to a palace in the beautiful country before me. Dear delightful England!—or rather, dear Liberty!—'which gives the flower of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,' and makes England the Paradise of the world! How I long to taste thy blessings!

Cadiz: May 25.

I have learned by the captain of an American brig-of-war that he heard at L'Orient that the Sound was stopped, which looks decisively hostile. He informs us also, that poor Villeneuve committed suicide at Rennes, that Lord Cochrane has taken another brig-of-war, and that Buonaparte ordered the captain and first lieutenant, who were both on shore, to be shot. I suppose *pour encourager les autres.*

How very very sick we all are of Cadiz, and how anxiously we all sigh for home! None, I believe more than myself; although I say as little about it as possible.

June 1, 1806.

As I must be up at day-light to-morrow to shift a topmast and adjust our rigging, by way of a sea refit, I shall go to bed: in the recollection that, *this time twelve years*, I was thanking my stars I had escaped without injury after two days of severe action, which terminated gloriously for England, although since eclipsed in more than one instance. Now that I have so much more reason to be *jealous* of every hour of my life, since I am blessed by your sincere affection, I rejoice anew in the escape I then had; and although, feeling that every honour which may fall to my share will be reflected to you and the dear pledges of our love, dear Jane, I shall hail the future day of battle with the warmest welcome,—yet my fortune, in a safe return to my home, will be acknowledged with double gratitude!

June 3.

I have got the topmasts and rigging in 'apple-pie order' again, and am finishing the painting of the stern, masts, &c., in order to look quite smart for the summer. Poor Hallowell is panting for an action to make up for his ill-luck, and is quite out of spirits unless I go to row him up a little! . . . . The more I know, the more I love and esteem him.

June 4.

Our last, nay our two last cruises, will satisfy you of the little necessity there is for your being anxious about our fighting. Actions with ships of the line are very rare, and are seldom to be reckoned on beforehand. Trafalgar is the only instance of a fleet coming out purposely to fight, and is not an example likely to be followed; particularly since the assassination of Villeneuve.[1] Lord C. tries to persuade himself that they *may* come out of Cadiz again; but whatever he may do with himself, I do not think he appears to succeed in instilling such a belief into anybody else.

June 13.

I am again detached, and on an errand for which I was a volunteer. I am going to carry General Fox to Sicily with all expedition, and make a short cruise back. I lament somehow going away from Hallowell, to whom I find myself more strongly bound every day. Oh, that he could take a Marengo, or any other rich prize after a little fighting. . . . Upon the 'Diana's' return to the fleet we received our medals; they are exactly similar to the others—well designed, but badly executed. They seemed to come in a most ungracious way from the Ministry, and were received by us in a most unwelcome manner, I must say. Our Admiral delivered them to us, however, in a pleasing strain, and it was only afterwards that we made our comments on the whole. *Mon ami Infernet* appears to have been better rewarded than any of us; and I suppose is as much a *Mi-lor* by his promotion as our second in command.

[1] It was thus reported.

June 18. Gibraltar.

I was yesterday present at what I cannot but think a very curious scene, and what would be recorded as an extraordinary event in the history of our present war with Spain. I mean a dinner (at the Spanish hour of 2 o'clock) given by General Fox to General Castanios (or whatever his name may be), the Governor of Algeciras. He has always kept everything upon the most friendly footing possible with the English since his first appointment to his government, and made and received visits to and from General O'Hara and the Duke of Kent as well as General Fox. He wrote a very complimentary letter to General F. on his appointment to the command in Sicily, and this was his farewell visit. Being placed on one side of him, I was obliged to muster up my awkward French, and enter into conversation with him, and I must say, he had a more pleasant style of politeness and turn of conversation than most people I meet with, even of my own country. He is Spanish in appearance, but totally divested of all *hauteur* or formality; and his politeness is not mere *verbiage*, but is proved essentially to the whole of this garrison and to all English with whom he has opportunity of communication. He seems to read all public documents about England, and makes his remarks in a way which bespeaks interest and penetration, but also with good humour. . . . On going away he shook hands with those he knew before, and also with me, telling me that, whatever I might wish for which Algeciras afforded he would send me with the greatest pleasure. It is hardly to be believed that this intercourse, which certainly deserves the name of friendly, should not interfere with the hostile operations to which the place is more particularly subject. Whilst the Governor of Algeciras (old Gibraltar) is dining with the Governor of the Rock (new Gibraltar), or whilst the Governor of the Rock, with one-half of the officers and many of the private soldiers, is at a horse-race in Spain, the Algeciras gun-boats are making an attack on a convoy coming with supplies for the garrison. I was actually, when last here, standing with one of General Fox's aides-de-camp in the Spanish lines, observing the Spanish fire at the 'Beagle' sloop of war, which happened to come

within range of their shot, with the same apparent indifference as would have attended me on seeing them attack a nation hostile to England.

. . . . Mrs. Fox goes with us, and I am all in preparation to receive them ; and in addition to Mrs. F. the two Miss F.'s (very pleasant young women), their two maids, the three aides-de-camp, and about six men servants, I am going also to take the wife of Captain Young (one of the aides), and her three young children. It seems a good deal to do, but I should have been very much hurt indeed at seeing this poor woman left behind. But for this contrivance she would have been the only one belonging to the party left here to take her chance (without her husband) in one of the transports which may carry up the next reinforcement of troops.

July 9.

Nothing but foul winds and calms, except one day, which has enabled us to reach the length of Algiers. We were near enough yesterday evening to see the shore to the westward of the town, but not the town itself; and it appears wonderful to me that there should be so many pretty-looking country houses in a neighbourhood cursed with such a Government. Even in my earlier days, when cruising in this part of the world, I have incessantly blessed my stars that I was born in England ; and now that I am bound to my little independent home by so many endearing ties which at that time were only anticipated as at a great distance, England is become my Paradise. Alas, when shall I again enjoy the sight of it ?— 'the land that owns the sacred name of home ?'

July 22.

Arrived at Messina. . . .

I believe I must now tell you a little of the famous battle of Maida. Sir J. Stuart formed the expedition without any instructions from home, in consequence of information which turned out to be false in every particular, and under a promise from Sir S. Smith of a hearty co-operation on the part of the navy. When the time appointed came and everything was ready on the part of the army, Sir S. was gone away to

Palermo. In the meantime the offer of Captain Fellowes, of the 'Apollo,' to undertake the naval part, was accepted, and the troops landed, when Sir S. S. returned with a commission as Viceroy of Calabria, which was to be conquered for him by his superior officer. The army landed on July 1st at St. Euphemia Bay, and on the 3rd came in sight of General Regnier, who had hastened from Reggio to meet it. On the 4th the English marched to give him battle; but instead of 3,000, he having 7,000 to oppose their 4,800, besides near 400 cavalry, came down from his strong position to meet them on the plain, in confidence that he could (as he promised) annihilate them. The superior firmness of the English prevailed, the boasting enemy was confounded, beaten, and pursued as far as our people (who cut away their knapsacks) could follow them. Had we had any cavalry, it is probable they would have finished the glorious business completely, and taken even Regnier himself. Sir S. viewed all this from the 'Apollo's' main-top. All England will, I trust, sympathise with the indignation of Sir J. Stuart and the army (indeed, I ought to add the navy also) that Sir J.'s aide-de-camp, with the particulars, was still yesterday in the 'Endymion,' off the Faro Point, without orders to proceed to England! Nor has Sir S. S. carried out another important point, namely, that whilst the army were acting against Regnier, he would show himself in the environs of Naples and Gaeta, the loss of which is thus only to be accounted for. Scylla would, however, have been taken as well without him, and he might certainly have saved Gaeta for a time, the importance of which is incalculable.

August 1.

We had a fine breeze all night, which has just cleared us of Sicily, and although the light wind we now have is against us, having got away from Mount Etna we shall not be so subject to be detained by long calms. Etna would not smoke for us; so I have nothing to say about it. Acland is gone with some troops in transports towards Naples, but is not to have anything to do with Sir S. S., and is not to land unless he sees evident reason for so doing. The object is to encourage the Calabrians, who are killing the French daily in small

numbers, and will exterminate probably all those who remain in their country, in revenge for the cruelties they have lately suffered themselves. It is most satisfactory to Sir J. Stuart, to have gained this advantage over Regnier, who held him so cheap in Egypt, and who in his books treats the English army with such contempt. Acland behaved, I hear, conspicuously well—seizing the colours, and leading his men to the charge. Indeed, there seems to have been great promptitude on the part of all.

August 16.

. . . We made the island of Minorca at four o'clock this morning, kept the Minorca shore close on board in passing betwixt it and Majorca, and have been ever since until now (eight o'clock), gratifying our curiosity on the wild mountainous northern side of the latter. Majorca is certainly worth seeing, from its multitude of stupendous pinnacles all along this side, with scarcely a bit of beach where there would be any apparent possibility of landing; but Minorca being lower, and to an English eye frightfully barren, in spite of its Spanish character for fertility, has no attraction whatever for me. Sorry indeed should I be to live in either; but I can fancy some little delightful vales amongst the rugged mountains of Majorca in which a man might pass his days in peace and contentment, were it not inconsistent with such a Government.

August 21.

We are now becalmed off Carthagena, after having had a blustering foul wind last night, and have no prospect of a speedy passage onwards. I do not see any of our frigates hereabout, and shall therefore have to examine the state of the squadron myself whenever the wind will allow of my doing so, in order to carry the information to Lord Collingwood. It is curious that a single ship of the line should be suffered to pass and repass within a few miles of an enemy's fort without any molestation from a squadron of nine sail lying at a port close by; but the fact is that the Spaniards have no enmity against us, nor a wish to do more than protect their own coasting convoys. I believe I have not told you of my having two messmates for this cruise—the one the

son of Admiral Sir J. Lewis, just promoted to post captain, *aged* about twenty; the other, Major Stewart, who was wounded at the head of the 78th Regiment, in the battle of Maida. He has a very severe wound, from a musket-ball taking off a piece of the elbow, and passing down the middle of the arm into the wrist, from whence it was with difficulty *wrenched* out. He bears his pain with great patience and fortitude, and is gentlemanlike, sensible, and well informed *in broad Scotch.* I hope I shall take him on to England.

Gibraltar: August 28.

I reached this place on the 25th, and I cannot describe to you my sufferings since, from not getting my letters to clear up the horrible report I have heard of your being ill! . . . .

Cadiz: September 3.

Disappointment follows disappointment! I joined the fleet yesterday, to learn that my letters were sent after me by 'Chiffonne,' whom I had twice seen and twice passed without communication. It is, however, much to learn, as I do from Hallowell, that there were amongst them two or three of your writing, and still more comfort to find that the report of *his* having said you were ill was quite without foundation. . . .

September 6.

———, I find, has got a yacht, and by his own request. Feeling it likely that people would make observations on it, he has asked the opinion of some of his friends. Hallowell told him he thought him very right in getting whatever he wanted whilst he had friends in power; but H., although from his services and rank entitled to anything, would not himself think of accepting such a thing *in war time*, and had —— hinted the business to me when we met last, I should have told him plainly my opinion, that by taking such an appointment he would lose more credit than an annuity of 700*l.* would purchase. The yachts and colonelcies of Marines are almost the only legitimate rewards for old officers whose services give them superior claims. The first are seldom accepted by any who intend to serve again, except in time of

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I am sick

myself, leaving the many who have embarked under my care to take their chance with another captain who may not feel the smallest interest in their welfare. An Admiralty man saying *we* do not point out the ships to come home, is a trick of office, I am sorry to say, similar to that of being told that we who stay out get more credit than those who return home—meaning by *credit*, I suppose, the most injurious and unpardonable neglect. All the men belonging to those ships which went home (whether with credit or not) get their ten days' leave of absence, and the first lieutenant and one midshipman got their promotion directly. Our first lieutenants, however, *with all the credit for staying out*, had no other return than delaying their promotion by five months, and finding all the sloops of war here filled up by commanders from England who were not in the action: and the men, instead of the common indulgence granted to the others, are to wear out in battered ships until the action is forgotten, without any news of their prize-money whatever! Indeed, I am heartily sick of it. With Lord Nelson, I fear, the Navy lost not only their best, their dearest, but their *only* friend!

September 28.

This day, this most welcome day, have I received several letters from you, dearest, the last of which is dated August 23; and after all the anxiety I have felt on your account, you may judge of the pleasure I have in the full assurance of the health of you and your dear boys so little time ago.

October 2.

Hallowell has learned, by a vessel he spoke with to-day, that Sir A. Cochrane has taken four sail out of the squadron, from which little Jerome, I conclude of course, ran away. This is a very agreeable bit of news in return for the escape of Jerome from the 'Gibraltar.' It is remarkable that severe illiberalities almost always proceed from those who have suffered scarcely any privations themselves, although I believe there is no class of England's sons who undergo so many, and submit to them so patiently, as the Navy, without relaxing in an honourable attention to their duty. Would

my prayers prevail, I would say, 'Give us back our Nelso and you are welcome to all the honour and all the advanta of the battle of Trafalgar!' It is time, however, to clo this, and bid you another *good-bye!* Alas! when will th melancholy office cease? In refusing to go home in t 'Thunderer,' I have made a sacrifice to propriety and, even i my view of the matter, to honour; but I trust it will not l long before I have the just reward of going home in 'Orion As to Lord C., I believe he has no intention whatever of goin home.

October 10.

I this day learned by a ship I was sent to examine (a American) that Fox died on the 14th September. So ofte reported and so long expected, it does not come upon us b surprise; respecting his character as I did some time ag I could wish he had died a little sooner, but as you ma still retain some of your enthusiastic admiration of him, will not give my opinion of his conduct after putting on th ministerial trammels. In the 'Edinburgh Review' you las sent me (XV.) you have not indulged me with many marks but I was delighted to see a large mark opposite an extrac from Miss Edgeworth's 'Leonora:'—'I have observed tha the ladies who wish to be men are usually those who have no sufficient strength of mind to be women.' Miss E. is certainl very severe in these extracts, but I cannot help giving m sanction to the justice of her sentiments.

October 13.

We hear that poor Sir Samuel Hood has lost his arm i taking some frigates. His arm is worth a frigate to hi country, and I most earnestly hope he will get well over it Nelson, however, was with the loss of his arm worth all th other commanders-in-chief we have; and his friend Hood ma yet live to tread in his footsteps. A sailor should have no connections out of his ship: his ship should be his wife, hi friend, and his hobby-horse. It *is* so, *nearly*, betwixt the ages of twenty and thirty; but the mind of a poor devil like me, who cannot dispossess himself of certain hankering after home, meets with as much tossing and tumbling as a ship does in a gale of wind; and will not this tacking and

wearing, this luffing up and bearing away, this carrying all sail backwards and forwards in chase of the wind, to which the mind is as subject as the ship, make it necessary for the one to go into dock as well as the other? So convinced am I of this, that had I the power, I would administer relaxation on the principle of advantage to the service. In truth, I think it as necessary to the mind after long-continued anxiety as a vegetable diet is to the body after living upon salt beef. Good-night, my dear Jane! When will my good-night be by word of mouth, and not require the medium of a letter?

October 21, 1806.

On getting up this morning it was impossible to avoid comparing it with the morning of last year. With what noble enthusiasm did we prepare for the battle, and with what a sincere desire did my heart pant for the opportunity of meriting the approbation of that revered chief, who seemed, in my eyes at least, when at the head of his fleet, to soar above the rest of mankind.

. . . . . .

This morning I dreaded the being invited to celebrate the day by dining on board the ———, and was pleased with my escape, although I should have met Sir J. Duckworth and Blackwood, and have heard all the news they had to tell. . . . And so again good night, and God bless you, dearest; and your husband will try if he cannot pass a more peaceful night than he did a year ago.

In a conversation with an old friend (on 5th December 1835), Sir E. C. was describing the personal agility of Lord Exmouth, who, when a captain, would defy any man in his ship to a race to the mast-head and down again, *giving* him to the main top. He went on to say he was remarkable for that gift of ready resource and wonderful personal activity 'which we look for in what we call a good seaman;' but he was not born to command a fleet. Lord Nelson, on the contrary, was no seaman; even in the earlier stages of the profession his genius had soared

higher, and all his energies were turned to becoming a great commander. He had probably been always occupied in planning manœuvres and modes of attack with a fleet, —while it is equally probable that at the time Lord Exmouth was appointed to a command, the subject of the management of a fleet had never engaged his attention. Lord Exmouth was not liked by his fleet, and Lord Nelson was adored by *his*; he never met with a distressed sailor without assisting him with his purse, or attention, or advice; nor did he ever neglect to encourage merit; he was easy of access, and his manner was particularly agreeable and kind. No man was ever afraid of displeasing him, but everyone was afraid of not *pleasing* him.

Letter to Mrs. C. continued.

Off Cadiz: October 27.

For these last three days and nights it has blown a hard gale of wind from the S. E., and we have, *of course*, been driven so far off our station, in spite of the heavy press of sail we have carried night and day, that, if the French were disposed to go, I conclude they are gone. It is now more moderate, and we may perhaps get near enough to take a peep at Cadiz to-morrow; but what will be the consequences if they should be gone, I know not, unless it be that some of us will have a trip after them to the West Indies or Buenos Ayres, or somewhere that way. I can only say that I should much prefer passing my time that way with either Sir J. Louis or Sir J. Duckworth to anything else (except going home). On Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, at 2 o'clock, just before and while in the act of wearing, we split our trysail, mizen-topsail, main-staysail, and fore-topsail, and our main-topsail was blown to pieces, quite out of the bolt-rope; but we lost no *stick*, nor had we anybody hurt: there is a nice *sea-dish* for you.

I cannot go to bed without telling you that I have received eight of your letters to-day, and my eyes dwell on the whole

heap as a most luxurious specimen of your attentive and anxious affection.

October 29.

In answer to a question from me, Lord C. says he is not authorised to send any line-of-battle ship home, but will send 'Orion' the first.

November 2.

I have had the Admiral's carpenter on board to examine the ship, and his report to Lord C. is such that I *think* we shall accompany the next convoy.

November 5.

I don't know how far *your* love of the phantom glory may carry *you*, but I must own *mine* has been so ill requited of late that it wears away apace. When in your warmth of zeal, and in your prejudice in my favour, you look forward to my imitating the great example I had before me, you are very wild indeed! Putting his great abilities, his unremitting attention and employment in the Service, and the much greater experience he had had long before he was my age, quite out of the question, recollect honour, glory, and distinction were the whole objects of his life, and that *dear domestic happiness*—my only boon—never abstracted his attention. He had not, or however did not acknowledge, any *incumbrances* such as I have. The rule he inculcated was that every man became a bachelor after he passed the Rock of Gibraltar; and he was not very tardy in showing that he practised what he preached. I mistake if you would wish me to be a *Nelson* on such terms; and I assure you I value my own happiness too much to be indifferent about my home, even if your enthusiasm could carry you to such an admission. Do not, however, suppose I mean to say that to possess his virtues one must adopt his errors; but I seriously think, that, to follow the profession to its height, one's mind ought to be devoted to it exclusively, which with me is, I find, absolutely impossible; nor, indeed, have I strength enough to stand it for years together without relaxation, according to the present system. Whilst I am at it I will do it with credit to myself, and leave it in no man's power to sully my reputation justly;

nor will I accept any of the few good things the Service has at its disposal to which others can lay a better claim, and of which they might be envious.

November 10.

'The Queen' and 'Royal George' have rejoined from Gibraltar; and I took the opportunity to-day offered of asking Lord C. if he had made any arrangement about the 'Orion,' in consequence of the report made of her condition by the carpenters he sent to survey her at my request. He offered some of his professions of good intention, but finished by saying he should send her to England whenever he thought it best for the Service to do so.

. . . . . .

'You never told me your ship was in such bad condition before.' 'Because, my lord, whenever I touched upon the subject, you showed a suspicion of my veracity; and my heart disdaining the imputation, I told you the ship should speak for herself.' A little while after he said he had more complaints from the 'Orion' than from any other ship, in his petulant manner. 'Does your lordship mean to say I have done more than my duty in reporting my want of sails to follow the enemy if he came out, or the sickliness of my ship's company for want of vegetable diet?' 'No; I do not mean to say it was.' He declared he did not know of many things I have told him of several times. . . . .

The ships at Cadiz have moved high up the harbour, and, according to report made by Blackwood, who reconnoitred them yesterday, appear to be laid up for the winter; this, and the probability of Buonaparte getting hold of the Turkish ships at Constantinople, will, I think, oblige Lord C. to move from hence up the Mediterranean with three or four out of the nine sail we have here. He can't take us, and it will be the height of luxury to be left either with Sir J. Duckworth or Admiral Purvis after serving with him.

November 13.

Cannot you judge of my surprise on receiving a very polite letter from Lord C. on the morning after the above conversation, telling me he meant the 'Orion' to go to England that evening, and as the convoy were not come out she was

to go alone? I could not allow myself to believe it until I positively got my orders; and just at dark, when I had done sending away stores and provisions, a nice breeze enabled me to make all sail for the fleet. Such was my anxiety to be out of reach of his signals on the next morning that I *forced* the ship all night at the rate of nine miles an hour against a very heavy head sea, which made her labour more than she has ever yet done since I have commanded her; and since this head sea has gone down we have made a most astonishing progress, and have the pleasing prospect of the breeze holding. We shall have gone about two hundred and forty miles in a direct line in these last twenty-four hours, which brings us to noon, and have already passed the most doubtful half of our voyage. And thus having told you my joy, I have told you everything your heart desires to hear.

November 19.—Noon.

All well off Hurst Castle. I cannot tell where you are, and shall send this to the care of Admiral Montagu, who probably knows. I cannot describe my anxiety to hear of your safety—to see you—and to fold you in my arms.

From this time Captain Codrington remained in his happy home for some time. His third son was born in October, 1808; as the number of his family had increased, he had diminished the number of his horses, and given up hunting. He had left the country, and gone to live in London, where he entered much into society.

Music, and the theatre in the days of the Kembles, Siddons, Young, Kean, &c., were pleasures which he and his wife enjoyed together very heartily, and this was a very happy portion of his life.

In November, 1808, this was again broken into by his appointment to H.M.S. 'Blake,' a fine new 74 gun ship, for service in the North Sea, under Admiral Sir Richard Strachan. He commanded this ship for five years, and it was her first and only commission; for, on being paid off at the end of that time, she was found to be rendered unserviceable by dry rot.

CHAPTER VI.

Captain Codrington to Mrs. C.

'Blake': December 21, 1808.

We are somewhere about five miles below the Nore at anchor for the night; and although in a wild-looking place, and it is snowing fast and blowing hard, we are quite in smooth water and riding securely. Being here solo and not overburdened with comforts, I cannot but regret leaving the hospitable friendly mansion of my friend Brown (at Sheerness), and his worthy family, who have done everything to make me feel at home. But under this disadvantage I have the one solitary pleasure of being able to give myself more entirely to you for this little imaginary good-night; and I feel it really an enjoyment the being able to let my heart dwell on its full sense of gratitude for all your affectionate anxiety and exertion.

'Blake,' Portsmouth: January 23, 1809.

How naturally, my dearest Jane, in all cases of adversity, public as well as private, does my mind fly to you, from the impression that in domestic life alone can one look for comfort in distress. The loss of Sir John Moore, &c., with so many of his brave army, ought to seal the death-warrant of half the ministry, and until some such proceeding shall follow disasters of this sort, we shall continue to be sold to the time-serving follies of our rulers. The French have felt, I trust, the severe effects of putting the courage of an English army to the trial; and thus far some good will arise out of this melancholy event.[1]

[1] Battle of Corunna, January 16, 1809.

At night: January 23.

Soon after we had dined to-day, Gosselin came to tell M. of his arrival with the troops from Corunna; and I went over to the 'George' directly to bring Graham over to tell us the sad news, and General Hope and Colonel Murray accompanied him. You would have been delighted with all three, as well as Bathurst whom you know; and I will, as nearly as I can, give you the short account we had from Graham of Sir John Moore's death. A cannon-shot struck him on the left breast, broke his ribs and forced them into his lungs, and tore away his arm almost to the upper skin. He fell at the feet of Graham's horse; and when G. picked him up he seemed unable to speak, and unlikely ever to speak again. G. rode for a surgeon, and to tell General Hope, and did not see him again until nearly his last. He lived about an hour and a half, suffering a great deal but never altering his countenance, frequently asking about the battle, and sending messages to his friends in England. He said he feared he was too strong, and should linger still for a great while; expressed a wish to be buried in the field of battle (which he was by his aides-de-camp), and said to Colonel Anderson, 'You know I always wished for such a death as this,' &c. And after a continued conversation of this sort, which passed without any alteration of countenance from the pain he suffered, and sending his messages to others, he went on, 'Say to my mother ——' and expired! He died as he lived, a hero.

Lord Paget in a charge did not draw his sword, and when reminded, said coolly, he had other things to do besides taking care of himself. And when cut at he was saved by his orderly-man. All behaved well. In short, the French were beaten at all points, and lost their artillery and about 1,500 men, when we lost only about 700—except stragglers and such like—during the march. We have, however, suffered much in officers. This, however, is a very different account from what I wrote you to-day; and Graham says that as E. Paget had nearly got into the rear of the French, two hours' more daylight would have destroyed their whole army. Even two days after, they could not bring more than two field-pieces to

attack our ships in Corunna, and a general brought home as prisoner, says that out of one corps of 2,000 they left 900 on the road. Therefore they are likely to respect us hereafter, and not to boast about *kicking the English into the sea.* The worst for this cause of Spain is, that there is no spirit or even wish amongst the people for one side more than another. Good-night.

'Blake,' Plymouth: March 7, 1809.

I am now on board, according to an order, to attend the punishment of four poor wretches who are undergoing sentences of court-martial, and it absolutely makes me sick. Thus it is to march in the 'magnificent career of a British naval officer,' as our friend B. terms it. Alas! how ill-applied to the horrid office I am shortly to enter upon. I need not, however, make you a partaker of my suffering on this score; but I fear I cannot say anything at present which will not be tinctured with it. Admiral Young thinks *we three* shall be sent to L'Orient to watch as many enemy's ships; I think it full as likely that the demand for ships in the Downs will occasion our return there.

March 9.

We are all ordered back to the Downs.

May 12, 8 P.M.

We have had a continuance of fine breeze and clear weather after leaving England yesterday. . . .

The squadron must have looked very pretty working out of the anchorage (the Downs) yesterday to *anybody whose husband was not amongst us.* Do not fidget, however, my dear soul; for we are likely to have as nice an old woman's cruise as ever ships went on.

Off Flushing: May 14.

We anchored last night in a calm, and shall probably continue so all to-day. We are quite out of sight of land, although it is at no great distance from us; but the water is as smooth as glass; and so far this is a pleasant sea to cruise in. We seem to be a floating town of male banditti.

'Blake,' off Flushing: May 15, 9 P.M.

At noon to-day 'Blake's' signal was very unexpectedly made to weigh and repeat signals to 'L'Aimable,' who went in chase of a suspicious vessel, and we flatter ourselves we did it very smartly: we had a very pretty cruise and have just anchored again. Thus has passed another day, and I feel, as Sir Richard says, that it is *a long time since we heard from England*, England being about seventy miles off, and it being five days since we left it.

Off Flushing: May 19.

I wish your news about attacking Flushing may be true, but I fear there is nothing in it. However, as we get deserters, as well as some of our own poor fellows from the coast frequently, we know there is no resistance to be made of consequence. The enemy's ships are gone up as high as possible to be out of our way—even the two at Helvoet are warped up into the country, in consequence of the coast being robbed of everything that can be called a soldier, in order to carry on the war in Germany. We have had a vessel examining Flushing, in which they were hardly interrupted for the first two days. It is not unreasonable that our squadron should be reinforced, considering that we have been only eight to fifteen or sixteen. . . .

Off the Texel: Sunday night, June 18, 1809.

The being an eye-witness of the loss of the 'Sealark' schooner this morning at ten o'clock, with thirteen out of the fourteen people she had on board, has taken the dazzle out of my (detached) command, and made me wish myself more than ever in a private station. She was overset by a heavy sea within a mile of the 'Blake's' lee-beam, and was gone in two minutes. I put the ship before the wind, hoisted out the barge at some risk, and saved the only poor fellow then above water. Your heart, dearest Jane, so alive to the sufferings of others, and whose pains are increased by sharing mine, will be much affected by the bare recital of the fact. I will send you the copy of my letter to Sir R. S., which will give you all the history.

June 19.

The loss of this poor schooner haunts me, or rather the loss of the people; for I think such vessels only fit for despatch boats, for which they were first built; and perhaps the loss of some more of them might convince the Admiralty that they should not be kept constantly at sea. . . . . The more I investigate myself the more I am assured that we ought to discourage in our children that excess of sensibility which must be affected by the many incidents which occur in the course of nature, as well as what arise from service in any military or naval profession. It is a nice point to balance betwixt excess and indifference; but, from what I myself have experienced in the world, I believe that it is more consistent with happiness to lean towards the latter than the former. Indeed, even the approach to excess disables us, in many instances, from being useful to others.

'Blake,' off the Texel: June 29, 1809.

I must answer your letters just received. . . . First, it *must* be a soldier's job to take Flushing; our part being to land them safely. . . . Considering the demand Buonaparte must have for men, we have every reason to believe what we hear—'that there is not a French soldier in Holland.' As to what the Dutch may do, judge by there being three sail of the line, one frigate, one brig, and several smaller vessels constantly in sight of us suffering themselves to be blocked up by the 'Blake,' the 'Amethyst,' and the 'Drake' brig!

'Blake,' off Flushing: July 26, 1809.

. . . . Our opponents, after coming down to Flushing, are all returned up the Scheldt; the meaning of all which I leave you to divine, for I cannot. However, I hope decision will at length put speculation altogether out of the question.

July 27.

The papers (which have given out all our *secret* line of battle) make our whole number of vessels-of-war employed in this affair amount to 128 besides cutters, buoy vessels, &c.—36 sail of the line, 19 frigates, 42 sloops-of-war, 4 bombs, 27

gun brigs; and 7 schooners and storeships. Seriously, I think the greatest chance of misfortune will arise from our numbers.

July 31.

We have made another movement and are within sight of smoke which we presume to have been caused by the landing of our troops at Camvire (the eastward end of the island of Walcheren) and also within hearing of some mortars which are fired either at or from Owen's division off Cadsandt (the westward shore of the West Scheldt). . . .

August 1.

By the smoke we can discern on Walcheren our troops are advancing rapidly, and are now about to invest or attack Flushing, and I expect that in another day or two, we, the great fire-eaters, shall sail quietly along into Flushing Roads to congratulate John Earl of Chatham on his military prowess.

August 2.

The French ships are actually at Antwerp, having taken out their guns and stores, and sent them by schuyts: and instead of Flushing being in our possession and Lord Chatham menacing Antwerp, we have not yet any immediate prospect of its falling. *We* have yet done nothing but fidget for something to do, nor have we had anything positively assigned to us except to be ready.

August 12.

Moored off Dishook; that is about three or four miles to the north of Flushing. We came in here yesterday under awkward circumstances as to the pilotage, but without accident to any of the squadron. And soon after we anchored, Lord W. Stuart with ten or eleven frigates, passed betwixt Flushing and Cadsandt, receiving and returning the fire of both sides, without as we judge having caused any injury to either party. It was a very beautiful sight; and to add to it Mr. Congreve amused the town with his rockets, in order I suppose to divert their attention from the frigates. But I was in hopes they would have passed on without firing a gun, in contempt of the endeavours of the enemy, which could not be lessened by the waste of powder and shot on our part.

The dead silence which ensued was followed by a storm of hail, rain, lightning, and of course thunder; which, contrasted with the noise of the shot, shells, &c., of the hour before, made our mortal exertions, however awful from a knowledge of the destruction intended, appear very contemptible to the mind that could reflect on the possible consequences of that almighty means being turned to individual destruction instead of general good. The sight, however, was very interesting. . . . We are now in a more satisfactory place, as we see what is going on a little—indeed we see our working parties close to those of the enemy—and I hear the pickets agree not to fire at each other.

'Blake,' Flushing: August 14, 1809.

Sir Richard gave us the signal this morning very suddenly to pass into the Scheldt, and as we had no pilot, we were to follow him in the '*St. Domingo*.' We did so, and, like the 'St. Domingo,' got aground on the Calloot under the batteries. The situation was certainly a very awkward one, but that you may be easy in the contemplation of my ever having to do such a thing again, after lying in that situation for two hours and three-quarters, drawing almost all the attention of the batteries to us and the 'St. Domingo,' we got over the bank to the anchorage, with one killed outright, one mortally wounded, and four or five others severely wounded. The 'St. Domingo' was farther off, and had one only slightly wounded. We have suffered considerably in our masts and rigging, the main-mast and mizen-mast being wounded badly. Sails and rigging were very much cut, but will be in pretty good trim again to-morrow morning. None of the other ships had, I believe, a single shot from either of the batteries; and I think they will all give us credit for doing our duty and for severely galling the enemy. The town was burning all last night, and I had my glass on the large church burning about one o'clock this morning, when, after the most brilliant firework-like illumination, it fell at once to a heap of stones! To-day the same thing has happened to the Stadthouse, a large beautiful building; and the town is now on fire in so many different places that I think

there will be scarcely a house left; but, as Percival said of Trafalgar, 'If I tell you all now, I shall have nothing to say when we meet.' Yet cannot I finish, dearest, my say of this night of escape, without assuring you that no personal danger to myself during the most trying part of it made me forgetful of the anxiety you have suffered on my account; and my heart seemed to cling to yours as its firmest support and its best safeguard.

August 15.

General Monnet, although he appears to have refused yesterday, has this morning sent out to settle terms on which he will surrender. . . . The town must be a ruin. 7 P.M.—I believe I may say Flushing has surrendered, although we do not know the terms—which, indeed, are not settled. Whether Antwerp is to be our object or not seems doubtful. This island is like a flat fen turned into a garden.

Middleburg: August 16.

The mainmast is very much disfigured, and we have not paint to paint the fishes, which I fear may subject us to the charge of ostentation. To us it was a worse battle than that of Trafalgar, because we were in so very perilous a situation and the particular object of the enemy; but had all the ships been ordered to bring to and engage the batteries, I think they would have been silenced at once.

I must go and see if it really be the enemy marching out to ground their arms.[1]

From Ralfe's Naval History, vol. iii. p. 197.

Sir Richard Strachan, in his despatch of the 17th August, says, 'Lord Gardner. . . . mentions the assistance he received from Captain Codrington in the highest terms of praise.' Throughout the whole of that unfortunate expedition the individual conduct of Captain Codrington continued to deserve and to receive the encomiums of his commander.

[1] I have found it recorded elsewhere, in notes written by my father himself, that the 'Blake' 'was engaged with the batteries of Flushing, and twice set on fire by red-hot shot, and aground for nearly three hours, before the ship floated.'—J. B.

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Middleburg: August 16.

There are but two killed and nine wounded, although there are six wounds in the mainmast and several *warm* shot sticking in parts of the hull. . . . I find some general's horse always ready for me on shore, and shall be quite in high health by my exercise. The prisoners march out of Flushing to-morrow, and, in fact, surrender at discretion. If you see any of them, ask them how they liked the 'Blake's' fire. I have done my duty as a captain, and can, I think, trust to others to tell our story.

Off Flushing: August 17. 9 P.M.

. . . . What may be the end of this trip it is quite impossible to foresee; but with all the flotilla and all the frigates in advance, I cannot anticipate much fighting. . . . Flushing, which I went all over, with Acland, yesterday evening, is really in a more dilapidated state than I expected. There is scarcely a house uninjured by either fire, shell, or shot; and many that have suffered from the violence of each. In short, there never was a town made so cruel an example of. Middleburg, on the contrary, is (from not having made any opposition), one of the prettiest towns I ever saw.

August 18.

. . . . The French prisoners (above 5,000) marched out to-day to be shipped for England, and the English flag is flying at Flushing. The answer for 'Blake's' getting aground, is, that I conceived Sir Richard's backing his topsails to be with the intention of engaging the batteries effectually; and both Lord Gardner[1] and I concluded, as he, with a pilot, was to lead us who had none, that if aground he would signify it to us by that signal or by the signal that we were standing into danger.

'Blake': August 20, 1809.

We are moored off Oedekenskercke, a little above Bairlandt, in sight of Bathz. If you cannot tell to an inch where this is it is your fault and not mine. . . . . Sir R. S. has

[1] Captain Codrington had received the flag of Lord Gardner on board the 'Blake.'

brought us up here to show the army that we are beforehand with them. . . . . At the present it is agreed that we cannot go beyond Bathz until the army has possession of both shores where it is so narrow that the enemy could disable us; and I think we shall not go beyond Waerden (on this side of Bathz) after all, because the French can always run away quicker than we can follow them. In the meantime we are anchored close to the shore.

I just hear that the Commander-in-Chief is now expected *to-day*; having been expected yesterday; and probably to be further expected to-morrow!!! *Our* chief, however, is on the alert at Bathz, his ship being also as near it as circumstances admit; and many people sounding the channel further up.

Off Bathz: August 25, 1809.

. . . . We have very little information of the strength of the enemy, the opposition we may meet with, and the difficulties the country itself would oppose to us. The worst side of the picture presents us with an equality of force, a sickly season, and very extensive inundations: and I must add, one chief slow, indolent, and uncommunicative, whilst the other is hasty, wavering, and unsettled in his opinions and his conduct, and ever going before the point to which his own common sense would direct him. It is hard to have to throw our own two chiefs into the hostile scale; but such a want of harmony in nature and in sentiment is to be justly termed a serious evil.

August 25, 9 P.M.

My admiral (Lord Gardner) has just returned on board, and has left matters quite as unsettled as they were yesterday: and it is therefore a folly in me to speculate on a point apparently left to be decided by the slow progress of events. In the meantime, four generals—Lord Roslyn, Fraser, Grosvenor, and Disney—are ill, and many of the soldiers falling sick with the ague; some anxiety about the horses as to their healthiness, and a scarcity of water, which requires that the horse transports should return some miles down the river to Waerden, where alone it is to be procured.

August 26.

. . . . Our return down this river will be a slow process; and if we are to retain Walcheren, I think we shall take and destroy the works of Cadsandt and inundate the country.

Off Bathz: August 27, 1809.

. . . . You may assure B. there is no likelihood of our proceeding further. In my opinion our great chiefs are studying how they can get out of the scrape with the least blame for undertaking such a business. Lord Gardner, Legge, and myself went yesterday on board the 'Courageux,' the most advanced of our ships, to see all that was to be seen—that is, the impossibility of going further up whilst we have our senses to direct us. The French shipping appears almost as like a forest at Lillo, as ours does at Bathz. Our horse transports expend *one hundred tons of water* a day; and it is only from England that water fit for men is to be procured, beyond what the troops dip on shore out of tanks, &c., for their own use. That is, water for all the seamen and troops embarked must come from home, which ought to have been a serious consideration with the directors of this immense armament. All the milch cows of the island are killed for beef for those on shore, and there is not, of course, any for us afloat. . . . .

August 28, 1809.

Indecision seems still to hang over us, and what plan is to be pursued I cannot divine. The horse transports, and I should think many others, are gone one stage down the river, perhaps by way of beginning our retreat, and not merely to endeavour to get water, which is, however, much wanted. To-day we are ordered to put ourselves to two-thirds allowance of provision, *because the army is almost destitute.* After 300 aguish troops had been ordered on board 'Audacious' and 'Venerable,' the order was annulled as soon as they were all in those ships. . . .

August 30.

The guns and ammunition are embarking, and the greater part of the troops and transports are gone down the river: but we probably may yet be detained here for some time, it

being, I fancy, intended that we should carry the last batch of troops. And if we are to stay till the six ships ('Agincourt,' 'Monmouth,' 'Princess of Orange,' 'Namur,' 'Leyden,' and 'Adamant') arrive here, there is no saying when it may be: not one of them as yet has begun to ascend the Scheldt.[1]

Still off Bathz: September 1, 1809.

. . . . I think the country will be satisfied that the navy has not been wanting in giving every possible aid to the army. Indeed, we were always beforehand with them, and they have never, I believe, had occasion to express a want, but at this moment, to hasten their retreat: and this want is of boats and vessels, in consequence of the number of sick that have become so by the unnecessary delay of their chief. I thought yesterday we were about to move further down directly, but we really know not for two hours together what is likely to be done.

The Admiralty has actually ordered that the sloop of war and frigate on the stocks at Flushing, merely in frame, should be built up by the artificers of the squadron, and sent home by the first easterly wind!!!!!! I cannot do better than finish with this clincher. Ever yours, E. C.

Below Ellewontsdyke: September 2, 1809.

. . . . There are a vast number of sick amongst the troops, and we hear that all the people of the 'Dryad' and 'Impérieuse' who have been serving on shore are ill also: but as many of them are gone home, you know as much of this matter as I do. You do not, however, know what Sir R. told us this afternoon, when we went to wait upon him in obedience to his order of this morning,—that he had now given up all intention of sinking the ships by way of blocking up the passage. To other people it would seem very strange that the thing should be given up at the moment the vessels arrived and the plans were settled: but it need not surprise us, who know that we all went to Bathz, army and navy, in full preparation to go to Antwerp, when it was already settled that our going there was impossible, even before we left Flushing. Indeed, the Royal game of Humbug has appa-

[1] These ships were to have been sunk in the Scheldt.

rently been played to the greatest perfection by all parties, beginning with the wise men of Westminster.

We have now our main yard down on deck, repairing the shattered yard arm, which we have not had one safe day to do since the action, and you will now see us, though somewhat rusty, all to rights again as far as appearance goes.

Near Flushing: September 5.

Although you may think my letter of the 25th August gives a doleful picture of events passing here, I fear it is not the worst you will yet have; for Lord Huntly, in a letter, says the army have 8,000 sick now, and they are daily increasing. In the navy we have, I believe, only those who have formed the sea brigade on shore, and I have only heard of these in the 'Dryad' and 'Impérieuse.' Whether anything further is to be attempted or not, I know not; but as the frigates and flotilla are close to Ellewontsdyke, and may perhaps reach this during the next tide, in spite of a dead calm which increases the risk of getting on shore, it may and ought to be very soon decided.

September 7.

Yesterday evening we moved down to our former anchorage near Flushing, and all our ships are now safe out of the reach of the enemy, who took possession of Beveland immediately after our retiring, and whom we saw at Ellewontsdyke. . . .

September 8, 8 P.M.

If the island of Walcheren is to be protected by the navy *entirely*, it would be better to remove the army *entirely*, instead of letting them stay here to die; and as Monnet lost fifteen hundred men (or the half of his garrison) last autumn, what are we English to expect with our beef-and-gin loaded stomachs, and our extreme imprudence arising from inexperience in regular campaigning? Lord C., in his letter, says the Generals were unanimous in their opinion that the army should not advance further *on the 25th August*; but he could not say that such would have been their opinion if he had assembled them at Bathz on the 16th or 17th, which he might have done, even if his presence were necessary at Flushing

till its surrender on the 15th. Sir H. P. says that he told Lord C. that from the 1st August, when the landing would probably be known fully by the enemy, he might expect his force to increase at the rate of 1,000 a day.

From Mrs. C.

Walmer: September 6.

. . . . The day (the 2nd) I dined at the General's (Lord Carrington) I was told that there had been a most dreadful scene on the beach the whole morning, just under their windows, landing the sick, actually some dying as they landed. And even here so inefficient are the arrangements that there was not room enough for the numbers that did arrive, and the poor fellows were lying about in the barrack-yard for hours, without refreshment and exposed the whole time; *now* there are tents pitched for them, but that seems a very bad plan for invalids with ague.

September 9.

1,039 sick arrived here to-day; out of 100 in a transport eight were buried at sea between Flushing and this place, and they generally die six or eight every day! It is really too dreadful to think of.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

September 11.

The weather is good for the climate, the fever arising, I fancy, from stagnant air and stagnant water. Middleburg is clean, airy, and higher than most parts, and moreover is cleansed by the tide. The extensive illness I conceive to be caused by the sleeping in the low swampy places during the little hot exhaling weather we have had.

Off Flushing: September 16.

The old lady with whom I am billeted at Middleburg by means of Acland, entreats me not to part with my billet, but to lodge with her so long as I stay here; and at all events not to take my name off her door, that she may avoid having any less quiet person. I feel quite ashamed of being thus *ordered* into the house of a gentlewoman. But, poor people, they are

used to it; while, from the discipline of some who have been my predecessors, in the French service, she may thank me for occupying a bed in her house! She is the widow of a man who was something in office under the Stadtholder at the Hague, and knew Lord Malmesbury, St. Helen's, and Auckland. Her name is Van Citters, which she says is the original of our Vansittart. . . . . This good lady is short and fat, has the manners of a woman of fashion, and is very conversible. In what language? you will ask. Both in English and French. What she cannot explain in English she does into French; and I do into English what I cannot explain in French. But you would never laugh at my French if you were to hear Acland. The lady in whose house he is quartered told me, after I had explained for him, that it would be a very great satisfaction to her if *Mons. le Général understood French as well as I do!* By the bye, my old lady seems to be a great eater, and as I have discovered that she is very fond of English cheese, particularly Double Gloucester, pray send me one for her. . . . .

September 18, 1809.

I shall commence with an epigram, which Sir Richard received in a letter yesterday, which tells the story of the expedition at once:—

Says Strachan to Chatham, 'Come let us be at 'em!'
Says Chatham to Strachan, 'No, we'll let 'em alone.'

Another epigram going about at this time:—

Lord Chatham with his sword undrawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Was waiting too—for whom?—Lord Chatham.

From Mrs. C.

Walmer: September 17, 1809.

I hear to-day that General Graham is better, but still very weak. He is in London. Major Cathcart is at Deal—not expected to live twenty-four hours. Colonel Macdonald is now taken very ill. Three officers of 63rd died here in two days; in short, I cannot tell you half the melancholy events of this kind I hear of; and as to the privates, it is truly dreadful

—they die fourteen and eighteen of a day, and yesterday thirteen were buried in one grave, the day before sixteen in another, and so they go on. You would have loved Lord Carrington for the warmth of indignation with which he speaks of the arrangers of this ill-fated expedition, and his wish that the Ministers might be made witnesses of the dreadful havoc thus made amongst their fellow-creatures.

September 20.

I am glad to say Major Cathcart improves, and hopes are now entertained of his life.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

September 18.

We have this day moved into a berth close to Flushing.

The fever continues strong at Flushing, but is better at Middleburg. I am sorry to say a gross neglect as to the provision of quarters and hospitals is believed to be the great cause of the extent of it.

September 20.

I heard yesterday that Sir Richard is going to England directly. I conclude he will return here, as he told me some time ago that he wished to go home to give his opinion as to the advantages of keeping this island.

Middleburg: September 20.

The Calloot (or Dogsand) shoal and the land above the town of Flushing is a strong anchorage.

The army is throughout for the evacuation, but Sir R. and Sir H. P. both against it.

Conceive, if you can, the Admiralty desiring Sir R. S. to send what ships he can spare to lie in the Downs, in readiness to pursue the French squadron should it escape down the Scheldt!!! This does not bespeak a high opinion of the utility of this island, nor much of the watchfulness of those now guarding it. However, the sick now amount nearly to ten thousand, I fancy, and all working parties are out of the question: but we hear that the troops of the enemy, both French and Dutch, are sickly also. There are but few—and of the latter, I hear—in Beveland.

September 24.

This equinoctial weather will, I hope, be in some measure conducive to health, and may produce us a fine October. The natives of these parts, however, consider this as a remarkably healthy year, from being more cold, but they do not like the wet weather.—E.C.

The following account was written down for me after my mother's death, by the loved and loving friend—Miss Treacher—who was her companion in danger on that trying occasion.[1]

Mrs. Codrington spent the summer of 1809 at Walmer, Captain C., then in command of H.M.S. 'Blake,' being employed in the expedition against Walcheren. When all warlike operations there had ceased, he sanctioned her going to pay him a visit— as she had been offered by Captain King a passage in the 'Venerable,'—to see the island before our disastrous occupation of it ended. She kindly invited me to accompany her; and on the 28th September, at 6 A.M., we embarked on board H.M.S. 'Venerable,' under the command of Captain Andrew King, and sailed for the Downs in gallant trim immediately afterwards. About 7 P.M. we arrived at the anchorage called the Stone Deep. There Captain King wished to remain, for the tide had begun to ebb—we were still ten miles from the fleet, and there were symptoms of a coming storm—but he was overruled by the pilot, who affirmed that he could take the ship in in safety. She had not, however, left the anchorage five minutes when she struck upon the sandbank. The second shock she received carried away the rudder, and her ultimate fate then became very precarious. As soon as he could disengage himself from his more important duties, Captain King came into the cabin and frankly told us the difficulties and dangers of our situation. Tears were in his eyes when he spoke of Mrs. C.'s being exposed to them; but she, with the sweetness of manner that was peculiar to her, said all she could to lessen his regret on her account. He then offered the barge to convey her to the 'Blake,' saying he was going to send off all the boats he could spare with as

[1] Mrs. Codrington returned to Deal in the 'Dannemark,' 74, October *30, 1809.*

many of the soldiers' wives as they could contain (there were upwards of sixty on board, likewise going out to join their husbands), but she begged him to use the barge also for their accommodation, adding: 'It shall not be said that the safety of these women was risked in order that the ladies might be saved; besides, I am sure that if I could have my husband's advice on the subject, it would be that I should not quit the ship.' Then, turning to me, she said: 'I wish, however, that you should not run this additional peril, if it is one; pray, therefore, do you go.' This I of course refused to do, and Captain King acknowledged that there was perhaps as much danger in going as in staying. Soon afterwards the provisions and quarter-deck guns were thrown overboard to lighten the ship, but she continued to strike so heavily, and the water to increase so much—the orlop deck being then full—that it was thought necessary to cut away the main and mizen masts, and Captain King came again about one o'clock to conduct us into the wardroom as the safest place during the operation.

While we were there one of the officers addressed us, saying: 'Pray, ladies, do not be frightened—I assure you the ship is in no danger.' Mrs. Codrington replied: 'Sir, we know our danger, and are prepared to meet it.' When it was over we were again led back to the cabin and left to ourselves until past four o'clock; for even the military officers who were on board, and who till then had occasionally come intending to cheer us, were too busy taking their turn at the pumps to be able to do so any longer; they said, indeed, afterwards, that they had thought the danger so imminent they had not the heart to come to us. Little conversation passed between us during this tedious night, for the thoughts of both were probably too actively employed for much communication; but the beautiful calmness and resignation of dear Mrs. Codrington's behaviour are yet present to me. She who had so much to make life valuable, did not for an instant lose her presence of mind, nor utter one word of impatience; she would sometimes rather murmur than *say*: 'O why did I, a wife and mother, risk the putting myself in this situation? why did I bring *you* into this danger?' Then she would again revert to her darling boys, or to the grief she feared her

husband might be called upon to suffer if not actually suffering, from the knowledge of her situation (for we imagined that the signals of distress were seen and would be supposed by the fleet to proceed from the 'Venerable,' as she was expected at Walcheren); but of sorrow for herself personally there was not an expression, and, I firmly believe, not one thought. With day came renewed hopes of succour, and, at about ten o'clock, a brig was seen in the distance—a signal was made to her, but it was one o'clock before we left the 'Venerable,' which we had great difficulty in doing, for she was then high out of the water, and was rolling heavily in a very rough sea. We got down her side, however, without accident, as well as up the less formidable one of the brig, which lay to for us at the distance of a quarter of a mile; she was laden with wine for the fleet, and was going into Flushing. On our arrival at the roadstead, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Paget came and introduced himself to Mrs. C. He had observed the brig from his ship, and guessing one of the ladies he saw on deck to be her, had kindly come to offer to be useful and to account for Captain Codrington's absence. We went with him on board the 'Blake,' and as soon as we were in the cabin and alone, Mrs. C. relieved her over-excited feelings by a burst of tears:—they were the first she had shed, and they did her good, for they were tears of joy and thankfulness. But she soon became very uneasy at the continued absence of Captain Codrington: he had left the 'Blake' in his gig at early dawn, as soon as the state of the 'Venerable' was known to him; but wind and tide being both against him, he had not reached the ship until nearly three hours after we left her; she was then rolling so heavily that he could not get up the side. *He* also went through a most weary, anxious, and I believe I might add, perilous day, and did not get back to the 'Blake' until near seven in the evening; but he found his reward in his dear wife's safety.

MARY TREACHER.

May 21, 1837.

In speaking of the circumstance here recorded, my mother has often described to me her distress at seeing

the terrible fall of her dear friend and companion, Miss Treacher, while she herself was totally unable to assist her, being obliged to use her utmost endeavours to save herself from a similar accident: a violent shock threw Miss Treacher off her chair, and dashed her from one side of the cabin to the other; and a heavy chest of drawers which broke from its lashings at the same moment, took the same direction, and appeared to fall quite upon her: she was much bruised and hurt by her fall. My mother told me also that at first she counted the shocks which the ship received by striking upon the bank, but when they *passed one hundred* she left off counting.[1]—JANE B.

From Mrs. Codrington to Mrs. Gwyn, in answer to her friendly enquiries.

Blake,' Flushing: October 23, 1809.

. . . . Nothing, certainly, could be more melancholy than so fine a ship leaving the Downs in such good order, and in such gallant trim, and before the twelve hours came round being a wreck on the shoals of this river. But still, by dint of incessant exertion, she has been got off and patched up here, and is to be towed to England for repair. Now, with respect to myself, you pay me a great many compliments that I do not feel I deserve, for, so situated, I had nothing to do *but to be quiet*, and that is, in fact, all I could do or did do. The scene was most certainly a formidable and awful one. The ship striking during two tides, and firing minute guns the whole night, without bringing anything to our assistance—everything that could be was thrown overboard to lighten her and two masts cut away—so that when daylight appeared she did present a most melancholy spectacle. But, thank God, no lives were lost, which was most fortunate considering what the ship's company went through. Yours affectionately, J. C.

Mrs. C. having put your letter into my hand, I cannot resist the impulse I feel to thank you for the friendly interest you take in our welfare. Jane's conduct is not undeserving

[1] Her child was born in the following January in London.

the praise she has received . . . . and some who were before strangers to her have now received the conviction which was long ago established in my mind, that it requires but to know her to appreciate her as one of a superior order. You, my good friend, will excuse a man who has been seven years a husband praising the wife of his choice, the mother of his children, when so fair an opportunity is afforded him. The fact of a ship being on the shoal and dismasted was ascertained by me about seven o'clock in the morning, and although I had every reason to fear its being the 'Venerable' with Mrs. C. on board, I was in a boat rowing against wind and tide until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before I could reach her, and get relieved from my suspense. For, having gone away from this ship in a hurry and without our breakfasts, some of the men could row no further from fatigue, and I was obliged to anchor the boat about half a mile short of the ship on the shoal; and when at last I did reach her, I learnt that Mrs. C. was gone to Flushing in a merchant brig which had been called to their assistance. When I reached the 'Blake,' about seven o'clock in the evening, I was surprised to find Mrs. C. and her companion quite well and in good spirits, having just dined: nor has she suffered in the least in consequence. I need say little to you upon the melancholy state of the troops here, as the subject is so much dilated upon in the newspapers. But the sickness is no otherwise lessened than by the diminution of the numbers. This is exemplified by the fact of there being now only about two thousand six hundred fit for duty on the island. I trust the business will be fully enquired into, that gross neglect may meet its punishment, let who will have caused it . . . . Yours with sincere regard,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Flushing: November 5, 1809.

There is but one opinion as to the probability, as well as to the propriety, of evacuating this detestable country. But as we hear that there are not many men at Antwerp, and that the French have formed basins in the dykes, up the

river, for securing their ships against the ice, our precious Ministers will, I fear, hesitate and dilly dally on till death deprive us of our army entirely.

November 12.

. . . . In the meantime, more and more sick are daily embarking, and the proportion of sick to the well is daily increasing: and as there are now no more than four thousand troops on the island, it will be evacuated by the combined powers of disease and death.

November 29.

The basin will be effectually destroyed, I really believe, G. Moore having the arrangement, and the people working with glee; and the dockyard cuts a poor figure already. But it is really shameful that such heaps of stores should have been thrown away. We are all full of plunder, and there is still enough kicking about for ten sail of the line more; the transports taking what wood they like, that it may not be left to the French. . . . Puget has taken up his quarters in the 'Blake.' His dockyard is undergoing destruction very fast, as well as the basin. The engineers, with their miners, will be ready to blow up the immense masonry of the dock entrance Saturday or Monday, but it will take nearly until the Monday to embark the guns, which it would be so very disgraceful to leave; so I do not expect we shall move before that time. We are to have several brass guns, and fourteen horses, which latter will be extremely incommoding. The people of Flushing lament our going, and many of them have quitted their houses in fear of the explosions which they think will take place. I hear, also, that the people of Middleburg are quite in distress about the return of the French. But in truth *many* will have reason to rejoice in our departure, at all events. There is little danger, I think, of any attack or interruption from the enemy. I doubt if they even intend to close upon our flotilla in its retreat, for they would, ere now, have shown some symptoms.

Flushing: December 3, 1809.

I must congratulate you as well as myself on the great share our friend Hallowell has had in the success, of which we have just heard, in the Mediterranean. You know how anxious I was that he should have some further opportunity of distinguishing himself, and how much I delight in the honours which so deservedly fall to his lot. I hope he will now come home.

The guns I believe, are all embarked, except those which have been destroyed and thrown into the basin, with shot, shells, &c., and I believe there are scarcely a dozen horses still on shore: the gun carriages, &c., &c., are cut up and burned, and there remains only to blow up the masonry of the dock gates, and burn the large store with all its *valuable timber*—even more valuable than the ship we took to pieces and sent to England.

. . . I only wish to get home with the rest of this *no longer* GRAND EXPEDITION.

December 7, 5 P. M.

Sir R. S. is arrived and comes here to sleep. The army is all embarked but a single rear guard of a few hundred men. The gates ready for blowing up, and only a wind wanting. The storehouses and all the buildings in the yard are burning beautifully, and the basin quite destroyed.

December 17, 1809.

. . . . It is coming to blow a gale of wind from the S.W., and I conclude the consequence will be still more vessels going ashore, and more work for us to get them off again.

December 18.

Another gale of wind makes us rejoice that we did not all get away yesterday, for the gunboats and transports would probably have many of them foundered upon this very coast which they are so eager to leave.

The 'Blake' left Flushing to return to the Downs on December 22 or 23, 1809.

CHAPTER VII.

THE 'Blake' was at the Downs on her return from Walcheren on December 26, 1809. She was ordered from there to the Medway, and was undergoing necessary repairs till the end of March, during which time Capt. C. had Admiralty leave, and spent several weeks in his home in London. While at the Downs in May, he received orders to go to Plymouth, and when there was suddenly ordered to sail for Cadiz, on May 27, 1810. As the ship was expected to remain at Plymouth, Mrs. C. travelled there with her four little children: the journey was at that time a very tedious one of three whole days; and when she arrived there on the 28th, she had the disappointment of finding that the 'Blake' had sailed the very day before, on foreign service!

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

'Blake,' Plymouth: May 27, 1810.

. . . . And thus, having ordered the ship to be unmoored, and my trunk being now packing up (noon), with a yearning heart I bid you and yours that 'good-bye' which, I trust, becomes a husband and a father.—E. C.

Off Brest: May 31.

I wrote you a short note after seeing Bayntun, and hearing from him that, alas! you were arrived at Plymouth. As to your own disappointments, dearest, increased as they will be by those of your boys, who will perhaps tear you with questions, I can make you no other recompense than by that warm affection which has so long been my greatest comfort,

and which I shall cling to as the key-stone of my future happiness. Good-night.

First of June (the glorious).

I am determined to notice the anniversary of one of the greatest days England ever knew, if only in justice to 'the old noble' (as we used to term him) whose picture is now before me. But I cannot say my present feelings are quite suited to this said anniversary; for I am now disposed to think the search for honour and glory, through such illiberal treatment as most of us experience (always excepting those who, being of the Honourable House, take care to vote on the right side of the question), is not worthy the sacrifices we make for it. Half the courage and perseverance which are possessed by most of my brethren, and with only half the privation, would enable a member of Parliament to do the most extensive good to the country; and were I of that body to such object should my services be directed. I must, however, own that I value patriotism principally according to the sacrifices submitted to from that noble sentiment; and in this opinion I find myself justified by your sex, who ever love us 'for the dangers we have passed.'

Off Coruña: 9 P.M.

The first near view of this enslaved and insulted country composed, as it is, almost entirely of fortresses, made me wish I were a Spanish Grandee, that I might take a lead in restoring it to the power which nature intended it to possess by giving it that freedom and consequent spirit which would render it impregnable. In the hands of a Buonaparte it might awe the world, if he could but restore its navy. But it seems more calculated for *de*fensive than *of*fensive purposes and I cannot help hoping that some Washington will rise up and, in conjunction with a more just policy in England, that it may still be an example to the other oppressed nations of Europe. But let me descend from these ambitious feelings to my own dear domicile, where I feel myself more in my element; and with eyes blown out of my head, and limbs tired by an unusual number of turns on the poop, but with a heart full of affection for our sleeping dears and their guardian mother, again bid you good-night.

The strong dislike of Frenchmen so frequently expressed in these letters was at that period as *national* amongst Englishmen as the corresponding dislike of the English was *national* amongst the French. Of course it existed most strongly in the Navy and Army, whose only international intercourse was the professional duty of mutual destruction—a state of things which had been going on since 1793. Its simply professional origin was shown in the ease with which it faded away when peace gave opportunities for more personal intercourse: and when circumstances in later life connected Sir Edward Codrington in active service with the French Navy, he frankly accepted them as professional brethren in friendly intercourse and cordial co-operation. The inimical feeling between the English and Spanish had not time or opportunity to root so deeply; and the same officers who at Trafalgar would have strained every nerve to compass the destruction of the 'Prince of Asturias,' were found equally eager in 1810 to aid the Spaniards, by every possible means, in the endeavour to recover their liberties.

From Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Off Villa de Conde, betwixt Viana and Oporto:
Monday night, June 4.

I wished for you more than ever to-day, because I know nobody who would have enjoyed the scene we had this afternoon more than you, independently of the desire I always feel that we should share each other's pleasures. After coasting it along from the southward of Vigo and passing Viana—which (as it was almost calm) I took the liberty of taking a nearer view of in a boat but without landing—we found the scenery improve very much; and our curiosity being excited by an ancient-looking aqueduct at Villa de Conde, we stood as close in as we could with safety. High, irregular, barren mountains formed the background; *hills, comparatively*, or rather lesser mountains, with Scotch firs interspersed about them, next came forward as a sort of

boundary to the more level and cultivated part, which appear generally to join the sea-shore in this country; and here about there were more vineyards, more corn-fields, and more tidy-looking houses than we had yet seen. But whilst we were admiring this scene a fine western breeze put an end to the light eastern air which had attended us all day, and we counted 84 of the picturesque fishing boats of this country coming out in a group. It was really one of the prettiest sights I ever saw, and there was a general exclamation of 'beautiful!' And as it may be an age before this letter will set out, in this scene will I for the present leave you.

June 6.

. . . . Passing Vimiera I cannot say gave rise to feelings similar to those which were excited for Sir John Moore by the view of the ground upon which that justly-lamented general made his last sacrifice for his country. I esteem Sir J. Moore as the greatest man of my time in England, from his upright conduct through life, his very superior abilities, and his persevering devotion to his country at the expense of every private consideration whatever.

Cadiz: June 11.

After dining yesterday with Captain Sir R. King, we went to the Prado (I believe they call it), the *Kensington Gardens* of Cadiz. It is a platform over the bomb-proof which runs along the narrow neck of land on which the town is situated. The looking over the immense number of vessels which the harbour contains, and the charm of the sea breeze, give this walk its merit. The concourse of people is beyond what I could have imagined, but the most astonishing part of the scene is the total indifference to the situation, not only of Spain, but of their own particular town, which is evident in the cheerfulness of both sexes. The women are thought to be handsome by those who have perhaps lost the animating recollection of the real beauty of the English, but in my eyes the inferiority is very striking. Puntales and Matagorda are nearly within even point-blank shot of each other, and a constant salutation betwixt these two points does not interfere with the proceedings of Cadiz at present in the least:

nor could it be supposed to be a besieged town by any person contemplating the conduct of the inhabitants. Toffino's chart of the harbour is much more confined than it should be, as the anchorage in which most of the men-of-war now are, which we know to be without the range of shell, but which by his chart would be very assailable, proves. The Carraccas, which lie far within Matagorda (looking from this ship), are in our possession, as well as the whole Isla de Leon, which is fortifying very strongly; whilst the enemy hems us in upon the sea-line close to St. Pedro. But it appears to me that this place, with the sea open to it, may hold out to eternity.

Cadiz: June 18, 1810.

On Friday last I went to make my visit to Graham.[1] The road is along the narrow neck of land which connects this place with the Isla de Leon, partly paved, partly sand very deep, and the pavement in some places much broken; added to which a moderate breeze from the sea, which would be agreeable on account of its coolness, blinds one with the sand from the beach. The town, whimsically called Isla, consists of one long wide street, composed of large and *nominally* fine houses, with some short narrow streets running across it at right angles. Graham is lodged in the house of the Governor of Isla (Alvear), who commanded the 'Mercedes,' but was on board the ship of the Spanish Commodore when Graham Moore[2] made his attack on them, and who lost in the 'Mercedes,' by her blowing up, *his wife, seven children*, and the immense property with which he was returning to his native country. Our Ministry consoled him by a donation of twenty thousand pounds of the money obtained by that most abominable proceeding, and he consoled himself by bringing here an English wife, who, I am told, is rather an agreeable woman. Graham appears to be in his element, and not to think of anything but the duties of his station; and it would be very satisfactory to his English friends to see him in so admirable a position for repelling any attack which hereafter may be made on him, although

[1] Afterwards Lord Lynedoch. [2] Afterwards Sir Graham Moore.

they would not be very much gratified, I think, by the best accommodation his house would afford them after visiting the fortifications. A mere—and miserable—mattress and tiny pillow upon a bare bedstead, in a high barn of a room, with whitewashed walls, and unprovided with even a looking-glass by way of furniture: assailed by heat, fleas, and mosquitoes—notwithstanding the sacrifice of all that cover for them without which an English apartment would not be thought habitable—forms the only dormitory he has to offer. My gallop in the evening, and a visit to the family of some marquise who neither spoke French nor English, had well tired me, but I could not get much sleep notwithstanding. We rose at five, according to Graham's custom, and as soon as breakfast was over renewed the attack, and the day being cool for this climate, we saw the Carraccas, the advanced posts, and all that was to be seen on that side, before one o'clock. In the evening I returned to my own bed, and rejoiced that I had seen all that could induce me to sleep again at Isla. Graham is, as he ought to be, quite an enthusiast, and will, I doubt not, do credit to the army he commands if ever he is put to the trial. In the centre of the Isla there are two considerable elevations, which no army could well pass to approach Cadiz, and which are now so well fortified by the English as to be very formidable to the best-prepared assailants. But before the enemy reaches these posts he has several works to contend with of extremely difficult access, and the approach of which must be made over ground peculiarly unfit for the transport of artillery. When I expressed my admiration of the position of the two hills first mentioned, G. exclaimed: 'It is the most beautiful spot in the world, and the imagination could not have found ground more adapted to the purpose.' Its *beauty*, you are aware, consists in its being so absolutely bare that not a molehill would check the destruction which his sanguine imagination pours forth on the enemy. However, I feel great comfort in having witnessed the strength of the English position, the popularity of Graham, and the advances which are making in the Spanish and Portuguese troops. The latter are more forward in appearance and discipline, but the former are very fine

young men, and will, I think, make good soldiers if they are well officered. I do not, however, think that either the Carraccas or St. Pedro, which points are both to be defended by the Spaniards, show any great judgment or ability in the works erected for the occasion.

Cadiz: July 17, 1810.

At present the more annoyance the French give this place the better for the general and future good. It is much more agreeable to an indolent Spaniard to believe that all is going on for the best, than to give up his cigar and his siesta and sacrifice his ease; and nothing short of a very strong conviction that he will gain more of these luxuries in the end, will excite him to anything which an Englishman would call exertion. I speak, however, of those only who are above the lower orders. That the peasantry, as well as many other classes of the *bees* of this country, have a readiness to undergo the greatest privations, combined with an activity which the enemy has found extremely harassing, is evident; and I do believe that if they were properly led, the peninsula would soon be free of the French altogether. But they have so often suffered by the treachery, indolence, and even cowardice of those under whose banners they enrolled themselves, that they now trust only to what they can do in small independent parties, confiding in each other.

As the French have adopted the bad policy of treating the natives in a most cruel manner, these small parties deal destruction on them whenever the opportunity offers, with patriotic inveteracy. . . . There is, I hear, a probability of the French themselves suffering great privations from the devastations they have made in this neighbourhood, fertile as it is.

Cadiz: August 2, 1810.

. . . . You need not fear any discontent in my ship, for, first of all, I require no more quickness and activity than I can obtain by fair and just discipline; and I would not continue to command any set of men who were evidently discontented with my regulations, even if I found that those regulations could not be dispensed with. I value myself on the use of prevention more than cure, by never exceeding a

necessary severity in the infliction of punishment, and by a ready extension of mercy whenever the circumstances will admit of it. And as your heart is so alive to all that affects my credit and character, I will venture to say that I could confidently trust the decision on my judicial conduct to a jury of those men who have received corporal punishment under my sole immediate order; and that power I entrust to no other.

. . . . . .

Colonel Pack is a rising character of great promise, and I am glad to see him employed where his ability and example may be useful. I much admire that mildness of manner which accompanies his military heroism, although I could never arrive at the practice of it. I always feel unwilling to finish my letters: it is so like the 'Good bye!' which rings in my heart to this minute, and will continue to do so until 'How d'ye do' again charms it away.

Cadiz: August 15.

I take shame to myself for not having recollected that yesterday was the anniversary of our battle with Flushing. There are two pleasing circumstances to dwell on in this case, as I trust there will be in any other battles in which I may have the honour to share,—the having gained some professional credit, and the having passed through a danger without injury. In the congratulations I received from the other captains, as well as the army, I have a right to read the approbation of my conduct, and I may say, I look back with satisfaction on the conduct of the 'Blake' upon that occasion.

Extract from Ralfe's Naval Biography, vol. iii. p. 197.

In 1810 he (Captain Codrington) was engaged in the defence of Cadiz, and in the month of August was charged with the removal of four sail of the line from that port to the Island of Minorca, the rapid advance made by the besieging party rendering it necessary to provide against every emergency. And so urgent was this measure considered that the ships were hurried away in a state very unfit for sea; the provisions and fuel on board of them were sufficient only for

a few days; neither their masts, yards, nor sails could be trusted; they were leaky from decay and neglect, and even from shot holes unstopped; their bottoms were so foul that they could not gain to windward even in fine breezes; and though they were fully officered, and were crowded with refugee passengers of high rank, they were destitute of men to navigate them. It will readily be supposed that the situation of the officer appointed to conduct them to their destination was one of extreme trouble and anxiety; and when it is stated that they were thirty-eight days going from Cadiz to Mahon, the difficulties and distresses experienced on the occasion may be easily imagined. . . .

From Captain Codrington to Mrs. C.

August 5.

I have this morning got orders to take four of the Spanish ships to Mahon.

August 6.

This is rather an arduous job, and the preparation for moving the ships is very harassing, for it is impossible to conceive anything worse than the condition in which they are: and we are obliged to supply them with provision, water, fuel, and everything, besides sending 230 of our men to navigate them. It will lighten my cares much to see them safe out of this place, and perhaps a week's fair westerly wind would take us to Mahon. . . .

Monday, 20, 9 P.M.

Nothing but worry and anxiety have I known since I last wrote. An unusually strong continuance of easterly wind, with lightning, squalls, &c., and a great fall of rain during one of these nights, has made it a difficult task for us to avoid being driven back to Gibraltar. The perpetual distress in these ships from splitting sails and parting ropes keeps me constantly on the wear, and the report of the dangerous condition of one of them to-day (the 'Paulo') has obliged me to send her to Gibraltar with the 'Norse,' where I think she will arrive to-morrow if no further disaster attend her to-night. I have now, therefore, the remaining three to myself, and not the smallest prospect of any change of wind or

weather. I would have sent this by the 'Norse' to-day, but literally could do no more than make out her captain's order, fearing he might not be able to get back to his ship, and the weather was so rough that he got a complete wetting in coming on board the 'Blake.'

. . . . August 22.

Yesterday the easterly winds blew so strong and put on so determined an appearance that I decided to bear up for Gibraltar; and now, this morning, it has fallen to a nice light breeze and fine weather. But as the glass still keeps up, and my convoy can do nothing without a fair wind, I shall persevere towards the Rock until I meet with a westerly wind, and I rather hope to reach it to-morrow. Sir R. Keats, upon receiving the account of my return to Gibraltar in the third week of my absence, instead of having (as he hoped) by that time finished my business at all the three places to which I am destined, will begin to think that a few days' preparation for such a trip would not have been thrown away. The captain of the 'Paulo,' in his statement to me of his ship's miserable condition, begins by observing that he had not the time to report her situation to his admiral before we put to sea. And the captain of the 'Glorioso,' which was warped out by ——'s zeal in such a hurry, actually asked where they were going to take her, and desired permission to wait on his admiral and report their proceedings, as he had no orders or instructions about the matter. Surely this is not consistent with Sir R.'s order about *a kind and conciliating demeanour*. I shall take the opportunity of explaining fully to the captains of these ships that I had no part in this hurry further than being a joint sufferer with them.

. . . . Friday, August 31.

Calms and light airs, too scanty in quality and quantity, have only just enabled us to recover the ground from whence the easterly gales before drove us; and we have not even now, after the expiration of that month which was to have seen our return to Cadiz, surmounted half our distance. It worries me much, I must confess, and yet I try to be as patient as a Spaniard. This comparison, however, will not be very suitable just now, for I hear the lady passengers in

the ships are hardly put to it in many respects. Their whole stock has run out long ago, and they are so very numerous, that mine, which has become very limited, will not allow of my doing much for them. I yesterday sent each ship a good proportion of fat pork, which they enjoy, and some 'soft tommy,' and I some time ago sent them some mutton, &c.; but mutton will not keep more than two days, and the two English sheep I have left I wish to keep for colder weather. My stock of poultry is reduced, I believe, to about four fowls and six ducks: but if we can once get the length of Carthagena, we shall always be in the reach of supply ahead or astern, and both Ivica and Majorca, I fancy, are good foraging places. But we have 'marquises' without clean shifts as well as with empty stomachs, and if a reasonable opportunity were to offer, I would touch at some place on their account. Last night we were teazed by being too close to the shore in a calm, and were obliged to cast off the 'Glorioso' and tow both ships with boats; and when a breeze came and we again got the hawser, we had the misery of seeing it die away to a calm again. We now make the band play from seven in the evening until towards ten, for the benefit of the ladies in the other ships as well as our own, and it is a great gratification to us. Music certainly conveys our thoughts homeward in a very pleasing manner: and as our thoughts, poor forlorn devils, must go there, the manner of their conduct is material. Much of Johnson's observation respecting sea life I fully subscribe to, and the coarse addition imputed to him respecting the 'worse company' I might also agree in, were it not for Undrell's being so much more cultivated than common, as well as more right and reasonable in his general conduct.

Up comes the ship to her course again, with the old 'Glorioso' in tow, and I must leave you to devote my attention to the zephyrs. I have put B. in charge of a watch this cruise, which will be of great service to him: but his fire is like that in steel, and requires the flint to make it sparkle.

. . . . At Sea: September 3.

How curiously varied are the duties, obligatory and voluntary, of a captain of a man of war! I am led to this reflec-

tion by having, in addition to the constant minor troubles of keeping together and victualling the ships under my charge, just now had to read the burial service over a man who died of a bowel complaint, and of my having in half an hour hence, to punish another man at the gangway; and after praying in this solemn and expressive language, probably before noon is announced some neglect in the work going on may irritate me to swear like a trooper! I wish I could correct myself of this blackguard practice: but I do really think it impossible for any man to be alive to all the nicety of management requisite for this situation, without being subject to irritation; and perhaps with such a despotic power as we possess, it is as well for those subject to our lash that we sometimes swear ourselves into the wrong, and by being conscience-smitten, pass by without other punishment, as venial, some of those errors which perpetually surround us. . . .

Thursday, September 13.

On Tuesday night we reached the mouth of Mahon harbour, and as the Spanish ships had neither of them a pilot for this place to which we are bound, although they had them for other places with which we had nothing to do, and I was anxious to find them all close to the place in the morning, I anchored them. I should certainly have run in by moonlight if they had had pilots. However, in the morning the squalls which threatened us early after anchoring began to increase; the 'Glorioso' drove, and cut her cable for safety, and after standing out to sea, could not fetch in again, and was still without a pilot; the 'Neptuno,' to which I sent one of the only two pilots which I believe the port produces, parted her cable in attempting to weigh, cast the wrong way, and after getting sail made and standing out, missed getting into the harbour; and the 'Justo,' by slipping her cable, as I desired her by signal, and having the other pilot on board, pressed all sail and got in *to a minute*. The weather then became very bad, and a gale was evidently approaching, and I therefore stood out with a heavy heart to renew my care of these ships, which I knew had only two days' provisions and water. What made this failure the more distressing was that

the 'Téméraire' and her two three-deckers of whom we had gained a day's sail, by bringing this wind with them passed in with flowing sheets in the midst of our difficulties, and were snug in the harbour about an hour before. By the shift of wind and severity of the squalls, the getting in became impracticable. After buffeting these sudden and violent changes for some hours, we bore up to take shelter under the lee of the island, where we still are (9 P.M.), and thereby not only escaped much of a serious gale last night, but were enabled to water and provision the two ships this morning. It was a great relief to me the 'Justo' getting in, as she actually had not bread for yesterday's serving; and yet I have missed no opportunity whatever of keeping them as complete as circumstances admitted of. It would not be very unreasonable to expect to get in to-morrow; but I have met with so many disappointments that I cannot venture to call hope in to my consolation. Few nights pass over my head, I assure you, without my being able to say with propriety, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

Mahon: Wednesday, September 19.

This single name, Mahon, says a great deal; not, indeed, that all my miseries or growls are over, but that I am relieved from a burden which has long borne most heavily upon my shoulders.

On Saturday morning, the old 'Glorioso' again gained an anchorage off the mouth of this harbour; and the next morning, after we had begun to warp in, the 'Neptuno' did the same, and with great exertion we warped the whole of the three ships a considerable way up the harbour before night. On the Monday morning we got these two alongside the 'Justo,' in a snug corner called Cala Figuera, from whence I hope they will never move again.[1] . . . . . .

[1] On reaching Mahon, Captain C. reported to Sir R. Keats the safe arrival of the disabled Spanish ships, and the difficulties and distresses they had encountered in their passage; and the Admiral wrote in answer, 'I beg to assure you I am quite sensible of the successful and satisfactory manner in which by your able management, and by the exertions of the officers and men under your orders, you have been able to execute the arduous service entrusted to your care.'

September 25.

Admiral Pickmore had a dinner for the Spanish captains, and we have since dined with them at a tavern here, where the dinner was served up in very creditable style. The number of toasts which we drank to the 'eternal union' of the two nations would be sufficient for a treaty offensive and defensive; but harmony has been the order of the day on all these occasions, although they will continue not much to like us, and we to despise them for their bigotry and inactivity, to the end of the chapter. I am, however, now going to a different scene, and to witness, I hope, at Tarragona, in General O'Donnell and his army, such exertion and patriotism as will wipe away from Spain the stigma which some of her more imbecile people have marked her with. . . .

October 2.

Yesterday morning we at length got out of Port Mahon; it is a most excellent port to refit at, but certainly not the place for a fleet to winter which is destined to watch an enemy in Toulon; for it is evident by our experience that the enemy might commit much serious depredations whilst our fleet was locked up as we were.

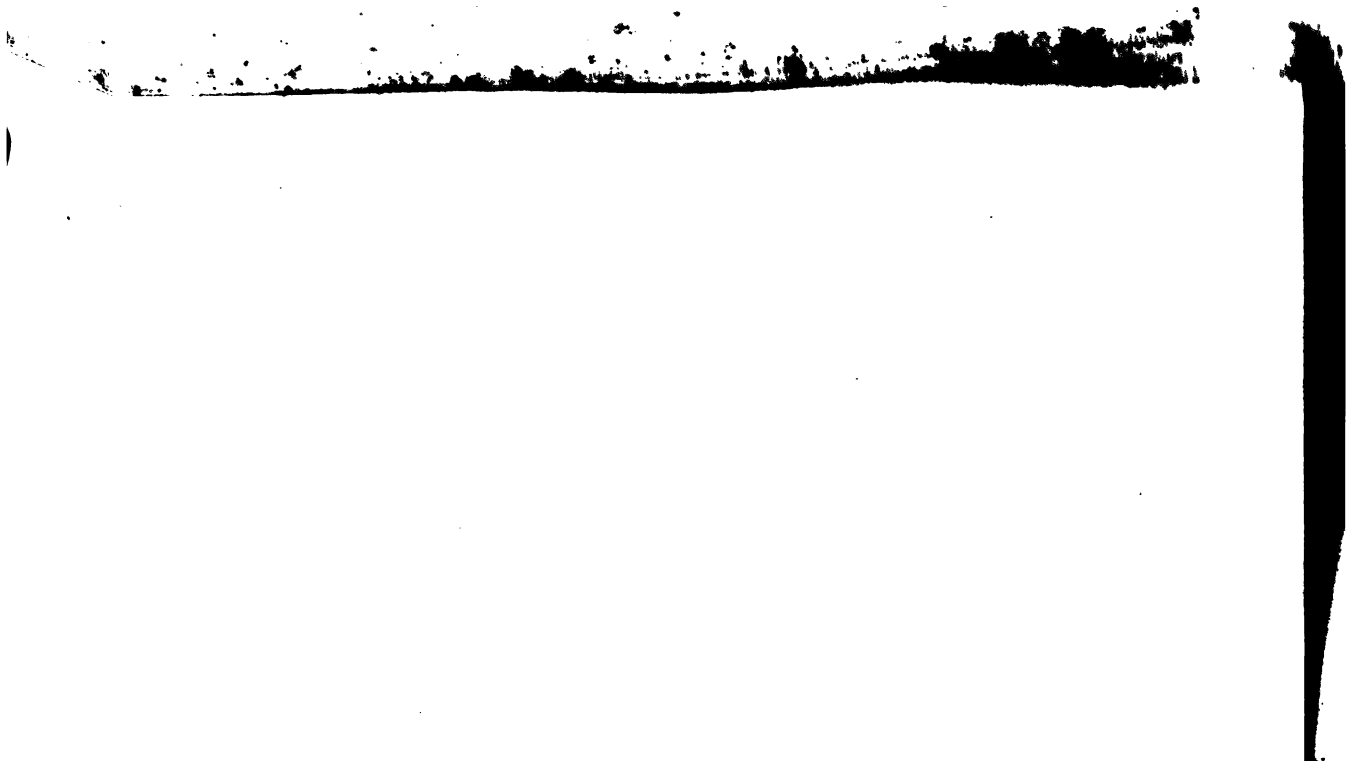
At anchor off Tarragona: October 4.

. . . . The noble, *truly noble*, and patriotic O'Donnell, it is hoped, will save his leg, notwithstanding the severe wound he received at his last well-merited success. He has been wounded now several times, and continued to suffer from a shattered bone until he received this last wound, which has induced him to request that he might have a successor named to the army. . . .

October 6.

I have seen O'Donnell, and am quite delighted with him.—'The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars to threaten and command.' His wound is doing well, but the ball is still in the shin bone, and so also is the ball which gave him his former severe wound still lodged in the bone of the thigh. He has had many balls through his clothes in these last three months, I hear, and twice lost his hat by (I believe)

Ampolla
S. Carlos
Alcanar
C. Torto
Fort Aliaques
Vinaros
Benicarlo
Peñiscola
Torreblanca
Oropesa
R. Mijares
Castellon de la Plana
Villa Real
Burriana
Columbrete Rocks
Nules
Almenara
P. Canet
Murviedro
R. Turia
VALENCIA
Albufera
Cullera
C. Cullera
R. Jucar
S. Antonio
Gandia
Oliva
Denia
C. S. Antonio
Javia
Alcoy
C. Nao
C. Ifac or Calpe
Altea
Altea Bay
Villajoyasa
Benidorme I.
Elche
Alicante & Bay
Plana I.
R. Segura
C. Pola
Torrevieja
T. de la Encanizada
Mar Menor
C. Palos
C. Negrete
Carthagena
Map of the
EAST COAST
of
SPAIN
Nautic Miles
10 20 30 40
MEDITERRANEAN
39
38
London, Longm



musket shots. There is scarcely a man in his army who would not take his wounds in his stead with pleasure. He told us that instead of *five* the troops had burned fifteen villages *actually within the French boundary*, and killed above 500 French soldiers with the bayonet. The soldiers, when checked a little by their officers, answered, 'Consider, we are now in France!' This will stagger Napoleon himself, I think. I have spared him some of this ship's muskets, pistols, and cartouch boxes, *filled*, of which he is in great want; and if the Regency would send him more he would increase his forces to any required extent. And this hero who has done so much is only thirty-four, and his aides-de-camp, who have purchased their rank by signal acts of courage and ability, and whose badges of distinction are *wounds* received in battle, are all mere lads.

October 7.

Another interview with O'Donnell has only increased my admiration of him. He seems only to lament his wounds because they prevent his taking more active means to drive the French out of Spain. When he first took the command of this district he had an army of 7,000 men in want of everything, to oppose a French army of 40,000. He took the bold and decisive measure of calling out every fifth man in defence of the country; and having established this point, he consented to exempt those who required it, upon condition of some (according to their means), providing fifty muskets, others so many suits of clothing, and so forth; by which means he has brought his army up to thirty odd thousand, including some respectable cavalry, and has beaten the enemy not only in detail, but in several more extensive attacks. . . .

October 17.

At this minute I am on my way (8 P.M.) with General Doyle and sixty-five Spanish soldiers to Peniscola, whereabout he hopes to be able to get in the rear of the French, who are advancing to Castellon and Valencia. It is altogether a very bold measure, because the people of Valencia having been infamously treated by General Joseph Caro, one of Romana's brothers, have not yet ascertained that they may put confidence

in General Bassecourt, his successor; and as the Valencia army is supposed to be very inferior to the French, the people can no otherwise believe in the propriety of his thus sending away a part of his force whilst the enemy is advancing, than that being carried into effect by *Doyle* and *myself* it is not a *treasonable* line of conduct. . . . .

When the people yesterday heard of the enemy advancing, they were doubtful about moving off. Some of the richest Valencian merchants went at night to the house of the Marquis de Uzataqui, where we were lodged, to ask if we were gone, as they intended in such case to remove their property. The good little Marquis (who prides himself upon being called 'el Inglese'), said we were in bed; they showed at once their doubts; he said he could conduct them to our bedrooms, and then their doubts were so completely dissipated that they declared they would not remove a single article out of their shops. This confidence in us English has induced me to take these soldiers upon this expedition, for I am sure they could not have been sent away at all without an English sanction for the propriety of the measure. . . . .

October 20.

I have read over the first part of this hastily written letter, and if I had time to write it over again I would certainly tear it. We landed our ragged troops at Peniscola before daylight on the 19th, not having left Castillon before noon on the 18th. The plan was first agitated whilst we were leaving the parade on the 17th at 6 P.M. I procured a horse, and though dark, reached the beach just before the surf was too much agitated to get off; got to the ship, which was seven or eight miles off, by about nine o'clock, and anchored her at daylight within a mile of the beach where the troops were ready to embark. The surf obliged us to keep our boats off at anchor and we were obliged to launch the whole of them off by sixes in a few small punts, or we should have surprised the Spaniards more than we have done. Yesterday evening at six, I again landed Doyle upon the beach opposite Castillon, where all the generals were collected.

October 21.

I am now about to do that which perhaps no ship of the line ever did before, that is, to pass betwixt the little island of Benedorme (near Cape St. Martin) and the main, in which, however, there is not the least danger, or I should not attempt it. I was told by everybody, that going into the Bay of Valencia was too dangerous for even frigates at this time of year, and yet have I been there a week and anchored in three different parts of it, seeing, instead of the reported danger, only the error of the descriptions given.

At anchor off Valencia: October 21.

Every male and female who could manage it, has visited us, and has gone home with astonishment. Even my little Marquis, who, with his family, had never set foot in a boat before, went all over the ship and pronounced it a 'palacio a la mar,' and one of the priests termed it 'la Gloria,' which is heaven itself. It was generally said, that this was the first ship of the line which anchored there, but some priest told me that there was a record of a large ship being there *two hundred* years ago! We generally go by the lead as close as safety admits, and therefore the whole country is in astonishment and delight with us. And as they all believe us to be named after their own general, we shall not readily be forgotten.

At Alicante, we shall most likely have a repetition of this visiting, and annoying as it is in many respects to have the ship thus crowded like a fair, day after day and all day long, I do not like to refuse even the dirtiest of them the inspection of my cabin. . . . .

October 21, 8 P.M.

I take shame to myself for not remembering this morning when I dated the 21st, that this is the anniversary of Trafalgar. It is curious that I, who contributed on that occasion to the destruction of the Spanish navy, should, after many other attentions and an intercourse of friendliness, be on this very anniversary running close along shore, adorned by the Standard of England at the main, the Spanish Flag at the fore, and the Union at the mizen, and playing a Spanish

patriotic tune in full band, in order to gratify these same people to whom this day five years we caused such misery and distress! . . . .

October 24, 9 P.M.

We are now working out of the Bay of Alicante, which place has disappointed me very much. . . . The public buildings are good, as well as the works, and the shops are tidy; but they do not produce even the manufactures of their capital. I had the daughters of the Consul on board this morning to a *déjeuner*, and we were dancing (even at my age!) at 1 P.M. They were delighted, and I was therefore glad to have them; but I cannot get over my love of English minds and English manners, and therefore rejoice that I am on my way towards Gibraltar and my letters.

I am at last reading the life of Lord Nelson, which I hope will teach those 'gentlemen of England who live at home at ease' how much silent suffering, how much unobserved exertion, we sailors are put to before we have any chance of obtaining their unenlightened applauses. Hundreds have borne all that anxiety, and have kept the mind and body upon the utmost stretch for months together, as well as Nelson; but for want, perhaps, of his naturally greater abilities, and perhaps, only for want of similar opportunities, have passed through life unknown, except to a few professional friends. And yet, notwithstanding our general merits as a corps being admitted, God knows there is no injury, no insult even, to which we are not subject under every successive administration, owing to the ignorance and indifference of the greater part of our countrymen, who so largely profit by our exertions. It is indeed, as Lord Nelson said, a most unthankful service. You will perhaps remark, as I have done, on the continued affection he possessed for his wife until time and other objects estranged his mind. Had he returned to England when he wished it, whilst his mind was full of his domestic happiness, he would, I doubt not, have been a better husband without being less a hero. Every Quixote should have his Dulcinea; but Lady N. I dare say, was as capable of keeping his ambition alive as any other woman on earth, had his intercourse with her been less interrupted. To be a hero one needs not

to be a bad husband, most certainly; but I fear that, in order to obtain the lofty situation from which heroism can be adopted practically, in the mode of external warfare to which the sons of England are subject in these times, a man must possess none of those yearnings after his wife and children which interfere with all my official proceedings. . . . .

Mahon: December 23.

The fleet is come into this port. A disastrous expedition to Palamos by the 'Kent,' and she and the 'Ajax,' 'Cambrian,' and two brigs, have lost many men. Captain Fane is a prisoner. Bad accounts too from Valencia.

I told you this morning of the arrival of the fleet here to-day. The chief has made several attempts to reach Toulon, but without success; and is returned to this port with his ships very much shaken by the gale which blew the night after my arrival here.

. . . . . .

December 28.

No person in the fleet seems able to calculate upon our movements; nor, indeed, does anyone seem to understand them when they do take place. We have our fighting instructions, which, I believe, originated in Lord Collingwood; but, nevertheless, nobody knows where or how the chief[1] intends to place himself in case of battle. Superior as we are now in numbers, perhaps this is not very material, because we shall push after them as we can, and make our attack in any the most expeditious way, trusting that our success will not depend upon the evolutions of the whole fleet, but upon our individual superiority. I am not fond of fighting, however desirous I may be of having a good report of me passed down to my children by those who can justly estimate my conduct; but we all wish the fleet of the enemy to push for Brest just now, as a lesser evil, in addition to whatever other motives we may have, arising out of honest legitimate desire for distinction.

[1] Sir Charles Cotton.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mahon: January 1, 1811.

A MERRY new year to my dear old wife, says her affectionate husband, sad as he feels from being so far away from her and her dear bairns!

January 6, 10 P.M.

I am just returned from a dinner at a tavern, given by the Spanish commodores and captains to the English admirals and captains, and am sick of hearing such loud expressions of esteem and regard from fellows who in reality hate us.

January 26.

I fear there is now little prospect of the French making a run, since they have not taken advantage of the last hard gales; and *dull*, DULLEST blockade will be our summer process, let who will come here.

January 31.

There is a most curious circumstance, of which I have heard particulars, known to but few, which took place after Fane's capture. The First Lieutenant of the 'Cambrian' went to Palamos with a flag of truce to see F.; dined with the French chief, slept there, and rode with him to Gerona next morning. F. was invited to meet him at the general's at dinner, and they were put on each side of and particularly attended to by the chief, as well as the other generals. Nothing can exceed the attention Lieut. Connelly met with; and indeed at that time poor Fane also. But in all such cases the French are directed by some particular object; and it seems they wanted to bargain with Mr. C., who had a *carte blanche* and was very anxious to get F. back, that in return for Fane's liberty the English should suffer *a certain quantity of flour to go to Barcelona.* He *could* not consent to this, and they

would not exchange him for General Schwartz or any other man; and therefore after keeping F. some days longer at Gerona for the chance of Mr. C. bringing such a decision from his superior, he was removed to Perpignan; as I presume on his way to the interior of France.

Captain Codrington, on his arrival at Gibraltar to refit, was detached by Sir R. Keats to co-operate with the Spaniards on various parts of the coast, and his conduct drew from Sir Richard a further mark of his approbation in the following terms: 'I have the honour to acquaint you, that I am strongly impressed with the wisdom and propriety of your proceedings in the various services you have been employed on.'

Off Palamos: February 11.

I am now on my station. The coming upon this sort of quiet cruise from the bustle of Mahon, is like leaving town for a country life. This of itself has some advantages in it, and I have also great pleasure in seeing, or perhaps rather, having seen, different places, which makes one more at home in conversations relating to important events. . . .

February 16.

No reason is reason enough for beginning a letter to the wife one loves, or perhaps I might be puzzled for one, as I have but this very morning sent off my last. The war in this country goes on in a curious sort of way, for yesterday it would appear by my seeing the French plunder two or three open towns with impunity, that *they* were gaining fresh successes; and yet I receive a letter this evening from Doyle, who is at Tarragona, to say that *they* 'intend blockading Barcelona very closely by land, and if I will do the same by sea, we shall limit the enemy to a scanty meal.' . . .

February 20.

If the admiral would send two other ships off St. Sebastian, whilst I guarded the entrance of Barcelona itself, I think we could starve the place, or bring their fleet out to risk an action. It would give me very great satisfaction to be the

more immediate means of its surrender to the Spaniards, because I think it would ensure the independence of Catalonia. Tarragona still keeps up its communications with Montserrat and Cardona, two points which can hold out against anything but starvation; and Barcelona, the capital, with a good port and the impregnable fortress of Montjui to command it, would secure the supplies of the whole. It is those two ports which so narrow the resources by land of the French now in Montjui; and I shall endeavour to narrow them more by sea than heretofore, by driving away their fishing-boats. I have just sought a little comfort by this imaginary *entretien* with you, my best and dearest counsellor, and trust I shall lull my anxieties, and sleep the better for it.

. . . . . .

At anchor off Mataro: March 2.

I shall go shortly to Tarragona, to consult with Doyle and Marquis Campo Verde as to future proceedings. What the Cortes will do when they hear of the Marquis taking the command upon the nomination of the people, I know not; but I think he has undertaken a task to which he is unequal. There are numbers of extremely fine young men at this place, who all cry out for arms although they will not be soldiers. They hate the French, and would perhaps make war upon them in their own way, as much to the advantage of the country as if they enrolled themselves as soldiers; and, at all events, as the French do not want muskets, I am for arming the people generally, in confidence that some good will come of it.

March 3.

The people of Mataro are returned to their homes, just as if the French had not entered the place. They demanded 20,000 dollars, of which they got eleven, and after taking away some of the inhabitants a day's journey, they made them draw a bill for the other nine payable on the 1st April, by which time they are to return for it. I hear they have done the same at the other towns through which they have passed.

March 5.

I saw a number of the plundering French upon a hill which once had a fort on it for the protection of Tosa; and they seemed so much at their ease, and to enjoy the view of us so leisurely, that I saluted them with eight or nine shots, the whistling of which over their heads they did not like; and although we probably did them no injury, we had the satisfaction of showing the poor Spaniards that these swaggering rascals can *bob* and run from danger as well as themselves.

Hallowell will give up 'Tigre' directly she arrives in England, and refuse to serve more as a captain. But a change no doubt will give him his broad pendant, if not his flag. Out of his eighteen years' service as a captain, he has not been ten months on shore, never objected to any country or climate, and was always a volunteer for any service ashore or aboard, wherever he has been; and it should be added, that he has declined the situation of Controller of the Navy and every other civil and lucrative employment in order to serve as an admiral—his particular and avowed ambition.

Tarragona: March 12.

Things do not go quite right here, and I fear my opinion of Campo Verde will prove correct; but yet, I trust the French will find their difficulties increase, and this place will soon be so strongly fortified as to discourage the siege of it under any circumstances.

March 14.

Going from Tarragona to Majorca, I lament much not having seen a heroine of Tortosa, who commanded a regiment formed by herself during the siege. They had more particularly the charge of the hospital, as she now has at Tarragona; but her troops made several sorties to carry in the wounded, and I believe they had nine or ten of themselves killed or wounded. I understand this heroine is of a very masculine sort in appearance, and on one occasion did herself carry a man to the hospital whose thigh was shot off beside her. I forget whether or not I mentioned a family in

the Ronda (near Gibraltar), consisting of father, mother, two sons and two daughters, all smugglers, who persevered in opposing the French until all were killed but the father, mother, and one daughter, who barricaded and defended their home until the enemy burned the whole together. Such was the story I heard from a General Moriatti. God save the country, say I, which boasts such genuine stuff as that; nor will I ever despair of it whilst there is such heart among the people.

Palma Bay, Majorca: March 16.

After being baffled a good deal by light airs, we anchored here yesterday evening, and this day I had the gratification of passing two hours with O'Donnell. I found him surprisingly well and in good spirits, and much pleased with my visit, as we mutually were by the open, frank conversation which took place upon the affairs of Catalonia, &c., &c. He seems bent upon recovering from his wound by every proper attention, solely with the view of renewing his military career, to the destruction of his enemies, both French and Spaniards. He bitterly laments the inactivity of the army of Catalonia at this time that the French are reduced in numbers; and is sensibly alive to the conduct of Campo Verde and his satellites in throwing abuse on his name. He says that he believes his wound having gone on so well is owing to his indifference whether he lived or died; for unless he is restored to a military life by the power of using his limb, he would rather die! But I can see plainly that his hope amounts even to a decided confidence. Upon parting with him, I said, 'I hope to hear shortly that both balls are come away.' 'If they should,' said he, 'I will send them *back* to the French with *interest*.' O'Donnell speaks so openly, both of men and manners, that one hour with him gives one as much information as a week with many others. His manner seems to say at once, 'I have nothing to conceal.' . . . . He is confident, notwithstanding all the reverses in Galicia, that with proper supplies of arms, clothing, and money, he could raise 100,000 men in that part of Spain.

Mahon: April 3.

The 'Wizard' has brought us the account of Massena's *real* retreat, and the glorious though bloody victory obtained by Graham at Barossa. I think it will cause a scrutiny into the state of the Spanish army, and produce much good eventually. Graham's laurels are but a just reward for his zeal and devotion to the military service, which I never saw surpassed. He is quite beloved.

Mahon: April 13, 1811.

We have just had by telegraph the news of Hoste's brilliant success in the Adriatic; this is paying off the boast of the fellows with due credit. I have been in constant hope of the enemy pushing out during this succession of northerly gales, which they must know would drive us well to the south-westward. But if they *had* made a run, I think we should have heard of it before this time. Hoste's gallant and successful conduct will, I doubt not, be modestly stated on his part; and be a most agreeable contrast to the letter of——, which makes a success of a most disgraceful failure; as Halliday's *parenthesis mention* of his able and bold support of the little brig, is to the disgusting rhodomontade of——. Some more French frigates are thereabouts, and it is possible they may be in a scrape also. The French Commodore, the fellow who boasted that he had searched the Adriatic for Hoste's squadron in vain with an equal force, deserted his ship and reached the shore after setting her on fire, by which 200 of his own wounded and forsaken people were blown up with the ship!

April 15.

Sir R. King tells me the Spaniards have really taken Figueras, and are going to attack Rosas.

Off Mahon: April 17.

Lord Nelson, I remember, asked Sir Robert Calder to take the entire management of the larboard division of the fleet, whilst Lord Collingwood arranged the whole detail of the starboard; which gave him (Lord N.) the opportunity of corresponding with envoys, &c., in all directions, and being, in short, the great chief he was. But strange as it is, nobody

follows his example; as if it were determined by fate, that as he distanced those who preceded him, nobody should approach him in these after times; but that he should stand so conspicuously aloof from all the lesser constellations, as to make a greater impression on ages yet to come.

Off Palamos: April 20.

. . . . The enemy have abandoned Hostalrich, Gerona, Vique, &c., and Olot, at which place they lost 17 officers and 560 men; besides having 200 killed at Figueras. Macdonald has also been as unsuccessful as severe to the westward, and has thrown himself into Barcelona. All this is excellent news, and a very pretty addition to the retreat of Massena.[1] . . . .

May 4, 1811.

My last letter went away by the 'Blossom,' and will show the hurry in which it was written. Leisure, indeed, I never have just now, and can only catch moments to write even to you, the repository of my wishes, my thoughts, and my deeds, whatever they may be. To your affectionate breast they will always be interesting, however trifling in the view of others. We landed our marines yesterday morning, at Cadagues, under the direction of Captain Thomas of the 'Undaunted,' who accompanied them to a position on a high mountain, where they were conspicuously placed in order to form a *diversion* in favour of the Spanish army who were about to attack the French near Figueras. After taking a peep up the hill, I returned and moved the ship close to Rosas Bay. When I reached within sight of Rosas I saw the whole country in the neighbourhood enveloped in smoke—shells, cannon, musketry, all at work together. It was a very fine though awful sight: but we were too far off to judge as to the success of either party, and I am even yet ignorant of the

[1] Upon hearing of the surrender of Figueras, Sir Charles Cotton ordered Captain C. to proceed to Barcelona, take under his command the four ships ('Cambrian,' 'Volontaire,' 'Termagant,' and 'Sparrowhawk'), 'and employ them in a manner best adapted to intercept and prevent, if possible, all communication between or with places in possession of the French, and to afford all the assistance in your power to the commanding officers on shore at Tarragona and other ports upon the coast in possession of the Spaniards.'

result. In order, however, to complete my part as well as possible, I placed the ship within long shot of Fort Trinity, and was gratified by seeing our shot reach them whilst theirs fell very short of us. They consequently left off, and we only wasted a few random shot to complete the *diversion*. Let me tell you that this is a very agreeable way of fighting, and suits my taste extremely. For somehow or other, notwithstanding that fighting is my trade, I have always found a little anxietv to know whether the first shot or two coming from an enemy were to hit me or not; and if the shot fall short the conviction of one's safety is, you know, rather more decided than if the first shot should whistle over one's head as if calling another after it. I heard young Corbet say very quietly and coolly, in his Irish accent: 'That shot'll hit me.' I suppose he thought he saw straight down the muzzle of it, as is usually the case, until use teaches differently. The battle, at about 5 P.M., seemed to finish at Figueras, having continued without intermission and with apparently increasing heat to the last, ever since 8 A.M. The people of Escala brought me off *reports* of its being favourable to the Spaniards, and I anxiously hope to hear it confirmed from Campo Verde himself this morning. In order to keep up the attention of the enemy I continued to telegraph to my friend Thomas on the mountain: particularly as I observed a considerable corps enter Rosas, which I hoped had been drawn from the main army by our manuœvres. Accordingly, as if to make generals of us at once, about 400 men came from Rosas this morning at daylight to the attack of our less than 200, whose strength, or rather weakness, I took some pains to expose by way of temptation. Thomas attended to my positive order to retreat and re-embark; the enemy came on to the town of Cadagues upon seeing his ship run out of the port, and I suppose chuckled at the notion of being so near driving the English *into the sea* as actually to drive them *into their boats*. After they had all passed the hill, although I knew by signal that our people were all snug on board, I made the signal to Thomas to occupy their attention, and moved my own ship there as quickly as possible. The 'Undaunted' tacked, ran straight into the port of Cadagues, anchored, and blazed away at the enemy who were just on the

outside of the town. I pushed on to open a valley between the rocks to the eastward, but finding the enemy were sheltered in the houses, worked round again and anchored at the mouth of the harbour. I then despatched some fishermen to say that unless the *French* left the town the *inhabitants* must, as I should fire upon it directly: and I desired Thomas would throw a few threatening shot over it. This had the effect I promised myself, and as the fellows ascended the hills the frigate worked them successfully, the 'Blake' giving a few deliberate shot also. Another piece of my naval generalship was sending the whole of 'Blake's' marines in the boats to make a feint of landing, where, if the enemy came to oppose them, her guns would bear to advantage. Whether they came for that purpose or not I can't tell, but there they were, and there they were fired upon both by the ship with her guns, and by the marines in the boats. The 'Volontaire' came back at this moment from carrying a letter from me to Campo Verde. It was extremely pretty to see her fire a well-directed broadside *over our boats*, under her *royal studding sails*, as she passed the position of the enemy.

Cadagues: May 5.

I still know nothing positive about the battle of Figueras, which has been renewed to-day, whilst the 'Blake's' quarter-deck was covered with the people (high and low) of this place dancing their own country dances. We were visited by many of the paysannes, who carried water up the mountain on their heads (à l'Espagnole) for our little detachment, and *insisted* also upon taking up the provision which was destined for the shoulders of our Johnnys. I had also the satisfaction of receiving the thanks of the town for the *care* with which we attacked the French who were sheltering even under its houses and walls, only one single shot having struck a house which happened to be at the back of a little hill where the French had placed a guard. And I believe this very shot was fired by the *commodore* '*in persona*,' from the launch. The people who had nerves to bear the whizzing over their heads, stood upon their house-tops, spectators of the whole *scene*; such was their confidence in our dexterity and in our

desire to avoid doing *them* any injury. Another proof of their confidence is their begging *my permission* to trade with other parts of Spain, as a security against Minorquin and other privateers; and to us they look also for justice when pillaged by these marauders. The French commander told a person of the town that he should drive away the English, who came only to plunder the place; to which, I am told, this person answered: that, on the contrary, 'the commodore himself brought one of their own privateers to them for trial who had robbed them of four sheep.' There is certainly a satisfaction in assisting a people who appear so really grateful, and few, I believe, would take more pains to deserve their gratitude than your husband, who, nevertheless, wishes (oh, how anxiously) that he were alongside his dear old wife. Good-night.

May 7.

Last night I received a letter from Campo Verde, to thank me for my efficacious co-operation, in which he says that his success was complete in the morning, but that the enemy deceived him by a perfidious flag of truce, during which suspension of hostility he moved his artillery amongst some olive-trees, and concentrated his forces so as to occasion the Spaniards *some* loss in infantry. . . . The real history I cannot get at, although I have heard the various reports which are current at the different places from whence the battle was *heard* and *seen*, and now from two deserters, one *French* and one Italian, who were actually in it. The Spaniards do not tell the truth, and the French lie horribly. My Italian deserter has just told me that he is sure he saw 2,000 Spanish prisoners marched towards Perpignan after the first day's battle; it was renewed partially the second, and more generally the third. . . .

9 P.M.

About an hour ago I received a letter from Campo Verde, pressing me to go to Tarragona, as the enemy have made a movement towards that place; and to beg I will assist in transporting troops from Arcas and Mataro to defend it. . . .

Tarragona: May 11.

I got here early yesterday morning with the whole convoy, about sixty feluccas; and the Spanish frigate, which was to come without waiting for the convoy because Campo Verde was in a hurry, arrived the last of all. I offered to receive him and his forty stinking myrmidons, but to my joy he declined, because the frigate was already prepared for him. I anchored at Mataro about eleven o'clock on the 8th; the troops arrived at four, and were all on board about seven. Some of the vessels were on the beach and the others pretty near, and my boats all waiting in readiness. There seemed to be many difficulties about who should have prepared particular troops for particular vessels, and many cigars to be smoked before any one of the staff would discover that it was his duty to make a beginning; and I, therefore, without further ceremony, counted off twenty, and ordered them into each cutter, thirty into the large cutter, and so on to the others, and they obeyed my order to jump into them directly; nor did I allow of any difficulty as to the particular vessel, but directed the boats to put them on board any which had room for them, and then return for a fresh cargo. The truth is, that if I had not done so, they would have been still there instead of so speedily reaching this place, where they arrived so very opportunely. . . .

May 19.

. . . . P.S. Perhaps this may reach you before my former one to say that Tarragona is besieged by Suchet, with a mere 10,000 men instead of fifteen which it requires. The place can't be taken if C. Verde is worth his salt; but it sadly wants the materials which I hope we shall take to it from Alicante.

Off Cape St. Martin: May 25.

Doyle tells me that before the revolutions in this country, Berthier was employed upon a hill near Denia, called Mongou, in the guise of an astronomer and surveyor, with a small guard of five persons, as soldiers, three of whom were engineers, which shows how methodically Buonaparte plans his villanies. By way of contrast, I remember when Colonel Fyers (the chief engineer of Gibraltar at the time) was politely suffered

by the Spanish Governor of Ceuta to view the works, he considered it a point of honour to take no memorandum whatever of what he saw. I am not sure that we were absolutely at peace with Spain at the time, moreover; but such was his answer to the Duke of Kent, who asked him if he had any written remarks on the place. Amongst other good effects of a revolution in an enslaved country is the bringing out of obscurity such men as the famous Rovira, the hero of San Fernando de Figueras. Colonel Rovira was a poor curate at the time of the revolution, and became at once a partisan in the desultory defence of his country. He appeared in a sort of military jacket when he came to visit Doyle, which is more finery than he usually wears. He had a round oil-cased hat, black waistcoat and pantaloons, with the alpargatas, or sandals worn by the peasantry instead of shoes; and his manner is as simple and unpresuming as his dress. Indeed he is in appearance like the generality of the *people* of this country, tall, robust, and well-made, with a good expression of countenance, which does not amount to beauty. Of all those who were concerned in the seizing the fortress, not one could have hoped for his life if they had failed—and of this they were all quite aware beforehand. Rovira's whole number was 464, partly Agueridos and partly his own corps, Expatriados, all volunteers. The former name, although more particularly describing tried people, veterans, in former times, was given, since the revolution, to a corps composed of peasants; the latter means those who left their native places when the French became possessed of them. Another body of about 400, under Rovira's command, remained as a reserve near the fortress, ready to follow up the success of the former, if they gained possession. But I must here mention that those to whom Rovira thus entrusted his life and that of his noble corps, were Pedro Pons (or Pon), a sort of chaunting novice, who contrived to become favourite servant to the French Commissary, his brother, and his brother in law; with a fourth, whose description I did not hear. This boy, who had kept up an occasional communication with Rovira during the whole time of his being in the castle, procured duplicate keys of one of the stores, which seems to have been in charge of the Commissary,

and which had a door opening into the ditch of the fortress. The French had taken the precaution of building the latter up; but it was broken through without much difficulty, owing to the apparent security of that part and it being consequently unguarded. The number of the enemy forming the garrison of the castle was eleven hundred, and there was a corps of 700 more in the town of Figueras. The moment the Spaniards entered, each officer flew to his allotted post, seized the French guard and placed his own. And after all the necessary points were so occupied, there remained only 133 Spaniards to receive and secure the 1,100 prisoners; which, although they were then disarmed, was, as Rovira himself observed, *a very nervous moment.* The whole who were put to death on this occasion did not exceed four or five, so completely were the French taken by surprise. And I have now an anecdote to wind up with which will delight you. General Guillot, the French Governor, had offered rewards for Rovira more than once, in order to get him assassinated or put into his power. When Rovira found this wretch in his possession, unarmed and bewildered with surprise, he reminded him of the base offer he had made, and told him he was the Rovira he wanted, at which the other became alarmed, as expecting the retaliation he was entitled to meet with. But Rovira said to him: 'You shall now see the difference between the conduct of "un hombre leal" and yourself. Wickedly and infamously as you have acted towards me, and although your life is now in my power instead of mine being in yours, *I forgive you.*' . . . . You will be struck by the different account I have now given of the capture of San Fernando de Figueras, and you will see how difficult it is to get at real facts. The present story is, however, from Rovira himself, who I find was a mere curate when he took up arms, as many more have done who were similarly situated, and with equal success. There is a man who still goes by the designation of 'El Cura,' who has been twice wounded, and who, in spite of the different rewards offered for his apprehension, and his description having been given out to the French army, still keeps up his intercourse with Madrid, and has, within these four months, inspected the fortifications of every place garrisoned by the

French. I had before met him at O'Donnell's, and upon seeing him again in Valencia, I could scarcely escape being kissed by him. Besides the objection we English have to this custom—which, however, wears down to a mere hug, as I have observed lately—the combined odour of garlic and tobacco increased the dislike. It is nevertheless very pleasing to my mind to witness the impression of gratitude upon the minds of such men as these for the assistance they receive from our country in this sacred cause. And I do not believe the whole world can produce so many instances of disinterested patriotism, of voluntary ardent sacrifice of every worldly consideration, and of patient *enduring* courage in the execution of their object, as Spain has produced since the revolution. But my admiration is the more excited by the far greater part of these instances being drawn from amongst the *people*, the *substance* of the country. There is an instance of a merchant of Zaragossa, named Clementi, not only serving personally with the highest credit during the siege, but giving all his stores and all his property in defence of the place; and he is now actually penniless, with a wound that has placed him on crutches for life! Doyle tells me that after he was wounded and almost heart-broken, the very circumstance of an Englishman visiting his bedside, and brightening the prospect which appeared so darkened by misfortune, cheered his mind extremely; and the poor fellow seemed delighted with the marked attention we paid him during his visit to Doyle at Valencia, the other day. I hope to be able to procure you a set of prints of Zaragossa in its different sufferings, the sketches of which are excellent and highly interesting. Heavens! what noble proofs of female heroism did that single spot produce! Is it not then the fault of the men that the women are not equally virtuous in other respects? See a Grandee smoking his cigar, doubting which side to take in this contest, and bent alone upon sensual gratification; whilst the weaker sex, whom he contemplates as mere objects of his sensuality, are bringing their wounded countrymen out of dangers which would stagger the firmness of many of those whom nature destined to be their support and protection! There is a woman now at Tarragona, and at the Olivo (the

advanced post), who served during two si
that of Tortosa. There is another whom
of sufficient consequence to place under ε
ing her prisoner, and to send her to Fı
many other instances of their being sent a
prisoners on account of their equally o
There was a young man of fortune in Ir
shall, who, inspired by the cause, came to
at the revolution, whose death would have
of anything but the base, supine sort of
himself on being a Spaniard of the hi
some earlier specimens of courage, he wε
defence of Gerona. When a practicable
Marshall took the command of the troops
it. Three times did the French attempt it
they beaten off by the bravery of their
Completely foiled in this, they retired, and
on to another breach equally practicable
they met poor Marshall in the centre o
there the noble fellow was killed after ε
enemy! Will you believe that the Ju
Doyle's request, write his poor widow th
of his conduct, because they did not know
her abode and address, although D. assur
letter, through the Secretary of War in L ..., would certainly find her? D., of course, did it himself; but how much better would it have come from the representatives of the nation he had so nobly served! I cannot help repeating the remark that the intolerant religious distinctions of the English Government have deprived us of some of the best blood which the United Kingdom produces; whilst, in unison with the very men thus banished from our service, we have been fighting the battles of foreign Roman Catholics, after having drawn our swords in favour of people of every religious persuasion, not excepting the Mahommedan.

June 6.

I was very much pleased to find Henry O'Donnell at Valencia, and doing well, the ball which had been in his thigh these two years having been successfully removed by his surgeon.

In answer to my question of what I could do for him at Tarragona, he said, 'Destroy the enemies of my country.' Poor fellow! he is so anxious to be doing, that I shall not be much surprised if he accompanies any movement of his brother's army in his carriage. The carriages of this country, however, are little easier than a cart, and his wound was bleeding a good deal yesterday, in consequence, as the surgeon thinks, of another large piece of bone. Charles O'Donnell, who has been serving under Lord Wellington, speaks of him and his army as the most perfect military system which it has ever fallen to his lot to contemplate. In the early part of Massena's retreat, he left a strong corps upon an eminence (11,000 men), so situated as to induce Lord W. to make a decisive attack on it, whilst he (Massena) continued his retreat. Lord W. accordingly sent one corps on his left to flank the right of this position, and another on his right, intending with 15,000 men composing his main body, to attack the position in front. The position was extremely strong, having a deep ravine on its right, through which the first-mentioned corps detached by Lord W. would have to pass; and upon Lord W. observing the enemy retire suddenly from it, and yet with great regularity, he instantly ordered the retreat of the two detached corps, and secured the whole army in the lines from which it had advanced. Nobody understood the meaning of this, and all were surprised at it. At dinner Lord W. said, 'I dare say, O'Donnell, you thought me mad, and considered my conduct as very extraordinary.' 'No, my Lord, I can't doubt your having a good reason for everything you do.' Lord W. only observed, 'Depend upon it, Massena thought he had caught me.' And so it was afterwards ascertained, through an officer who deserted, that M. had returned, by a whole night's forced march, to the height immediately in the rear of the position his 11,000 had occupied; from whence he vainly expected to have fallen suddenly upon our army, divided and unconnected. There was certainly much good generalship in this plan of Massena, but undoubtedly much more in Lord Wellington, who, by his quickness of military perception, avoided the snare so artfully laid for him. Custaños's letter respecting the late

glorious victory gained by the allied army at Albuera under Beresford, which is so important in its consequences, and which does so much honour to the commanding generals, gives also further proof of the abilities of Lord Wellington, by observing that the battle was gained on the precise spot pointed out by Lord Wellington as a very advantageous position.

June 12.

I am now worrying with disappointment at the anticipated failure of a plan for the relief of Tarragona, which I fear is not likely to be executed in the way I had reason to expect. I agreed to collect all ships within my grasp at Peniscola, in order to transport 4,000 troops to succour Tarragona; and under the by me clearly understood intention of landing them at the town, in order to make a decisive sortie, I consented to embark three battalions, consisting of about 750 men each, in 'Blake,' 'Centaur,' and 'Invincible,' putting a fourth in the transports, and a fifth in the feluccas. The sacrifice of carrying so large and so dirty a set is not trifling; but the prospect of having them detained on board, because the general, Miranda, thinks by his instruction (or by his inclination, probably) that it is better to wait and consult, and take the enemy in flank, makes me feel as if a deception had been passed on me, in order to extract from me the pledge I have given, that I would see them back to some part of Valencia; and the deep responsibility which I have thus taken upon myself hangs very heavy upon my mind.

June 13.

We contrived to land all the troops last night in the garrison. This event has animated the place considerably, and I do not now object to the plan I am actually executing at this time, of re-embarking them for the purpose of making a descent upon another part of the coast. My mind is much more at ease, at all events; and I am sure the brave people of Tarragona will give credit to my zeal in their service. The cause of Spain, let our orators at home say what they may, is the cause of England, and there is no exertion which we can make in its favour, *coute qui coute*, which will not be well employed for our own particular good. The scene of this

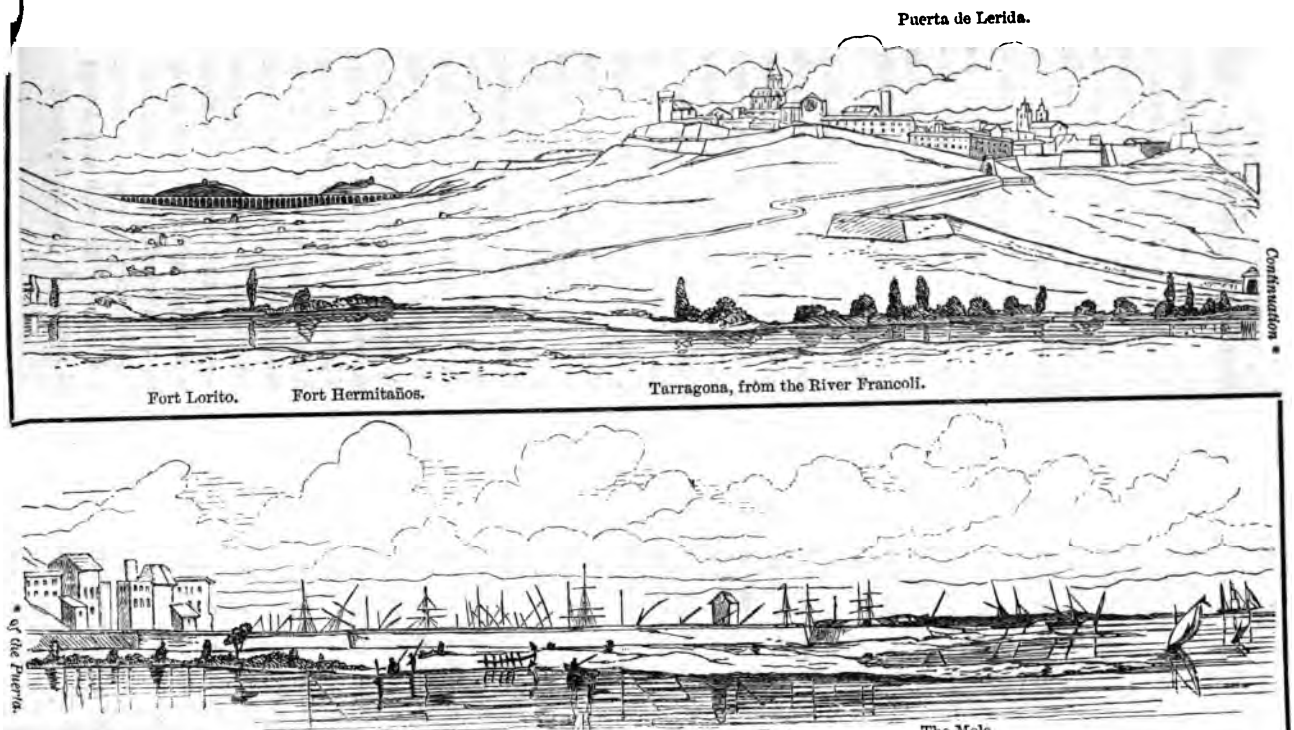
place is somewhat terrific to an unaccustomed eye and ear; but I suppose Sarsfield would hardly be at ease without it. All the engines of destruction were in full employment the whole of last night, and I think the result must be unfavourable to the French, as the Spaniards did not suffer by it. Most nobly has this garrison done its duty thus far.

Tarragona: June 19.

The French press the siege very hard; but I think we must have annoyed them very much last night with our launches, and the gun-boats which I have put into the hands of this squadron because the Spaniards cannot man, or rather because they do nothing with them.

June 23.

Yesterday, I led the squadron to an attack on the enemy's position which drove them back considerably, and enabled the Spanish guerrillas to take up the ground which they had left. The French are, however, forming a battery with their usual expedition: and this brave garrison, which has had to contend against the utmost efforts of perhaps the best general belonging to the French army, will probably have to defend a breach in the wall of the town in a few days. The final safety of the place depends solely on the conduct of Campo Verde's army. You need not be uneasy about my health, for I find myself equal to passing three or four nights following in my gig, and bearing more fag with impunity than I conceived I could have borne at all. My anxiety about the fate of this place I cannot express to you! It is scarcely to be believed that Cadiz should have sent us no assistance whatever, and yet probably the bombs may now be lying idle there. Admiral Fremantle has exerted himself at Mahon in sending all in his power, but if I had not taken upon myself the responsibility of keeping the three sail of the line and transports, the place would have been gone. Besides the supplies we have brought, I have sent away all their wounded, their women and children and useless mouths, which, though more silent, are not less useful services than checking the advance of the enemy by guns. I cannot describe to you the scenes of misery and distress which are borne with such wonderful fortitude and perseverance. God ever bless you and yours!


Puerta de Lerida.
Continuation
Fort Lorito.
Fort Hermitaños.
Tarragona, from the River Francoli.
* of the Puerta.
Fort.
The Mole

Tarragona: June 28.

Five days have elapsed since I wrote you one single line, and yet it would have been a great relief to me if I could have thus beguiled a few of the anxious minutes from which I have now scarcely any relief. The pressure of the enemy upon this place has brought its affairs nearly to a crisis, and perhaps to-morrow its fate will be decided. The loss of the Puerto on the 21st, enabled the enemy to commence works within breaching distance. On the 26th, the 'Regulus' with some transports brought Colonel Skerrett with 1,000 of Graham's English troops and 100 artillerymen to defend the garrison. But under the joint responsibility of Doyle and myself, Colonel S. has decided not to land here, whatever he may do elsewhere. It is evidently too late for them to save the place by locking themselves up in it, and it is absolutely impossible for me to ensure their re-embarkation at such an open place, in case of any disaster. The whole Spanish army will be animated by their junction even with this handful of English, and the chiefs press it strongly. But I will not sanction it with my advice, unless I see some prospect of effectual success arising out of it. To describe to you in just colours the scenes of horror which hourly present themselves to us, is impossible. But they all help to confirm the impression which is received by every Englishman who comes to this place. The poor wounded, the women and children, who crawl down to such little crevices of the rocks as they think will best admit of their embarkation, and there wait patiently sometimes through a whole night for the possibility of our boats taking them off, become the constant objects of the enemy's fire from such guns and mortars as will reach them. The cruel inveteracy with which this system is practised, strongly marks the character of the French and of the war they are now waging. Observe, it is at these people on the rocks that their fire is directed, when the swell does not even admit of our boats attempting to go near them; but although the firing upon our boats may be legitimate warfare, the doing so, when they are solely employed in carrying off the women and children, is like killing those who go out to bury the dead.

Many years after, we were talking of Lord Lynedoch—(i.e. Sir E. Codrington and Lady Bourchier):

'Graham,' said he, 'once did a very handsome thing by me—he placed two crack regiments at my disposal, leaving it to me to judge and decide whether they should, or should not, be landed at Tarragona—it was a very handsome compliment to my character!

'That *was* a night! (June 26th, 1811.) I went on shore in my boat to ascertain the state of things, taking with me Doyle, and Skerrett Colonel of Engineers, and one or two others.

'When we returned to the shore for the purpose of coming off again, we found the night very dark, and a heavy swell into the bay. I stood on the projecting rock where we had landed, and the surf came up to my knees: the boat was tossed violently up and down. I called to my coxswain, Hagley, "Tell me when to jump, for I cannot see the boat." "Jump now, sir," he answered instantly. I did so, and found myself in the stern sheets of the boat with my shins broken. I then called out to the others, "Here I am, jump down upon me;" and in truth they did so. All this caused the boat to get aground, and she was fast by the stern while the shells fell thickly round us in the little bay; for the French suspected a landing of troops. Before we could get clear of the shore a shell came whistling towards us, which we all felt sure must do for us. We did our best to get the boat off. Sure enough the shell came right for us and burst in the water exactly under the boat—the explosion raised up her stern and enabled us to get her off. I then said to the officers, "Now you may tell Graham from your own evidence whether I could ensure getting the men off again if once we landed them!"

'It was very well we did not land the regiments, for the place was taken the next day; and without being able to save it they would have been obliged to capitulate.

'The only thing Graham said to me when he trusted them to me, was, "Do not put them in a situation to be taken or to capitulate."'

General Memorandum by Captain Codrington.

'Blake,' in Tarragona Roads: June 25, 1811.

Whereas, from the present distressed situation of Tarragona, many families may be obliged to embark without the necessary means of existence, until they can be conveyed to other places on the coast, where the customary generosity of the people will ensure them a share of what they may have for their own subsistence:

It is my direction that the ships of the English squadron furnish them with such provisions, for the time of their embarcation and transport, as the humanity and liberality of our country will dictate:

A separate account of the provisions so expended, is hereafter to be given to me. . . .

And again, when all farther exertions were rendered useless, by the surrender of the place, he issued the following notice:

'Blake,' in Tarragona Roads: June 28.

Whereas, in consequence of the town of Tarragona being taken this evening by assault, numbers of the troops and inhabitants have been received on board the different ships and vessels of the squadron, perfectly naked, it is my direction that they may be supplied with such articles of clothing as a due regard to decency and humanity may require.'[1]

Captain Codrington to Admiral Sir Charles Cotton.

'Blake,' off Tarragona: June 29, 1811.

Sir,—Yesterday morning at dawn of day the French opened their fire upon the town; about half-past five in the afternoon a breach was made in the works, and the place carried by assault immediately afterwards. From the rapidity with which they entered, I fear they met with but little opposition; and upon the Barcelona side a general panic took place. Those already without the walls, stripped and endeavoured to swim

[1] The expense of the above provisions and clothing was allowed by the Government, but other expenses fell on Capt. Codrington himself, who, while on the station, expended out of his private fortune above 1,000*l.* a year, besides his pay.

off to the shipping; whilst those within were seen sliding down the face of the batteries, each party thus equally endangering their lives more than they could have done by a firm resistance to the enemy. A large mass of people, some with muskets and some without, then pressed forward along the road, suffering themselves to be fired upon by about twenty French, who continued running beside them at only a few yards' distance; at length they were stopped entirely by a volley of fire from one small party of the enemy who had entrenched themselves at a turn of the road, supported by a second a little higher up, who opened a masked battery of two field-pieces. A horrible butchery then ensued; and shortly afterwards the remainder of these poor wretches, amounting to above 3,000, tamely submitted to be led away prisoners by less than as many hundred French. The launches and gunboats went from the ships the instant the enemy was observed by the 'Invincible'—which lay to the westward—to be collecting in their trenches; and yet so rapid was their success, that the whole was over before we could open our fire with effect. All the boats of the squadron and transports were sent to assist those who were swimming or concealed under the rocks; and notwithstanding a heavy fire of musketry and field-pieces, which was warmly and successfully returned by the launches and gunboats, from five to six hundred were thus brought off to the shipping, many of them badly wounded. . . .

. . . . It is impossible to detail in a letter all that has passed during this short but tragic period. But humanity has given increased excitement to our exertions, and the bodily strength of Captain Adam has enabled him perhaps to push to greater extent that desire to relieve distress, of which we have all partaken in common. Our own ships, as well as the transports, have been the receptacles of the miserable objects which saw no shelter but in the English squadron; and you will see by the orders which I have found it necessary to give, that we have been called upon to clothe the naked and feed the starving, beyond the rules of our service.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Captain Codrington to Mrs. C.

June 29.

Alas! my dear Jane, the sad history of Tarragona is finished, and it is now fast becoming a heap of ashes. It was breached and assaulted yesterday at six o'clock, and within half an hour it was in possession of the enemy with all the garrison, who were killed by them in the most wanton and barbarous manner, except some few hundred saved by the boats of the squadron and transports under the fire of musketry and field-pieces! Some threw themselves over the walls, others stripped for the chance of swimming off to the ships; and none who appeared on the east side of the place ever dreamed of defending themselves against their butchers, who treated them as a flock of sheep destined for slaughter! This horrible event, after all the anxiety I have undergone on account of this place, has depressed my mind so much that it is necessity alone that gives me energy to go on with the duties I have still to perform. I was overset by the distress, the manly expression of sorrow which the Baron de Eroles showed upon receiving the sad tidings this morning on his arrival on board, previous (as he expected, poor fellow) to his leading out 4,000 of the garrison in a sortie! My heart bleeds for him almost as much as for Catalonia itself, with which he is identified. On pressing my hand just now, he said,—'I repeat to you the solemn pledge I gave upon hearing of the sad disaster which has befallen Tarragona,—that my every action and every thought shall be directed to the liberty of my country!' I will only add, as time presses and this letter may perhaps never reach you, that I am strong enough not to suffer in health by all I have undergone; but that I am more than ever sensible that war, with such horrors as I have lately witnessed, is not calculated for me who desire to live and die in the bosom of my family.

Off Villanueva: July 2.

The fall of Tarragona is a sad, sad blow for poor Catalonia, having lost with it the largest division of her best troops; and there is no calculating upon a termination of the ill-consequences.

Figueras, the capture of which made such a sensation, will not, I fear, hold out three weeks; for without an army to raise the blockade nothing can be done: and there are almost 5,000, some of the best troops in the world, there, which will share the same fate as those of poor Tarragona. A partisan warfare is all which can now be supported; and a change of system must be adopted before even that can be well organised. . . .

July 3, 8 A.M.

I have a number of poor women on board with their children, whose histories will excite your sympathy in the protection I have extended to *them* more particularly; not that these are singular cases, but because they happen to have fallen more immediately under my notice. I had been giving directions to the gunboats, &c., in a skirmish along the coast, and was returning at dusk along the beach to see if there were any unfortunate wretches stlll left on the rocks by the boats which had been all day carrying off the wounded, women, and children to the transports (Doyle being with me), when we came up to two women and four children, who were just about to return to the town in despair, after having remained on the rocks the whole day without food, or even water; subject to the fire of shot and shells, which were particularly directed with the most savage malignity to the spot where the poor people huddled together for embarcation. The first we addressed was a single woman, holding the infant of the other in her arms, whilst that other, lean, miserable, and dejected, was suckling another infant, whose mother, ill, and unequal to the care of it, was taken away in one of the boats, they knew not where! The scene was really touching: but what will you say when I tell you that this poor half-existence of a woman had never seen or heard of that mother whose child she was thus fostering at a time when many a heart boasting of sensibility would have almost called Nature herself to justify her forsaking her own! There was no hesitation; they were all taken into the boat, each of the boat's crew presenting his jacket to cover them; for the little, generous creature, who so particularly attracted our attention, had two elder ones also to support, one of which

was ill. My next care was to seek the lost mother, who was found on board one of the transports, and whose expression upon seeing her child with the rest of the party I shall not easily forget! But our attention was soon diverted to another object; for with the sick woman came another, who was actually delivered in the jolly boat alongside before any other help than Nature's could reach her! In short, I found it necessary to have a regular harem, including nurses. The planked place betwixt the booms with the awning over it is made a regular habitation; the mother and child joined the party there from the gunner's cabin where they were first received, and the whole are thriving and cheerful. I dare say they live better than they have lately done, indeed; but their smiles under their particular circumstances are rather surprising to us more gloomy English, and would appear to arise from that habit of misfortune which tells them that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' The woman just delivered of her daughter was abruptly told by a Spanish officer, the third day after her being on board, that her husband was killed the night before; another had to bewail her two brothers, and all my poor little protégée with her three children could learn of her husband, was that he tried to pass the French without success, and returned towards the town! What I am to do with them Heaven knows! I wished to land them here; but the French still remain, and I must not yet think of it. The numberless brutalities and cruelties committed by the French it would give you no great pleasure to hear detailed. It is wonderful how well our boats escaped upon the whole. Our barge was swamped and overset, by a shot passing through both her sides, without losing more than one woman and child, who were killed, and without any others or the crew suffering more than a ducking, with the loss of their clothes. We even succeeded in getting the boat on board, and she was as well as ever a few hours afterwards. . . . The number of Spaniards I have to receive and communicate with, is enough to worry the Devil; and it is all owing to their unwillingness to do their duty. A young officer here to-day would not condescend to answer one of these poor women about her husband, until I

insisted upon it in strong terms, and Doyle, equally annoyed, told him that, as he did not choose to be occupied by her concerns, neither did *he* with his, and he might go his ways.

At anchor off Mataro: July 6.

I have been placed in a most important situation, inasmuch as upon my conduct and decisions the fate of Tarragona *appeared* almost to depend. The stimulus given me by this conviction in my own mind, led me to take a more extensive part than came within the comprehension of my orders and instructions, and the contemplation of the success which the activity of the squadron under my orders, joined with the bravery of the garrison, entitled us to expect, gave increased strength to our bodily exertions. Judge then of our disappointment in seeing all our hopes blasted in so sudden and disgraceful a manner; being witnesses of unheard-of cruelties without power to prevent them; and finding those troops on whose courage we had just reason to rely, turn cowards in the hour of trial for want of being properly commanded! That justice will be done to our endeavours by those who hear, as it already has by those who have seen them, I have no doubt. But our good report must now be confined to a narrow circle, instead of being widely extended on the wings of success.

Off Mataro: July 10.

There are, I assure you, so many noises and worries around me at this minute, that it is impossible to write. I never refuse the people the gratification of seeing my cabin as well as the rest of the ship; and at this minute I am sitting, with a large crowd standing betwixt me and the stern windows, staring and making their observations upon me and my bald pate, as well as the rest of the furniture. The band is playing a Spanish country dance at the same time to several melting couples who are protected by the awning from a noonday sun, without one breath of air.

At present, my people have scarcely a shilling amongst them, are moreover almost naked themselves, from having handsomely clothed those who were quite so. As most of those whom we picked up when swimming on the night of the

fall of Tarragona, were without a rag to cover them, my ship's company came aft to ask my leave to give them some of their clothes: to which I consented, although it is contrary to order for any man to dispose of clothes which he has been allowed to take up from the ship upon charge against their pay. And I also ordered the squadron to clothe the naked generally, as well as to feed the hungry, for which the Navy Board may perhaps stop my pay.

. . . . Sitges: July 19, 8 A.M.

A late member of the Junta of Tarragona reports that 4,000 persons in arms are assembled at Manresa, and that in consequence a column of the enemy marching against Cardona by that road, changed its direction and proceeded by Calaf. That the French demanded 10,000 rations; to which the people of Manresa answered that they might come and look for what they wanted amongst the ashes of the city, which, however, they would find guarded by people made desperate by the atrocity of the French general. Thus the cruelty of the general in burning Manresa on account of its loyalty, has turned out beneficial to the cause of his opponents: and I trust the ashes of Tarragona may still prove another such Phœnix. The above anecdote, like some others in my letters, comes rather out of its place; but you will be glad to catch it as you can, and thus I am glad to give it to you. Indeed, there are many of these interesting little events, of which I have no other memorandum.

July 23.

I hear that the new chief does not intend sending me to Gibraltar.[1] . . . .

Off Toulon: August 4.

When off Cette last night in my way here, the ship was caught in one of the strongest lightning storms I ever met with, and, contrary to my expectations, she escaped without any other injury than splitting her fore-sail. In watching the infinitely varied and always beautiful forms in which it appeared, I think I saw as many as seven streams pass along the sky at the same flash as nearly parallel as such forky lines

[1] Sir Edward Pellew had succeeded Sir Charles Cotton in the command.

could do; sometimes again it was nearly circular, whilst on each side of us were dense bodies of this powerful fluid darting perpendicularly downward. It was so strong, so general, I thought it impossible the ship could escape being struck. I never in my life saw anything more beautiful or more awful.

Off Palamos: August 11.

I like Sir Edward Pellew; and I have no doubt that attention to duty will ensure his approbation. He is a man of tried ability and courage, and I think he will give confidence to his fleet in the event of being placed in any difficult situation . . . . Notwithstanding the state of the ship, I go to-day, after dinner, with him to the coast, and on to Valencia . . . . I really sail under a 'carte blanche' instead of orders; for after suggesting his own notions of the service required (which are literally mine, and adopted by him from my information), the Chief has sent me to do what I think best, to send my opinions to Mr. Wellesley, to take Adam again under my orders; if I think it necessary, send him to Mahon to refit, then come out to relieve me, or to go in myself, as I fancy, without any other written direction than my original order to continue in that command. I must own I am much gratified by this style of proceeding on his part, and I will strive hard to show that he has not misplaced his good opinion.

At Areñs de Mar: August 23.

In the morning I stood into Rosas Bay, and saw the tricolour flag upon the castle of San Fernando. Thus has reverted to the Vandal French that fortress whose capture gained the band of Rovira such just credit, and with it Llovra his next in command, with Martinez, the Governor, and 4,000 good troops, including about 1,000 sick. It is scarcely yet known, but by the effect produced upon those to whom I announced it, it appears likely to be severely felt by the people in general, who so proudly rejoiced in its capture . . . . Blake, who has brought 8,000 troops with him to Valencia, is to command the armies of the three provinces (Murcia, Arragon, and Valencia) in the field. To do any good, however, he must begin by hanging all officers who run away at sight

of the French, which will very much reduce his whole army. Suchet, that able and active general, is said to be already preparing for a descent into Valencia, and I dare say upon my arrival there I shall find the country in consternation.

. . . . . .

Areñs de Mar: October 7.

Besides receiving your letters, I am in high glee just now also by ascertaining the truth of Suchet being repulsed in his attack on Saguntum (Murviedro); that Ballasteros had beaten the French near Algeciras; and though last, not least to my satisfaction, that Lacy with our Catalans has taken 900 infantry and 150 cavalry with three field-pieces at Igualada. Indeed, I trust we shall have three generals to show amongst the prisoners. *Ah, ça ira!* You know how sanguine I am, my dear Jane, in my nature, and will partake with me in the satisfaction of seeing the cause of these people successful, after standing almost alone in my opinions respecting them. I may be called speculative, I may be even thought mad by many of our sober friends in England, for still anticipating success in this cruel war; but I trust the sacrifices and exertions of this Principality will prove that my madness has not been altogether without method. But I took up my pen to say other things, and I fear I ought not to devote myself just now to conversation with you, notwithstanding that, my heart being full, I yearn for a *tête-à-tête* with you, banishing all other considerations.

8 P.M.

I understand General Lacy previous to his attack on the French at Igualada, drew up his troops and told them that he wished to take the enemy by surprise, which could only be done by a forced march during the night of twenty-two miles, and that those who felt unequal or at all uninclined to the expedition might fall out of their ranks and stay behind; but that not a single man accepted the offer: that the body of the French army was snug in barrack, and the officers in their beds when the attack began, the advanced sentries being deceived by the answers in French to their challenge, and there being no musketry opposition until the Spaniards were close to the town; that the French, according to a settled plan,

retired to a sort of fortified convent in great confusion, whilst Lacy took possession of the town. . . . . I will not quit these people just now without being relieved, if I can possibly go on; but if I had not yesterday joined the 'Undaunted' my people would have had no grog or wine, and we are short of some other provisions too; the ship herself is quite a wreck, and a miserable object to look at—except, indeed, in my own or such other eyes as would rather see a ship exhibit proofs of persevering service than of lying idle in port whilst her captain is indulging himself.

At Villanueva: October 16.

The last affair of Eroles at Cervera is given thus: 'On the 11th October 380 French surrendered to the Baron de Eroles, with 11 oxen, 400 sheep, 1,000 quarters of flour, 700 quarters of wheat, and a great quantity of barley. The French Governor of Cervera (a deserter from the Spaniards), Perez de Comino, is amongst the prisoners. He has caused to be made an iron cage for the confinement of such Spaniards as refused the French contributions. Upon his capture, however, the Spaniards were of course liberated, and he was himself put in and sent to Cardona.'

October 16.

I have no sooner sent away a letter to you than I wish to begin another whether I have anything to say or not, just as one wishes to find an excuse for returning to bid another good-bye before a long separation. Thus it is at present with me; for my last is not two leagues advanced towards Gibraltar. With that goes some more of my public correspondence, which includes some interesting communications, inasmuch as they develope the characters of parties concerned in the fate of poor Tarragona. It cannot surprise any person that this subject should greatly occupy my attention even still, when it is considered that by the loss of the place all those concerned are liable to be implicated in the abuse of public writers and party politicians. But to you, my real confessor, into whose bosom I pour every feeling which I possess, I may be allowed the gratification of saying, that in no one instance can I by the severest scrutiny catch myself out in a momentary consideration of self-interest throughout this trying occasion, other than

the truly social one of becoming a principal cause of saving the place. To have failed in this is a severe blow, and severely I assure you I have felt it; but still I trust I have not served in vain; and I hope the opportunity may yet be offered me of showing that the measures adopted by me, with Doyle's assistance, were sufficient to have insured success if others higher in power had done their duty to their country. And thus, after my little mental consolation, I bid you good-night.[1]

Valencia: October 20.

Suchet has lost 2,000 men in his attacks on Saguntum, which, being short of guns, and I fear many other things, has made an excellent defence so far. And I trust it will hold out until the division from Murcia arrives, when Blake will attack the enemy to relieve the castle. . . . .

October 21, 1811.

. . . . I am now on my way from Valencia to Peniscola, and thence to what we now familiarly term *our own coast* again. I judged right in thinking our coming would be useful in giving spirits to the people; and I anchored at the Grao of Murviedro and saluted some out-pickets of French with a couple of platoons from the lower and main deck guns, to cheer up the Castle of Saguntum, which must have watched our operations. These platoons which I have introduced make the French very nimble, I assure you. They do not mind one gun at a time, thus distant, but a number of shot thrown at the same time to nearly the same spot can hardly fail of producing effect; and it is very satisfactory to Johnny to see the earth thrown up like a shoal of whales spouting water. Saguntum has stood several desperate assaults, added to what shot and shells the enemy have been able to direct against it, with the loss of only fourteen men killed and wounded, as far as the 21st; nor have all the losses of the Spaniards in any way opposed to

[1] The Spanish General Contreras, in his exposition of the Siege of Tarragona, after detailing the assistance which he received from the English, observes, 'I may say then, with truth, that if I had been assisted by the Spanish army on shore as I was seconded by the squadron of Commodore Codrington, Tarragona certainly would not have fallen.'

Suchet on this occasion, passed a few hundred, including the garrison at Oropesa, which cost a siege after destroying many French, and the battle of Charles O'Donnell with 4,000, whom Suchet, with 7,000, tried to cut off from passing the river; whilst the army of Suchet, since leaving Tortosa, is certainly lessened by 2,000 killed and wounded, and is beginning to diminish greatly by desertion, in consequence of the Consul Tupper's proclamations that the English Government had empowered him to give eighteen dollars to every deserter and two to every peasant who should protect such deserter and bring him safe in. The army of Suchet, being principally foreigners, he is much annoyed by this part of the opposition to his success. . . .

October 28, 10 P.M.

Before I go to bed I must tell you that Saguntum has repulsed another grand attack on the 25th, and that Blake, being joined by Martino with his reinforcements, put himself at the head of his army on the 26th. I really have some right to feel proud that things should be going on so well here, having foretold it when a general despondency made many think, with Suchet, that Catalonia was subjugated by the fall of Tarragona.

Areñs de Mar: November 1, 1811.

Eroles has had another battle with the enemy at Perigorda, where he went after his successes at Cervera, Belpuig, &c., and has lessened their numbers by 600 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. And he is now collecting contributions throughout the Serdana Francesa without interruption. In the meantime Sarsfield's corps is augmenting to such an extent as will shortly enable him to defy the enemy, who already holds him in such high respect; and Lacy is working wonders by his effectual and no less popular arrangements for making soldiers of the whole province. Really, nothing can go on better, although we want arms, ammunition, clothing, and provisions. In short, sanguine as I have been, I had no notion of such rapid advancement as we have made; and in anticipation of some brilliant events, I almost lament the necessity of going into port just now. A better sort of Catalan talking with Thomas and myself to-day, delighting

in the animation of the people and priding himself upon pointing out three fine lads of his village who had just taken up arms, said that the very boys in the streets would risk their lives in opposing the enemy; and the old fellow finished by saying: 'Sooner shall the sun cease to shine than the Catalan people submit to the tyranny of Napoleon!'

November 6, 1811.

Yesterday I received your letters, &c. Dear Edward's letter of the 3rd July is, I fear, dictated by Mrs. Magan, or he would not write *Papa*, which is to me a very disagreeable substitute for *Father*. People say it is unpleasant to part with the endearing appellations of early life. So say I; and therefore I prefer those which need never be changed: and even your little Janey, I desire, may learn to call me *father*.

Off Areñs de Mar: November 11.

Yesterday I passed entirely on board the 'Caledonia' with the Admiral. The unbounded and flattering confidence the Chief places in me is highly encouraging; and thus I have two consolations of no small consideration—the being employed to assist a brave people struggling for their independence, and the receiving repeated marks of my conduct therein (which, by the way, is almost entirely discretionary) meeting the thorough approbation of my Commander-in-Chief.

Mataro: November 14.

Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, I received information at Areñs that the French were here, and consequently weighed directly. And being favoured by a fair breeze we got here about eight, and, jointly with the 'Franchise,' were of great service in driving the robbers away without allowing them time to collect contributions, although they plundered every house they could get into. As the people were actually taken by surprise, and had not time to escape, I did not fire into the town from the ship, but confined our fire to the posts they took up on either side, leaving the boats to direct a few shot up the streets. This drove them up towards the mountains, where they were assailed by the Guerrillas with some loss.

The French had above 3,000 men, and I think the Spaniards not above half the number. Had Eroles been made acquainted with it in time, I think it would have been a good day for us; for only hearing of it by accident after they had been here many hours, his whole division marched, or rather ran, five and a half leagues in four hours. It was curious to observe the systematic way in which the French soldiers loaded themselves. I saw several take off their shirts and put on white ones, after which they wrapped linen, &c., round their bodies, and wore sheets, &c., over their shoulders like scarfs.

Mahon: December 5.

I have no other document than my letters to you of many anecdotes which I catch as I go along. Captain Edward Fellowes told me one yesterday, which is very characteristic, I think. The 'Apollo' some time ago chased a French felucca so near to the batteries at Toulon, that it was an anxious doubt whether she would catch her or not; when the Frenchman secured his escape by pushing a boy overboard, whom the humanity of Captain Taylor prompted him to lower a boat to pick up.

Mahon: December 26.

I have reported to the Admiral that the ship will be ready in a week, in order to meet his wishes, although I have not received the materials necessary to make her so. This I have explained to him, adding that, if I am not to have them without trick and deception, I shall be still without; for into that system, by way of making my ship efficient, and thus lessening my own character for the mistaken notion of benefiting the public service, I will never enter. I stated this to him because I did not like that he should suppose me possessed of resources which are absolutely requisite, and which I have no prospect of receiving; and he received it, I trust, with a conviction of its truth and the rectitude of the motive which dictated it.

CHAPTER IX.

January 1, 1812.

WE are yet too deficient of rope to go to sea; and, although I shall to-morrow report the ship as ready as her captain, officers, and men can make her, I must point out that she has not braces, clue lines, tacks, and sheets to set the sails and take her out of the port.

January 3.

The Chief promises that he will himself see us supplied whenever the means arrive, and he appears fully convinced that I have not exaggerated our difficulties.

Off Barcelona: January 13.

Although it is not very much 'de mon gout' to have a parcel of uncleanly Spaniards smoking me blind, &c., I was glad to have a good chat with Lacy, who communicates with me very openly. . . .

A Mr. Seward, who has long resided at Barcelona as American Consul, and who has just got away from thence after being plundered, as he says, of 90,000 dollars, dined with me to-day. He says nothing can exceed the desire of the inhabitants to turn the French out of Barcelona; of which the latter are so sensible that Mathieu, the Governor, hangs every person who makes any observation in favour of the Spaniards or English; that the French merchants originally connected with English houses during our war with Spain, are more desirous of the place being taken than any others, being, like the rest, pilfered of all their property; that the colonial produce, the only remaining property, has been seized, and is made over to speculators, who have contracted to procure flour and corn from *Gibraltar*, *Majorca*, CADIZ, &c., in return, as payment. Is not this a pretty history? He says that if one of their

vessels out of three escape, it is sufficient to make it answer. The Spanish ladies of Barcelona still will not mix with the French; make a secret of their own little parties which the French would otherwise enter uninvited; will not attend the plays or balls given by them, or dance with them if they do meet them by accident. . . .

Off Tarragona: January 20, 1812.

Yesterday my *curiosity* was gratified by a land battle taking place, of which I was a witness, by necessity, however, more than by choice. Lacy sent to desire I would meet the other chiefs at Reus, to decide upon the mode of attack on Tarragona, in which we were destined to make up a little stage effect. About ten in the morning I accordingly mounted a very pleasant horse, and had scarcely reached my destination when the news arrived of 3,000 French being at Cambriles, in their way to Tarragona. 'A las Armas,' cried Eroles, and away went the different colonels assembled to head their corps. As Lacy, I thought, must want all his horses, I proposed returning to my ship on foot; but he insisted upon my going on horseback, and warned me of my danger in crossing the line of march of the enemy. This caution was not very necessary after I learned their position, nor should I have ventured at all if I had not felt myself well mounted and very secure against being outridden by a loaded dragoon; and, as I must go at once or give it up, I went with an orderly instead of waiting for the escort intended me. Before I had reached three miles, and when within about 300 yards of where the Salou road is crossed by the Camino Real, which leads from Tortosa to Tarragona, I saw the French cavalry at the very crossing of the road where I knew they would have a picket at least, if so far advanced. We turned our heads pretty speedily, as you may suppose, notwithstanding the invitation of the officer *in Spanish* to come on; and having between 300 and 400 yards' start, I felt very confident that the three or four who chased us had no chance; and, although the poor orderly thought it necessary to urge his horse to the utmost, I was enabled to keep something in hand and have an eye behind me. Upon my arrival at Reus I heard Eroles giving his orders in the most animated style

possible, and just going away at the head of the cuirassiers to cut off the French line of march, whilst Lacy directed the order of march of the corps of infantry as they assembled, which they did with an alertness that surprised me. With every respect for my allies, who altogether amounted to about 6,000, I did not feel quite confident of their success against 3,000 who might probably act much more in unison, and was thinking on the possibility of a visit to the mountains, when Eroles brought in two F. cuirassiers who told us that their general had pushed off to Tarragona with their comrades, leaving the infantry, consisting of only about 700 or 800, at Villa Seca, a town just by. As the lives of these people depended upon their telling the truth, Lacy ordered the attack to be made by the corps nearest, sending others to surround the town and cut off every retreat. The first resistance of the French was very good, and an advance on their part from their position behind a wall, surprised me; but they were, I understand, pressed hard on the other side; and additional corps of Spaniards coming up, and the direction of their fire being very superior to that of the French, those who were not killed surrendered at discretion. Whilst this was going on, Eroles had obliged another party which remained in the village to take shelter in the houses, where a proportional slaughter took place, owing to the superior direction of the Spanish fire. I am speaking now from the authority of *Captain Pringle* and *Captain Flin*, as well as Mr. Castle, one of the 'Blake's' lieutenants; who, being surprised and made prisoners at Salou where I landed, were obliged to become sharers of the risk to which those who had taken them were exposed. They agree in saying that the French officers not only encouraged their men in plundering them by permitting it before their faces, but were not above indulging themselves in this infamous practice. I shall never forget the delight with which Eroles cried out to me 'that he had rescued the English officers;' and little Pringle had an opportunity of making a good return in presenting him with a beautiful led horse, belonging to the French General, which he seized in the lower part of the house the moment the tables were turned. When one of the prisoners told me

three English officers were taken, I conceived them to be all mine, and one of them young Lennox, whom I left with my gig: nor did I know otherwise until Pringle came prancing up, '*à la général Français.*' The scene I saw in the field I shall no otherwise describe than by referring you to the description Miss Baillie gives in 'Ethelwald.' The battle concluded by the fire of a Spanish field-piece; and about 300 prisoners, including two Chefs de Bataillon, were marched in one body to Reus, and I should think about 200 were left dead on the ground. It does not appear that any of the infantry escaped, as the remainder were killed or taken prisoners in the town of Villa Seca, in the houses of which they had sought refuge. After a very military repast in a field at Villa Seca, and being told by Lacy that he still intended to attack Tarragona on that night, he gave us horses and an escort, and I was not a little glad to find myself once more on board, where the whole of the officers were drawn up to receive me and offer their congratulations, having made up their minds in the early part of the day that I was taken, as well as the others, of whose misfortune some of my people were eye-witnesses. We weighed anchor directly, and instead of rest after the fag, I was all night bombarding Tarragona, with the 'Sparrowhawk' and 'Merope,' in a cold N.-W. gale, which split our sails, swamped our barge, &c.; but we persevered, standing off and on until daylight; and I learned from a man who (with all others who could) left the town in consequence, that our shot destroyed many of the houses and threw the French into great consternation. This French division must have amounted to nearly 1,000, as I saw about 200 dead and there were more than 600 prisoners; only 22 dragoons reached Tarragona with the General. . . . I think I did well to write so much to you last night, before I sought that rest which my weary joints demanded; and I think this night, which I expect to pass without dreaming of the sight of the dead and the groans of the dying, will quite set me up. But many a night may pass before I feel a taste for this life of war and misery, for which I am not by nature at all disposed.

Captain C. to Mr. Bethell.

(Extract.) February 3, 1812.

You will admire the substance and the English also of General Lamarque's letter;[1] and as it was written in consequence of one of the 'Curaçoa's' shot knocking to pieces the table upon which his dinner was just placed, and he retired with his troops upon receipt of Tower's answer, his veracity is not to be questioned, more particularly as he has given Mataro up to plunder these last three days.

When the French were at Calilla the other day we heard that a very beautiful woman, who was owner of one of the principal houses, had quitted it upon their coming; upon which they sent her word that unless she came to them directly, they would burn her house; and she herself afterwards showed Tower how effectually they put their threats in execution! This is Mons. Lamarque's French generosity, with a vengeance. I have had no letters since the date of 10th November, which makes absence *very very* irksome to one who has a family, let him be made of stuff almost impenetrable. After such a lapse of time one almost dreads the receipt of the next accounts. E. C.

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Off Barcelona: January 23rd.

By a boat which came to us to-day for ammunition for the guerrillas near Villa Franca, I find that Lacy's journey

[1] *From the French General Lamarque to Captain Tower.*

Calilla, this 19th of January, 1812.

Sir,—I am pleased to let you know that the French troops I have the honour to command are perfectly sheltered from your balls.

Now, if you think proper to kill some woman, some child, or destroy some house of your *beloved allies*, you are free to do it, but we will know what we must think of English generosity!

Answer of Captain Tower to General Lamarque.

H.M.S. Curaçoa, off Calilla, January 19, 1812.

Sir,—In answer to your letter, wherein you state the troops under your command are sheltered from the cannon of H.B.M. ships, and the cannonade is felt only by the inhabitants,—this ruse de guerre indicates to me the effect of our artillery, particularly when I contemplate such language coming from a French general. Allow me, therefore, to inform you that it is at the intercession of the Spaniards that the British are acting, and as long as a Frenchman is visible their cannon will not cease to fire.

was interrupted at that place by the approach of above 2,000 French with 3 pieces of cannon, from Barcelona, going to Tarragona, and that he turned back to rejoin Eroles. I therefore conclude there will be another battle in that quarter. I am well convinced that the order I have given to fire into whatever town the French may enter, will do the greatest possible service. Lacy, by my desire, *wrote* me the request he had made to me verbally to do so; and issued a proclamation for everybody to quit their houses on the approach of the enemy in order that they might not obtain either provisions or money, and that the English ships might have the less difficulty in firing upon the enemy as he had requested. For this I think the French were not prepared, because I refused to do so last winter, when requested by some, not knowing how far it might operate for the general good. But now that every able man has compromised himself, if not his family, by taking up arms, or in some way opposing the enemy, our firing upon the French in their very houses affords them the greatest satisfaction. Their houses, poor creatures, you must observe are mere walls, without more furniture or property than the family can carry to the mountains upon their shoulders. . . .

Off Mataro: January 31.

I reached Areñs on the 29th, and was called here yesterday by the arrival of a large body of the French. As the inhabitants had sufficient warning and time to quit the place, I was necessitated to comply with General Lacy's desire to fire upon the town; and having the 'Curaçoa,' 'Rainbow,' and 'Merope' to help us, we have battered the houses severely. We harass them greatly, no doubt; but I, for one, am greatly harassed also, and shall be very glad when I get back to home and quiet. This continual firing shakes the ship so much that the bulkheads make obeisance to it every time we give the enemy a rattle.

I received yesterday letters to inform me of the very precarious state of Peniscola, which is about to be besieged by the all-destroying army of Suchet. All this seems, by the bye, very unlike an amusing correspondence for a lady; but you must be my partner in this as you are in everything;

and, in truth, my mind can only be thus occupied just now, occasionally wandering to my own dear, dear little home, which I can scarcely excuse myself for quitting.

Areñs: February 6.

There appear to me to be, speaking generally, but two classes of people in the Peninsula: the high being the worst, and the low the best that I have ever met with. I never saw a finer race of men than those of Valencia; and as those Valencian regiments which became established in Cataluña were ever exemplary for their courage, and there are many individual examples also which show the character of the people, I attribute the blame which has attached to their armies to the misconduct of their officers. General Charles O'Donnell told me of a Valencian soldier who, disguised as a peasant, was sent to watch the movements of the enemy. Whilst following in their rear, being met by three stragglers who asked him the road to Tortosa, he pointed out the wrong one, and they observed upon it; when he satisfied their doubts by saying, 'You are right, but this is the way which your comrades are gone.' The next question was if they could get something to eat? to which he answered yes, and that he would show them the house. Continuing in conversation with them, he watched the opportunity of their piling up their muskets together in the room in which they were eating, to kill one, wound another, and seize the third who attempted to escape, taking him and the muskets to his colonel. And this man, when asked how he could be rewarded, desired only a month's leave to stay at home with his wife! Another anecdote I this morning learned from Captain Hay, of the 'Papillon,' who was at Valencia when it happened, in the late siege. A French officer one day about noon came forward upon one of the bridges, and seeing the Spanish sentinels level at him, cried out 'Pasardo,' to signify he was a deserter. The bridge being cut across, one of the guerrillas got over with a plank to help him, when the officer made an attempt to drag the guerrilla to the French post. The Spaniard drew a knife and asked the sentries if he should stab him, which being answered in the affirmative, he cut him in the face and

afterwards stabbed him in the side. Still the Frenchman had the advantage in strength, and therefore, after contending for some time, the Spaniard threw himself flat on his face and called to his comrades to fire, by which means his antagonist was killed in attempting to make his escape. The poor guerrilla then got up, very coolly took the dead man upon his shoulders and carried him across the bridge, which he had made for so different a purpose, into the town of Valencia; where by the implements which were found in his pockets it was discovered that he was an officer of engineers. By what I see of the people, and by the indifference which their officers seem to show upon such occasions, I do not doubt but instances of this sort are very frequent.

It is reckoned that the French have lost no less than 3,000 men in Cataluña since January 1, and without reckoning the twos and threes who fell in guerrilla warfare on the smaller scale, I think I could vouch for 2,000. They are said to have received 6,000 from Valencia, and one from France, as reinforcements; but the Spaniards are again recovering the effects of this great effort, and will I trust soon be again upon the offensive, for which I have now the means of preparing them. But I am annoyed to find my friend the brigand Gros, as he is called by both friends and foes, incorporated with the regular army for which he is unfit; and I have offered 300 muskets if he be allowed to return to his daily destruction of the *Gavachos* in his own prowling manner. There is a part of this country called La Valès, and when the French upon being taken call out 'Prisoneros,' and desire to be sent to the ships, they answer 'Yes, to the fregata de la Valès;' where they embark them with little ceremony for the other world! and they speak of so doing with great delight.

I now refuse receiving any of their prisoners, because we have no place to which to send them; and I therefore conclude they will send them all to 'La fregata de la Valès.' Must I not become a very savage by this life? Much as I have been pained by fearing even an accident to an ill-ridden horse, I see our shot knock over the French dragoons with more pleasure than I ever shot an old canning cock

pheasant![1] ——— asks me for some information about this Principality; for which I must refer him to you from my inability to write it myself or even find time for either of my three scribes to copy, so enormous is the load of writing which I have, and yet so bodily unequal am I to the part which falls to my own personal share. I think I shall write to the Chief to state my inability to continue, and to request his help in getting the ship home. But I will go home before next winter, one way or the other, as it is folly to persevere. At the same time I have no positive illness, and feel that rest and relaxation is the only medicine I require, administerd in the cordial of domestic life; for which I yearn beyond expression, notwithstanding a burning desire to see a better prospect arise for Spain, and Cataluña in particular. If we can bear up against the present hard push made by the enemy, that prospect will, I hope, open with the ensuing spring; and I shall gladly retire with the consolation of having so striven for its welfare. That I have served the cause faithfully, my heart proclaims through every artery in my frame; and that frame, though somewhat injured by anxious exertion, will find its renovation, I trust, in the success which may eventually become the lot of these brave and persevering people.

Villanueva: February 23.

. . . . I have just heard an anecdote of Eroles, which, like every thing I know of him, delights me. In the beginning of the Revolution, when neither the Junta, of which he was a member, nor he individually could persuade Blake to succour Gerona, he, on his return to his brethren of the Junta, told them that, 'as General Blake said their proposal could not be done *militarmente*, he was himself willing to undertake

[1] I remember hearing my father say, when talking of the war in Spain, that the atrocities committed by the French in the Spanish villages were such as to call forth the bitterest feeling of revenge in their poor victims: they took to reprisals; and the result was that they gave no quarter and took no prisoners, but killed without mercy every Frenchman they could catch. In order to try and check this, my father himself offered a reward for every *live* Frenchman. In this way he saved the lives of some of them; but the Spaniards were much puzzled by his proceeding, and when they brought their prisoners to him, they asked what he could want with these 'fiends,' whom he had all along been helping them to make war upon?

HENRY J. CODRINGTON.

it paisanmente;' adding, that 'as he had never been put to the trial, he could not tell whether he had the courage requisite to make a soldier, or not; that at least he had honour to support him; and if he failed, he trusted it would be said of him that he died endeavouring to serve his country.' He, however, reached Gerona in safety, and assisted in repelling the desperate assault which was made by the enemy. And after this he wrote to his friends, 'Now that the French have made their assault, I know that I am not wanting in courage, and am therefore confident that I shall make a soldier.'

Mahon: February 26, Midnight.

I could not before bring myself, dearest Jane, to relate to you the sad story of the death of the dear boy to whose future conduct I looked forward with such pride and satisfaction. Poor Lennox fell from the mizen shrouds against the topsail yard, in the chains, and thence into the water, and was taken up lifeless in an instant. How to tell his good father this tale of woe I know not: but if he could read my heart, he would see that his lovely boy shared the warmth in it to which my own children are entitled. Nor is it too much to say that his loss has cast a gloom over the whole ship, and made mourners of all of us who admired his open and unaffected manners, and delighted in his honesty and sweetness of disposition. I am haunted by his dying image, in the midst of my official intercourse even with the Admiral; and I cling to the remembrance of his loveliness with an affection which, whilst living, I felt it a duty to conceal. Heaven protect you and my other dears says an anxious and aching heart.

To the Duke of Richmond.

'Blake,' Mahon: February 27, 1812.

My heart is ready to break, my dear Duke, from having to tell the sad story of the death of your lovely boy Henry!

He fell from the rigging just as we anchored here on the 25th, struck a part of the ship in his fall, and must have been nearly lifeless before he reached the water. His faithful friend, Thomas Lemon,[1] jumped overboard and picked

[1] Son of the Duke's gamekeeper.

him up instantly; but such was the effect of the contusions he had received, that he never appeared to breathe after being brought on board. I meditated sending his body to Goodwood, but the Admiral has persuaded me to bury him amidst some officers in Fort St. Phillip, and I shall myself, at the head of all my officers, perform this distressing duty towards him. I will not longer dwell on this grievous event than to tell you, my dear Duke, that he will carry with him the warmest affection of every officer, and, I believe I might add, of almost every man in the 'Blake.' And I can no otherwise describe my own feelings than by assuring you his loss is not less to me than would be that of one of my own children.

Captain C. to Mrs. C.

Off Areñs: March 16.

I have got an old Spaniard on board who has been my messmate before, and who gives me much useful information, and appears to hate the French even something more than he loves his Cataluña. He is just gone to bed, after telling me that this province contains people to continue its defence for *eighteen years*. He says there are more than 2,000 towns which can each furnish 20 men, which makes an army of 40,000, exclusive of the many large country houses or farms which abound in this country, and the people who would always act in guerrilla.

I was yesterday at Blanes. Although this town is close to Hostalrich which has so long been in the hands of the enemy, and is quite at the mercy of the French who have spies watching it, I am sure the people are loyal and anxious for a change. All were ready to give me information; some told me that the French were expected to pass near that very day with a convoy, and that I should be on my guard; others offered to convey any communications I might wish to make to Milans in the interior, &c.; and the Corregidor and Bailli of the town told me that they would be very glad to supply any wants which I might have for myself or my ship; requesting me to write them a violent threatening letter

requiring it, *à la mode Française*, that if the French should seize them for having supplied me, they might say they could no more resist my force than that by which they themselves levied their contributions. Thus therefore, I wrote, 'Send me sheep, &c., forthwith; I am ready to pay the proper price; or I will send an armed force to seize your persons, fire your houses, and take what I require without paying a farthing.' And thus did I get my supplies, and the thanks of my friends into the bargain.

. . . . My old Spanish messmate has given me to-day an anecdote which is amusing, and which marks strongly the characteristic hatred of his countrymen towards the French or Gavachos, as they emphatically term them. Gavacho, I should tell you, is a term which expresses anything particularly infamous and detestable, and has been applied to the French in the earlier wars betwixt them and Cataluña, which were continued before the war of the succession. So superior were the Catalans at that time to their opponents, both in warfare and in making their escape after being taken prisoners, that the French not having men to exchange, in order to save the lives of their countrymen, were obliged to redeem them by hogs. Therefore, as the Catalan commissioner counted off his prisoners at the confines, with 'pasè Gavacho,' the Frenchman returned 'passez porc.' And thus, therefore, when one Catalan opprobriously attacks another with the appellation of 'gavacho,' the other immediately replies 'porc.' Well, in those times of boasted success and gloried enmity, there lived a proprietor of lands in the Ampurdan (the district between Gerona and France bounded by the Cerdana) who prosecuted the war with such zeal as to keep a considerable number of people always at his house scot-free, binding them to one unrelaxing condition—to forfeit their day's dinner unless they had graced it by the death of a Gavacho!

Villanueva: April 25.

Another visit whilst off Barcelona from the Junta, accompanied by Eroles, brought me here. My letters and the personal explanation I had with the deputies, have changed Lacy's conduct, it appears; and I am quite in

spirits. A general arming is now determined on; and if we can get food, my *dreams*, as many may call them, will yet be realised. Eroles tells me that he had only 1,500 men altogether near Talarn when the French attacked him there lately; and they were most completely defeated: so that if there had been arms for the peasantry, not a man would have escaped. When I get the gazette you shall hear more; and he never exceeds the truth, but prides himself upon the enemy acknowledging that they lose more than he mentions. At Roda his troops killed more than their own numbers; they fired above 150 cartridges each upon the average; and when their muskets were too hot they rolled down stones which did infinite mischief.

My spirits are up, and I must e'en tell you so before I go to bed. The news of the capture of Badajos has reached me since I sent my last letter; which coming upon the same day with the news of Ballasteros's success near Malaga in destroying 1,300 and General Marascin in the number; and of Mina destroying a division of 2,000, taking their convoy, and releasing 500 prisoners who were on their way to France, —is enough to counterbalance the visit which Decaen is now making to this part of Cataluña in order to relieve Tarragona, which could not have held out many days longer, from want of food. I am preparing to do him what mischief I can to-morrow and thenceforward, in his way going and returning. I must own I should enjoy tormenting him a little on his journey; and if Sarsfield be really good for much, he will not let him pass quite with impunity notwithstanding his superiority in numbers.

April 26.

. . . . The successes in the S.W. of the Peninsula will, I trust, enable Lord Wellington to send Graham or some other such man with a division to assist Cataluña. But we are again returning to bright prospects, although we want arms, clothing, and food to keep the field.

May 2.

(After noticing the taking of some prizes by several ships of the Squadron placed under the orders of Captain Thomas, of the 'Undaunted.')

Whilst the ships were lying at anchor with their prizes,

an unsuspecting fishing boat went alongside of the 'Undaunted,' and the fisherman was half way up the side before he found his mistake. Down he went on his knees, and could hardly be persuaded that he would not be hurt. Rejoiced to find himself again set at liberty, he was pulling away for the shore with the energy his crew possessed, when those in the French fort, rather of a more suspecting disposition, treated him with the most spirited fire they could muster. This doubled the vigour of his crew to get over the danger; and their increased animation so added to the fears of their friends, that, more than ever convinced of the determination of their supposed invaders, they blew up the fort and ran away as if the devil was after them. And with this I bid you good night.

Off Mataro: June 7.

I must copy for you the beginning of the Chief's last private letter, because it will gratify you to see the terms on which I am with him. And I have a right to observe that the approbation he gives me arises from my public conduct and my official communications, uninfluenced by private intercourse. He says, 'If I could write a volume to you I would, for all the kind and zealous trouble you have taken to give me full information on all points,' &c. The good effect of this trouble on my part will, I trust, shortly be evinced to the great suffering of the French; and the Comte de Plausonne may again have cause to hate me and my name before long. By the way, a shell from one of our boats yesterday killed three dragoons and their horses at the same time, of which a peasant of Villasar says his own eyes bore witness.

Arefis: June 10.

I had an interview, during my stay on shore this morning, with the heroine of Tortosa, Doña Candia, whose history, if well given, would show England of what some Spanish women are capable. This woman, or more justly speaking, this heroine, passes for being mad; but there is no want of 'method' in her madness; and whether '*north-north-west*' or otherwise, the excitement is patriotic devotion. When her masculine voice, which still rings in my ears, uttered the

fervent ejaculation that 'she wished she were a man leading a body of troops against the enemy,' her 'D'Eon' like appearance, and the ardour of her expression, made me accuse nature of having committed a most unaccountable error. Her mind, her movements, her language, and her stature are all masculine. Her gesticulation is that of madness, and the bent of her inclination utterly military. Even her tears, perhaps from the harshness of those features amongst which they found their course, appeared like 'manly drops;' and she seemed to me a woman only in her goodness of heart, in the benevolence of her disposition. She seems to me to know well the leading characters amongst her countrymen, and to speak her sentiments to them very freely. To Lacy she says, 'Well, General, and so we must become French after all, eh'? 'No, no, never.' 'Oh, but I see they are gaining ground every day, and you have not the power to interrupt them!' Lacy must have discernment enough to understand this sarcasm, although he has not the spirit or the honesty to remove the cause for it. To Milans (whose real character I have before given to you, I believe), who is brave though boasting, and, though debauched and profligate, endowed with the genuine Catalan hatred of the French, she says, 'You complain of the weakness of your division, when it is your own neglect which makes your soldiers desert you. Instead of seeing that your troops are properly clothed and properly fed, you are following your own selfish propensities.' But she likes Milans because he fights and hates the French; and this is the general feeling of the people. She lost her whole property at Tortosa, her native place, which she says was basely given up to the enemy. Suchet took great pains to gain her over to him, and placed an officer and four men to guard her in her own house. Whenever this officer tried to persuade her that Suchet would befriend her, and that he was a very great man, she replied in terms of the most decided contempt. At length she made the officer and his four men drunk, and effected her escape; and when proceeding towards the gates in the disguise of a beggar, the very French officers of whom she *asked charity* aided her flight by driving her away from them in terms of reprobation. The poor soul

receives seventeen and a half dollars a month for her services as a commandanta; and out of this she gives the principal part towards the clothing and feeding of soldiers who happen to be ill provided, unasked for. To one she says, 'You have no alpargatas; here, take this and buy yourself a pair directly;' to another, 'You are filthy; take this money and get your clothes washed.' And when she sees a whole corps thus ill provided, she goes to the Justicias of the town they may be in, and claims assistance as their right; and goes into all the shops begging the different supplies they stand in need of, observing that 'they are the defenders, and entitled to the pecuniary aid of the wealthy and the less active;' and she pledges her own stipend for payment where she cannot succeed without. This poor creature is of a noble family, which one would not find out by her language or appearance; for she certainly swears as loudly as the best of us, and 'calls a spade a spade' without the smallest ceremony. She is, as you may well suppose, beloved by all the soldiery, who universally call her 'mother.' She has not only a great deal of knowledge of the true characters of the leading people, but much useful information as to passing events; and I think I shall be able to turn her intelligence to good account shortly, if these events take the change which I expect.

Just before my interview with this heroine, I had one of a very different sort, with a mother whose son will go to sea with us in spite of every persuasion. I was as anxious as herself that the boy should stay with her, on my own account as well as his, as soon as I discovered that he was not, as I had imagined when I gave him my assent, the son of a poor person who wished to get him off hand. Her greatest fear seems to be about his *religion*. I told her I really could not undertake to make him a good Papist; and that all I could promise was not to interfere with any instruction which she might have given him. Accordingly, with his two shirts and his two pair of trousers, he has brought a sort of catechism to instruct his hat-less head; and the greatest possible delight is pictured in his expressive gipsy countenance. In enumerating the difficulties he would have to contend

against, 'he who had not yet learned to tie his neckhandkerchief without his mother's assistance,' she said naturally, 'Ah, you none of you *can* know what a mother's feelings are on such an occasion.' 'Yes, but I can,' said I, 'although I am not a mother.' 'Then,' answered she, 'you must be a father;' and she seemed somewhat the more contented with her son's determination.

To Mrs. C.

Villanueva: June 20.

Here I am, eating daily of the greasy dinners of my good little baron,[1] and enduring volumes of smoke, &c., which succeed it to an excess which would astonish the Saturday night of a common English alehouse. But with the dirty forks, well companioned knives, &c., &c., we at least escape the drunkenness which sometimes disgraces English society.

June 21, 10 P.M.

Viva la alegria, say I. That animated little fellow, Eroles with whom I have been dining, accompanied by five of the wardroom, has made me half drunk with his animal spirits, for wine I have not tasted this nor for many a day. The cause of our joy is the arrival of 3,000 men[2] at Mahon from Sicily, from whence *they do say* that General Maitland is coming immediately with 3,500 more, destined eventually for Cataluña. As I see that I must feel considerable *self-satisfaction* in any decisive success that may attend the Catalans, I hope it may be allowed that my feelings are not unreasonable. But it is enough to turn the head of any man to hear and to witness in their conduct the admiration which many of these real patriots bestow on me. Several of them who have borne with the times, merely under my assurances of some favourable change, will run wild with the hopes which now begin to dawn upon their country. . . .

June 27.

. . . . Maitland is, I conclude, by this time at Mahon with his whole 6,500 from Sicily, and the others are uniting there; I therefore trust a few days will bring them this way. It is

[1] Eroles. [2] English soldiers.

not possible to describe the present feelings of the Catalans in consequence of this realisation of their wishes. The French must be full as desponding as *they* are elevated, and the officers will be left to fight by themselves, I suspect.

Areñs: July 11.

A little after eight this morning an arrival of a large boat-load of ladies, relations of my worthy messmate of the Junta, Ferrer, demanded my attention; and after a warm set-to at English country dances upon the quarter-deck, followed by a sort of *déjeuné* of fruit, they are on their way back to Areñs and Canet, from whence they came. The officers of this ship join in this sort of thing very pleasantly; and the youngsters, of course, take the hint from their captain, enabling him thus to do civilities by deputy. It is wonderful what distances people have come to see this ship, even from the Puicorda; and I do not think she will soon be forgotten in Cataluña. By-the-bye she is not a little worth seeing, I can tell you; and I know some good ladies of our own country who might be gratified by a minute inspection of her order, regularity, and *contentment*. Upon this latter I set a high value as you well know, and I cannot help priding myself upon my success in this particular respect.

Off Areñs: July 19.

We are just now delighted by most satisfactory letters from the Chief, who will come himself, I think, to see how we go on. And we are not less pleased with proof by intercepted letter of the Castle of Lerida being blown up; which leaves this place, in which they have just collected 40,000 quarters of corn, assailable by our army. I have also an intercepted letter from Lamarque which shows the agitation they are in, although they doubt the coming of the expedition, and also the little hope they have of reinforcements. In short, again I will say, we are delighted. . . . I am ashamed of saying 'I have no time,' when I know that if I could abstract my thoughts I might write to many of my friends, and more satisfactorily to you. But my mind is for ever dwelling upon Cataluña; and after seeing my poor hobby so nearly

foundered, it is not surprising that I should feel so much pleasure in the prospect of her regeneration. In the meantime I am poring over deeds of villany to such an extent that I feel as if I should merely fit myself for a successor to Mr. Bond at Bow Street. I am, however, rewarded by the confidence of the patriotic and the honest, and I trust they will find a good return in the benefits arising from my consequent conduct. To-morrow I expect to have on board, assisted by the Baron, the merchant who denounced to the French general, Espert de la Tour, the four poor fellows whom he hanged at this place for having borne arms against his army in defence of their country; and which merchant secretly conducted the guard to the different houses before the break of day, and pointed out those who ought to die, coolly and deliberately!

July 22.

And still no soldiers! These are very wearing delays, and at such an important moment as this, enough to kill a fidgety fellow like me. I know, however, that Hallowell will expedite as much as comes within possibility, and the Chief is full as eager as the best of us. I have, by catching unemployed minutes, been greatly gratified by the little poem of Mrs. Barbauld. I have both a pride and a satisfaction of a higher description, in seeing such proofs of mental power in my country*women*: and the more I know of other nations the more I am convinced of their inferiority to England in this great charm of society. Surely it is odd that with such notions I should submit to this unquiet solitude, this banishment from the life I love. Fortunately, however, for my future comfort, my services here have been of a nature entirely consistent with my feelings with respect to warfare; and I have escaped those disagreeable extremities to which an officer is sometimes put at the will of a minister, when his heart recoils at the execution of his orders, from their very injustice.

July 25.

I am just sending the 'Merope' to Mahon, and can only tell you that, exasperated at the ill-treatment of the French, the Catalans have poisoned the bread for the troops at Bar-

celona by which 60 have died, and Decaen is with his division of 5,000 outside the place in consternation. Hostalrich has also suffered in the same way, and they say Figueras too. The French have practised this and every other villany on them, and therefore it is only retaliation.

July 28.

Hallowell arrived here to-day with General Maitland, and the troops are expected to-morrow. There are not as many *English* as could be wished, most assuredly; but I trust the poor Catalans will themselves make up for this deficiency.

Off Tosa: July 31.

This instant the convoy of troops appears; Eroles is in consequence very noisily joyful, and I have much to do to dissuade him from attempting a trip to the masthead.

August 1.

I gave you some time ago a couplet in the Catalan, which characterises the French as *ever false*; which sentiment may be shown to be pretty prevalent, by the following anecdote: After the famed battle of Bruch near Igualada, in the very beginning of the revolution, when an inferior number of the Catalan peasants beat a superior number of French troops, while the peasantry were burying the dead it was observed by one who had had his share of the battle, that some were selected from the rest. Approaching the peasant, he asked his reason for this. One of the French calling out he was not dead and begging he might not be buried alive, the peasant said to the other, 'Don't you hear?' 'Pooh!' returned the other, 'put him in directly; don't you know Frenchmen always tell lies?' This anecdote told in the trite language of the country is excellent, but I have spoiled it I fear by writing it during a conversation with others.

August 3.

I just learn that the 'Philomel' is going to Gibraltar, and can only say how much I am hurt by again finding all our hopes blasted. General Maitland has decided on not landing in Cataluña, but on proceeding to some other part of the

Spanish coast! I have just made this known to Eroles and the Junta, and the scene is enough to drive one mad. E. justly says, that if the French themselves had had the management of this business, they could not have made it suit their purpose better. I have never known anything more cruel. If the force was not what he thought enough, why ever come? He might have settled this at Mahon or Sicily.

Of Tarragona: August 13.

Yesterday evening we received what I am induced to consider as confirmation of Lord Wellington's having beaten Marmont at Salamanca. Upon hearing the report I made all possible sail to carry the news to Cataluña. The ship having all studding sails set when passing Peniscola, I carried her within her width of that rock, with the locality of which I was well acquainted, and within only one foot of water more than she drew abaft, and hailing the governor, who was in his bed-room just stepping into bed, told him the news. It was eleven o'clock at night and too dark for him to see the ship, but he knew my voice and observed that it must come from the 'Blake.' I have suffered so much lately by giving credence to better times that I have been unwilling to rely too much on this report. But I announced it to-day to the French in Tarragona, by going near the mole with the English and Spanish ensigns, and the Union at the mast-heads, and saluting them with twenty-one guns shotted. The shot were very well directed, and besides making them bob, made them turn out their whole garrison in honour of the occasion . . . .

August 19.

The glorious success of Lord Wellington being confirmed is a circumstance of the highest gratification to me, and England will be surprised at the extensive consequences. It met me at sea yesterday where I went for leisure and the hopes of a prize also, but I returned here instantly in order to make this event ring amongst the hills of Cataluña and balance the disappointment occasioned by the departure of the expedition . . . .

. . . . I beg you will tell our boys what a gratification it

will be to me to hear them recite and to witness the improvement in their education. In *English* I fear my *sea-sons* have not advanced as I could wish them: but in truth it has not been possible for me to devote as much time to them in this respect as I might have done in other situations. They have, however, had lessons on service which will lead them forward to future credit, and I trust they have had an example of zeal and disinterestedness which may not be unworthy their future imitation. I am not fond of saying to them 'When I was a midshipman;' but I often remind them that during the nine years of my cockpit servitude I never had the benefit of a schoolmaster, or any other instructor of that description amongst the captains or officers with whom I served: and they are therefore bound to excel me in all literary performances. I shall not, however, be ashamed to *show* them,—mixed as they are in blood and qualities, and notwithstanding that the dear little flower of my flock was so cruelly cut off. I can add no more than the old story that I am yours, heart and soul, E. C.

Salou Bay: September 24.

We hear that one of Suchet's divisions has been destroyed at Requana by Joseph O'Donnell and Villacampa, aided by a few of Lord W.'s troops: that Villacampa took 700 prisoners in the castle of Alcañiz, besides releasing 400 Spaniards; and that the army of Suchet has been tormented greatly by El Frayle, who has 1,200 followers. This enterprising fellow a short time ago met 600 French wounded near Castillon de la Plana, escorted by twelve soldiers, who had charge also of some cash belonging to the Custom Houses, &c. Of the latter he made prize, but he not only sent the twelve soldiers on with the wounded, but gave them a passport that they might not be molested by the Spaniards; which had such an effect on this little escort, that after seeing their wounded companions to their destination they all joined the standard of El Frayle. And yet the French have set a price upon this man's head.

Salou Bay: September 27, 1812.

Eroles came to Salou this afternoon to concert future operations and to give me an account of his brilliant little

affair at Arbeca. Hearing of a plundering party of about 500 having come out of Lerida, he started immediately from Reus with 600 by a rapid march of twenty-four hours over the mountains; and by himself pressing forward so as to place peasantry at the bye-roads, he caught three different spies going to announce his movement; caught the French at Arbeca, killed 271 and made prisoners 179, allowing none to escape but a party of horse which never risked the encounter. Three nights without sleep and three days without a regular meal, did not prevent his visiting me on his return to plan future means of destroying the enemies of his country.

He has shown me a letter from Cadiz by which I hear the latest accounts from England, and amongst them a statement of Soult's forlorn condition. I am gratified to find that Englishmen now begin to see this war in its true light, and to value the dazzling and wonder-working victories of Lord Wellington as they ought.

October 3.

I had written you a sheetful of our little attack on the mole of Tarragona, but although I was anxious to take the earliest opportunity which might offer of making you a partaker of and thereby increasing the pleasure I had in our success, my performance evinced symptoms of the fatigue of losing a night's rest in anxiety, and I thought it better o give you a copy of my official letter. I did not like to refuse the lieutenants and youngsters, and therefore was tied pretty close to the ship myself. The French were in great alarm, evidently thinking it a real attack on the town: and knowing all the movements, it was very pretty to see the general fire of musketry and cannon, aided by shells which were thrown at random, and carcass lights, in order to discover the Spanish positions. Nor was it the least pretty part, the sight of the vessels and boats, making quite a mosquito fleet, towing out under the fire from the garrison just as daylight opened.

This, to me, most welcome proposal of making over the little amount of prize-money to the soldiers, removes all the

difficulty of arranging the shares, which I should otherwise have had to annoy me.

Salou: October 13, 1812.

Since the coast westward has been cleared by Lord Wellington's great and ever-glorious victory, ever glorious I trust it may be termed by its good effects being everlastingly felt by a whole people (or in other, but to me unaccountable terms, 'the universal Spanish nation'), I think one may risk letters with more confidence by the trading feluccas betwixt this province and Cadiz.

October 19, 9 P.M.

You would have been amused at a shooting turn-out prepared for us to-day by Eroles. The little Baron himself was no bad figure, poking about in order to kill a thrush with a stocked pistol given him by Sir E. Pellew, in a uniform cocked hat and a round striped linen jacket. But there was an old gentleman in an antique cocked hat, and with a long no less antique gun, that would have cut a famous figure in St. James's Street. And the whole appearance of the different dogs, amounting to above twenty, with the escort of cuirassiers, &c., &c., made a very amusing scene. Sport, in my view at least, was quite out of the question, and therefore it was no very great disappointment to me to have but one shot at an unfortunate quail, which I bagged. The Baron did not get a shot, and similar ill luck attended one of the lieutenants who went with me. But the day ended very pleasantly with a very good dinner prepared by my steward in a tent on the beach, and our excellent friend the Baron returned to Reus well pleased, as he always is, with our harmonious intercourse. Whilst we were shooting to-day a party of his troops were guerrilla-fighting with the garrison of Tarragona, who must feel a little angry at being thus bearded by him within shot of their walls. He tries hard to tempt them out, but they will not risk it just now.

Salou Bay: October 21, 1812.

I have little to say to you, my dear Jane, since closing my letter yesterday; but you will expect me to notice this seventh anniversary of the great battle which excited the attention of all Europe, and lost to England in the death of her Nelson as

much as she gained by that important victory. Time is fast breaking in upon the impression made by the glorious battle of Trafalgar; and the more decisive good effects which have followed and will still continue to follow the not less glorious battle of Salamanca will weaken that impression somewhat more. It is, however, and will continue to be, a day of agreeable recollection to us personally, and I only lament that I cannot enjoy it in your society. Certainly the soldiers have now their turn, and far am I from begrudging them the opportunity of showing that they are our brethren, formed of the same stuff and bred on the same soil. Indeed I have more than once felt hurt by uncouth compliments paid to our service at their expense, feeling sure that they wanted but the opportunity to prove their equal value. Of the opportunities they have lately had they have taken full advantage, and the French themselves are no less glad than the rest of Europe to give them their tribute of applause. . .

Off the Col de Balaguer: November 17, 1812.

We are aiding in the *musketry* siege of this little fortress which guards the only pass for cannon and carriages into Lower Cataluña. I say musketry siege, because no guns are employed, and it differs only from a blockade by the fire of musketry. I do not think there would be any great difficulty in dragging guns up to some commanding height; but as the arrival of reinforcements from the Tortosa (Suchet's) army would occasion the few Spaniards here to retire, I am obliged to hold off from so difficult a task. In the meantime we are taking the opportunity of destroying temporarily, at least, the road on the west side, so as to impede, if not prevent, the retreat of the French army with their artillery. If the Spaniards will pursue this object, which I have pressed most particularly, our expedition will still answer, for it has employed only 500 men and some powder and ball cartridges, of which we have plenty. But when we see these poor fellows working without that animation which *we* boast, we should consider the difference in the mode of treatment. Not a regular ration have these men to the westward who are working at the road, received these two days, as their officer

told me to-day; and that he himself had not tasted a draught of water. We supplied them with water, however, the night before last; but I must say he and his people who came to receive some cartridges which I took in the gig drank our kid of water as some of our sots would have done wine. . . .

Salou: Nov. 24.

. . . . Just as I sat down to dinner two fishing boats full of people were observed rowing and sailing out from Cambrils after a bombard laden with corn which went from hence this morning and had not yet anchored. I must say the fellows were as smart as dashing in getting hold of her. But our boats were up quickly enough to make them push for the shore again in a devil of a hurry, and both the bombard and the two boats are now at our stern. There were above forty men in the two boats, and they might have put our people to some difficulty if they had not shown as much fear in running away at last as they had displayed impudence in the enterprise itself. We had nobody hurt. I know not how they fared, as they took to the bushes, and were quickly assailable only by the carronades. Frenchman-like, the officer shook his sword repeatedly at Richards (my lieutenant) whilst he was making off as fast as fear could drive him.

Villanueva: December 8.

The Chief[1] says, in his last letter, that he hopes to bring Lord W. Bentinck over to this coast, on his way to Alicant, very shortly; and adds, 'I am sorry to hear you complain again; pray hold out if possible. I would lose an arm with pleasure that our fine little gallant friend Eroles and yourself should be able to say we cleared Cataluña without help from either army.'

These are but words 'tis true, but they are very flattering ones; and perhaps he withholds from me the knowledge of having received any letter about my going home in order to keep me from temptation. . . .

[1] Sir E. Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth.

Areñs de Mar: December 22, 11 P.M.

I will not deny myself the pleasure of telling you that Eroles is really appointed to succeed Lacy, and that the official document is daily expected in a Spanish frigate, which is to have the honour of taking Lacy from the province he has so deeply injured. The night before last one of Manso's officers came off to me from Mataro, with *thirteen boats loaded with sugar, cocoa,* &c., which he had taken from a French store in that town, with both French and Spanish papers. And yesterday morning the gallant fellow himself came on board just in time to see that we had got it all shipped for him and under way for Villanueva. He so completely surprised the enemy by a six hours' rapid march, that he took eighteen prisoners, and killed and wounded four officers and about twenty men.

December 23.

I was amused upon going round the ship last Sunday, to see a whole sheep roasting in the galley, stuffed with potatoes and onions. It seems the mess to which this belonged had bought it, like many others, for a Christmas dinner; but it being agreed that there was no certainty of what might happen in the intervening time, they determined 'to have a good *blow-out* whilst they were all stout and hearty.' The prize-money has done the ship great credit, owing perhaps, in some measure, to the power I have here of preventing the introduction of extra liquor. For, besides good clothing, every mess-place in the ship is ornamented with gold, according to their several tastes, at their own expense, and with some degree of uniformity in the shelves, broken by the little variety of their own paintings and ornaments; which, marking contented choice instead of the hand of power, the whole produces a very pleasing effect.

December 27 (Wedding day), 1812.

At length, my dear Jane, we have arrived at that day to which I looked forward with so much confidence to passing with you; and here I am solitary amidst numbers, deprived equally of solitude and of society. It is impossible not to reflect upon the insignificance of the return which I gain for

a life of such sacrifice, and to incline towards resolutions which reason dictates, however unwilling I am to adopt them, and thus make them irrevocable. I really wonder at my own hesitation in this respect, when I reflect upon my disinclination and consequent unfitness for the profession of arms; and the tormenting, although I would fain hope not fruitless anxiety which I have run myself into by my eagerness to establish the liberty, the peace, and the happiness of my neighbours to the utmost extent of the means within my reach. But, besides this feeling, 'honour pricks me on,' perhaps you will say. However, although I do not wish to divest myself altogether of that spur to exertion, I consider the acquisition of that which in public estimation merits such a title as so very dependent on circumstances over which we have no control, that my study is rather to lose no credit which I have hitherto gained, nor any legitimate opportunity of increasing it. Moreover, the road to honour does not necessarily require that one should travel it divested of every domestic comfort, and therefore do I the more repine at my privations. Indeed, in spite of all professional prejudice, and of my greater reverence for those who undergo most risk and personal suffering in their services, I consider him as most admirable in the eyes of his country and most entitled to its gratitude who, in a greater degree, promotes the internal happiness of the people. And whilst the utmost powers of a Nelson or a Wellington can only forward this obliquely, a senator of equal worth and equal eminence, may produce it by his own individual efforts, and secure the boon to posterity. God knows that both here and in England there is at this critical moment a wide field of senatorial glory open, although I fear in either country a disgraceful paucity of subjects who have souls for reaping such a harvest.

December 28.

It is very satisfactory, both to myself and the officers, that the ship's company at this Christmas time should have shown so much mirth and good-humour without drunkenness and quarrelling. You would have been much amused if you could have seen their dinners and suppers on Christmas-

day. Their prize-money has been better husbanded than is common; and, besides good clothes, they had enough to live luxuriously. There was not a table that had less than double what the mess could eat on it, I am sure; and at supper some of the tables were lighted up with ten or a dozen wax candles. My fire is out, and I am too cold to sit up any longer; my heart, however is warm, and warm with the sincerest affection for you.—Adios.

January 1, 1813.

A happy new year, my dear, to you and dearest little ones; and a happy new year ushered in here with the twenty-ninth bulletin just received, giving an account of the destruction of the French army, or nearly so, in its retreat from Russia. I have been hard at work getting copies sent to different parts of the Peninsula, as well as to the Chief, as being most important in the present state of affairs.

January 2.

I have at least as many reasons for writing to you as Swift gave for drinking. I now begin my letter because I am in good humour, or rather because this news from Russia has thrown a beam of cheering light over the prospect of my return home, and opened a hope of that general peace which is no less wanted in England than elsewhere, and which may enable me, like many others who have as little attachment to a life of war and tumult, to pass the rest of my days in content and quietness. The destruction of this northern army will at all events be productive of great good, whether for the purpose of making peace or of prosecuting the war.

Salou: January 6.

Whilst I was with Eroles to-day he received a letter from Cadiz which makes me think his official appointment is actually come, although the courier has not reached him. . . . He has, poor fellow, laid open to me the difficulties he has to contend with in taking this command, and they are certainly such as would deter any honest man from the undertaking, if he were not impelled by a more than ordinary patriotism to risk even his own credit with the people of his native province. I wish you could influence some men in power to send him some

greatcoats and pantaloons, or cloth for making them; and the women of England themselves would do it if they could witness the patience, and even cheerfulness, with which his people undergo the mountain warfare, half naked and less than half fed. I would most willingly subscribe my 100*l.* to be of such a party. I feel a cheerfulness arising from the good news, and consequent brightness of the general prospect, which is necessary to support me under this prolonged absence from you and yours, who are ever uppermost in my heart of hearts. Adios.

January 9, 8 P.M.

. . . . I can most conscientiously say for myself that I have never for one moment swerved from the strict line of duty, or allowed amusement, or even attention to health, to stand in competition with it. In my own feelings alone at this moment I find my reward, whatever other consequences may attend on it. It is not that I pretend indifference to praise; that is, to deserved praise, or praise deemed to be so by my inward monitor. On the contrary, I am highly gratified by that of Admiral Montagu, and not the less so because, unclothed in official power, his esteem alone can follow it; for there are no worldly gifts equal in my view to the esteem of so good, so superior a man.

January 12.

I am sorely grieved to find that Pagès, one of the best men and the soundest patriots which this country can boast, and who, in consequence, has been one of a great number proscribed by Decaen, has fallen into the hands of the French. They had the meanness to keep spies, or rather assassins, for ever following him, and by this means seized him in a country house in the night. Eroles has written to Decaen, and I have sent a letter to Mathieu, the Governor of Barcelona, warning him of the probability that the relatives of Pagès, a man so loved by his countrymen, will adopt the same means for avenging him; that his own countrymen will suffer for whatever cruelty may be inflicted on this occasion, and that it will be impossible for me hereafter, in case of their killing P., to use any further interference in order to prevent a just retaliation. Eroles thinks they will shoot him directly; but as I well know that

fear of reprisal has more effect upon these people than any appeal to their justice or humanity, I hope the decree passed by Lacy, 'that double the number of French now prisoners shall be held responsible for the lives of those proscribed,' will bring Decaen to his senses. For, although Lacy probably made this decree solely to wipe off the censure of his late conduct, without intending to carry it into execution, the French, being aware of E.'s appointment, will not doubt its being carried into effect.

January 25.

Your love of *eloquence* will have led you to attend particularly to this point in our boys, and I shall think no expense whatever ill employed, which assists them in this most desirable of all accomplishments. There is no public virtue but becomes double in power by this acquirement, or shaded and thrown into the background by the want of it. I more regret my deficient education on this point than on any other; not for my own credit merely, but as a means of more effectually promoting the general good. It is shocking to see knavery and corruption bestriding the resources of a government through the medium of eloquent deception, whilst so many men of honesty and integrity stand aloof abashed, unable to avow in the face of the public those virtuous sentiments they would have *reason* to feel abashed by not possessing. This I think the road to the most real and lasting glory, the glory of directly promoting the happiness of one's countrymen without hardening the heart to others' misery. I must own I cannot contemplate the life of a hero (other than such as defend the positive freedom of their country in a time of real danger) with half the pleasure that I do that of a senator who wards off that danger by foresight and by eloquence; because the very success of the former creates the misery of the most worthy, perhaps, whilst the other is the means of preventing it.

January 28.

An hour ago we were quizzing our *anchoring life* in the probability of passing a second night at sea; but a breeze springing up off the land will, I think, enable us to reach Areñs before midnight; and we now take our berth at any

part of the coast, in the darkest nights, with the same familiarity as in open day. One would think I had great objection to being under sail; but, on the contrary, if it does not over-blow, it is the time of my greatest leisure and relaxation; and I hurry about in this way to keep up a more intimate communication with all parts, and to disconcert the enemy, who show some anxiety about my movements. Thus, by weighing after dark from Areñs, or any part of this side of Barcelona, before the French there know of my departure I am at anchor, perhaps at Villanueva, or even at Salou, before daylight.

February 1.

I find the order for Lacy's giving up the chief command to Eroles is actually come, and was published at Vich on the 1st. I learn also that a supply of 20,000 dollars is come directed to me, from Admiral Hallowell, for the army of Cataluña, which is a most seasonable aid; and the 'Leopard,' which is charged with it, is now, I believe, in sight.

11 P.M.

Instead of the 'Leopard,' 'Invincible' is come actually to relieve me that I may return to old England! It is ridiculous to write this, and yet I have a satisfaction in so doing, although I shall most likely be the bearer of my own letter.

February 7, 9 P.M.

Eroles is actually in the chief command, and we have honoured his entrance into office by, as I am told, considerable destruction amongst the French troops passing with the convoy. One of the 'Blake's' 72-pounders is said to have knocked to pieces the wheels and lower part of the general's carriage; and I hear Eroles meditates preventing their return with a fresh convoy from France. I shall hear from him to-morrow, but I shall not quit the coast without once more shaking him by the hand. I have actually suffered two bad nights' sleep from thinking of my return to my dear, dear domicile, and worrying myself that I may not leave undone any duty to Cataluña in the hurry of my going away. God bless you.—E. C.

February 19.

Somewhere near the coast of Cataluña, in too thick a fog to know where. It seems ridiculous to write to you now that I am on my way home; but I cannot resist the pleasure of thus recording the feelings of satisfaction which I brought away from Mahon in consequence of witnessing the general esteem of my brother-officers, as well as that of my chief and those who may be supposed to imbibe his sentiments from having the same foundation to build them on. I have tried hard to overcome self-satisfaction so far as to examine dispassionately the apparent approbation of those in whom envy might be expected to prevail: but I come out of these examinations with so much inward content that to avoid vanity I must now quietly take the point as granted. In short, I am in so delightful a disposition that it is a pity there is nobody here to ask me a favour! I write this ready for the chance of sending it by a packet from either Cadiz or Gibraltar, and it will at all events be ready to send up from Plymouth on our arrival. And that you may know the public terms on which I parted with my chief, I extract the following from the letter by which he announced his intention of sending me home:—

'I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of expressing to you, on this occasion, my sincere thanks for the zeal and readiness with which you have, on all occasions, met my instructions in performing the duties of your station, and my high sense of the ability and judgment with which you have conducted the many difficult and arduous services which have been entrusted to your execution. It has been my care that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty should be frequently apprised of the merits of your services on the coast of Cataluña.'

Cawsand Bay: March 27.

Here we are. I know nothing yet of myself, but that I am as ever, your E. C.

This series of extracts (1810 to 1813) may perhaps be considered as forming a scanty and inadequate account of the interesting warfare on the coast of Spain, in which Captain Codrington bore an active part during those three

years. I could have multiplied them to any extent; and it is with regret that I have suppressed, for fear of overloading the volume, the many interesting details which my materials relating to this period could have freely supplied.—J. B.

From the Spanish Minister to Mr. Wellesley.
(Forwarded by him to Lord Castlereagh).

Cadiz: March 8, 1813.

Sir,—The Regency of the kingdom has commissioned me to inform your Excellency that under this day's date, an order has been issued to the King's Ambassador at the Court of London, to recommend, in the name of his Highness, to the Government of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in the strongest manner, the important and signal services which Commodore Codrington has rendered during his cruise in the Mediterranean; a great part of the successful actions which the army of Catalonia have had being to be attributed to the assistance which he afforded, and to his co-operation and advice, by which army, as well as by all the inhabitants of that province, this officer is held in the highest estimation. For all these reasons, the Regency are most desirous of giving him a high testimony of their gratitude, and would esteem it a new proof of the friendship of the Government of his Royal Highness whatever may be done in favour of a person who has fulfilled with such zeal the intentions of the august ally of Spain, and has contributed by his valour, talents, and excellent qualities, to raise amongst the Spaniards the credit of the British nation.

I have the honour to lay this representation before your Excellency, in order that you may have the goodness to do all in your power that these just wishes of the Regency may have the desired effect.

I renew to your Excellency, &c., &c.,

Pedro Labrador.[1]

[1] Note by Sir E. C. on the letter.—'This letter was never placed before the Prince Regent by Lord Castlereagh.'

CHAPTER X.

Less than a year and a half did Captain Codrington remain in his home after his return to it. The war with America called him out of his retirement, and in May 1814 he left England in the 'Forth' frigate to go out to North America, and join Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane in the 'Tonnant,' as Captain of the Fleet. In this capacity he was with him in the Chesapeake when the combined naval and military force entered the Patapsco to reconnoitre Baltimore, when a most decisive victory was gained by the troops and a battalion of seamen and marines over the American army; also when the city of Washington was taken, the American flotilla in the Penobscot destroyed, the passage of the Potomac forced, and the City of Alexandria obliged to surrender all its shipping in the harbour. He afterwards accompanied the expedition to New Orleans.

From Capt. C. to Mrs. C.

At sea: June 1, 1814.

In a day or two we may possibly be passing over the spot where that battle was fought (of which this day is the anniversary), which excited perhaps as great a sensation in London as did lately the entry of the allies into Paris. Yet how entirely is it forgotten in the more recent events, glorious and ever-memorable as it was then termed! It will not, however, cease to be to me a great satisfaction to have had my little share in it. I have a right also to feel very thankful for my escape unhurt, both on that day and the 29th May preceding; for the danger in which the 'Queen Charlotte' was particularly placed might well have shortened

the days of many who lived to tell the proud story. You may console yourself in the reflection that there is no such risk in our present prospect; but you must also recollect that there is no such harvest of credit to be gained in the execution of the service to which I am destined. In a review of my own life, successful as some may imagine it, I do not see much temptation to recommend the same profession to my sons. Those dangers, both of mind and body, to which I have been exposed might make as little impression on them as they appear to have done on me, and they may escape, as I did, even without a mentor. But I confess the contemplation of it makes me shudder, and I feel anxious that they should begin their journey through life on a road of much greater security. Yet it is of little use my dwelling upon this point, since their own inclinations and abilities must decide it.

July 10.

On the 8th we spoke a brig from New Brunswick going to Martinique, by which we got some newspapers of that place. It seems that the 'Peacock' American sloop of war (of what size I know not) has taken our 'Epervier.' But the worst part of our story is, that our sloop was cut to pieces, and the other scarcely scratched! I do not know the captain or his character in the service. But I well know that the system of favouritism and borough influence prevails so very much that many people are promoted and kept in commands that should be dismissed the service. And whilst such is the case, the few Americans chosen for their merit may be expected to follow up their successes, except where they meet with our best officers on equal terms. It is said that that fellow ——'s people showed no spirit until he was wounded and carried below. Something of the same sort attaches to the name of Captain ——, whose ship did not do as well as her *reputed* discipline promised. This is the case with many of our *crack ships*, where the people, from being tyrannically treated, would rejoice in being captured by the Americans, from whom they would receive every encouragement. I have heard many shocking stories of cruelty and misconduct witnessed by the relators, officers now in this ship; and I

hope the punishments will be more strictly examined into than they are now, by the late regulation of quarterly returns.

The 'Orpheus' has taken the American 'Frolick,' but this is no balance for the 'Epervier,' considering the circumstances of the two captures.

Commodore Codrington arrived at Bermuda on July 13 and joined the Flag of Sir Alexander Cochrane, under whom he was to serve in the capacity of Captain of the Fleet.

Bermuda: July 14.

We got into this intricate harbour yesterday evening, and I shall sleep here in 'Tonnant' until we go to sea.

July 18.

Some very brilliant things have been done lately on this station, which, I trust, are but the forerunners of more. The most conspicuous is that of Captain Coote, under Capel's orders, which, probably, you have had in the papers by this time, 136 men destroying 2,500 tons of shipping close to the wharves of a populous town, and coming out through a chain of armed forces, which were a whole day preparing for them, and, with the loss of but one man, is very fine; and I trust promotion will attend the conduct of the parties employed. The *Major's* proposal to Captain C. to surrender is a capital specimen of Yankee writing, and I hope it will be given to the public *verbatim et literatim.* Next comes a brilliant affair of the boats of the 'Superb,' which destroyed 17 vessels, without any loss, and which will be a pleasant wind-up to the command of C. Paget, as well as that of his ally Capel, who will take him home. And the 'Bulwark' has also been pursuing the same successful warfare. I like my chief (Sir Alexander Cochrane) very much, and I hope I shall make him as contented with me, by pursuing my inclination to meet all his wishes, and to make myself of material use to him.

July 21.

The physician of the fleet told me just now that he went to get measured by a *Colonel Jeremiah Hurst*, the principal *tailor* in the island, who, upon receiving the form of address

suitable to his military rank, condescended to undertake making the clothes required, which he declines when addressed merely as a tailor; but he finished by saying, that since he had treated him with the respect due to his station, he would certainly get the things made as soon as he could, but that, as he seemed to be in a hurry, he thought it fair to tell him that he would get them sooner if he sent to England for them.

July 27.

I can only write a line by 'Halifax,' to say that I never was better in my life, and cannot see anything to annoy me in my situation with the Chief, which is the great point. My heart is very much in this war, as you will see, but for all the duties and purposes of domestic life that heart is yours as ever. I much like General Ross; and his troops, Malcolm says, are glorious fellows for the Yankees.

'Tonnant,' at Sea: August 3.

We are now on our way to the Chesapeake (mind you don't tell the Yankees!), and we expect that the troops will come out of Bermuda to-day in order to follow us. The more I see the more I like our two Chiefs and their notions of the warfare on which we are entering; and if the war should continue through the winter, I think we shall turn the time to good account.

At anchor off the Chesapeake: August 12, 2 P.M.

Wainwright has just been trying the heat of the sun on deck, and his thermometer rose to 133. In my cabin, however, it is only 82. We have just let go our anchor in sight of the Tangier Islands, where we have a fortified port. . . . The fever in this river is not considered dangerous, although it is so prevalent during these two months amongst those who live on shore. The thermometer is 82½ in the salt water alongside, and 78 in a bucket of fresh just out of the hold.

. . . . We are widely separated, and this Chesapeake is like a new world. My heart, however, is not likely to incline to the Yankees, and I feel that it is yours as ever. E. C.

On board the 'Iphigenia,' near Benedict, in the Patuxent: August 21.

We got the 'Tonnant' up this river as high as most of them on the night of the 19th, on the morning of which day we entered it. But the Chief wishing to give the General every personal proof of his desire to assist him, thought it best to take up his quarters temporarily with our friend Andrew King, who treats us in good friendly hospitality, as he did you. Commodore Barney and his Baltimore flotilla are, it seems, gone up this river as high as possible, *out of harm's way*; and our troops will yet have a long march, and Cockburn a long run, to get at them. The sailing up the Patuxent is very pretty; and our numbers all crowded together, without either of us knowing the navigation, made the scene very interesting. It is astonishing how little else than misery is observable in the few habitations which are to be seen on either bank of this river, fitted as it is for commerce, and apparently for delightful residence. In this is the contrast which binds one to old England. I think it may also be considered a comparatively extraordinary circumstance that we have not found an enemy to assail us in the course of about sixty miles that we have explored, although the cliffs which occasionally rise on either bank offer facilities apparently irresistible to a people so disposed to hatred and so especially hostile to the navy of England. The army landed yesterday at Benedict, and I went up the river to-day with the Chief to make them a visit at a place called Lower Marlborough, from whence we left them at two o'clock again about to march. Lower Marlborough is on the left bank, however, and the troops on the right; but the Marines of our flotilla land and take post opposite, and the few Militia which the country has make off as fast as they can go.

August 22, 9 P.M.

An express boat came this evening from Admiral Cockburn to tell us that Commodore Barney had blown up the whole of his gun-vessels at a narrow part of the river above a place called Pig Point, upon our flotilla getting in sight of him. It would have been more suitable to our future object to have got possession of these vessels, but it is at all events

satisfactory to have forced him to such a measure, by driving him up to the extremity of such a river, so distant from the Chesapeake into which it empties, and without any previous knowledge of the soundings. . . . We are seldom out of bed after nine, unless something particular arises; and half-past three has been sometimes our rising hour, not later than four generally, and daylight the latest.

August 28.

Yesterday we got a note from Cockburn to say that our little army met the Yankees, at least double their force, at a place called Bladensburg, posted upon a hill, secured by works, and with ten guns. The battery was so concealed that Col. Thornton, of the 85th, was posting his men to rest a little after a most severe march out of exercise, when it opened a very destructive fire. Tired as they were, our brave fellows turned the position of the enemy, and advanced with fixed bayonets; upon which the enemy flew in all directions. The army then advanced to Washington, the great Federal city, the capital and pride of the Virginians and all other the supporters of the Jefferson and Madison party, and the haters of everything English; the city which secures the Democratic party in power, and in speaking of which the editor of Madison's paper observed lately, in detailing the entry of the Allies into Paris, 'Thank God! our capital is safely beyond the reach of all the powers which can be sent against it!' Upon reaching the town, a paltry set of a few hundred opened a fire from a large house, and scampered away as fast as possible. This house was burned immediately, and afterwards the Capitol, the President's house, the Treasury, the War Office, the *National Intelligencer* office, and some other buildings. It seems that they themselves had already set fire to their naval yard, to a new frigate just coppering, and to a sloop of war, besides the ropewalk, &c., &c., &c.; and they, moreover, blew up the bridge which crosses the Potomac into Virginia, to secure their retreat. To this we are to add about 50 pieces of cannon, and Fort Warburton or Washington, a bomb proof erected to secure the great city. Our loss in killed and wounded I understand to be about three hundred, *and amongst* them are Colonel Thornton of the 85th, severely

wounded by a musket-ball which has splintered the bone of his thigh high up; he is left at Washington; and we have also left about sixty wounded at Bladensburg, who were not fit to be moved. . . . I have taken a leisure moment to tell you thus much, but of course you will look to the *Gazette* for particulars. Madison was in the field of battle, and must be rather annoyed at finding himself obliged to fly with his whole force from the seat of Government before twelve hundred English, the whole force actually engaged. Commodore Barney burned his gun-vessels upon the approach of our flotilla, and then took command of eight thousand men to defend the approach to Washington. He was taken severely wounded, and is left at Bladensburg, on parole. I know not yet the probable number of the enemy killed, but they ran away too fast for our hard-fagged people to make prisoners.

August 31.

We have got our troops all on board again; and King, whose guest I still continue, is just getting his anchor up to go down the river. . . . . I find Colonel Thornton's wound is not in itself a dangerous one, and that the fear of his doing ill arises from occasional spasms of great severity, which may be the precursors of lock-jaw. Neither are the wounds of Colonel Wood or Major Brown in themselves considered as dangerous. And it is to be most anxiously hoped that three such brave fellows may live to enjoy the honour they have gained in the eyes of everybody. There is an anecdote of a grenadier of the 21st, which shows the difference betwixt a soldier of this army, and those of our enemy. The poor fellow, fagged by a hard march, was stooping to fill his canteen at a well some distance away from his comrades, when two Yankees leaped upon him, secured his musket, pinioned him, and so forth. After going some little distance he begged to have his arms untied that he might eat a mouthful of biscuit. This was granted; and as they were going on apparently in a very peaceable way, one of the two stepped forward to see if all was safe on the main road, whilst the other kept charge of the prisoner. They had not sat down above five minutes when the *sentry* fell fast asleep. The soldier watching

for a chance, got his knife out as quietly as possible, and contrived to cut the cord which secured his hands; he then seized his own musket from his enemy and knocked his brains out. But as he was desirous of making a complete job of it, he waited patiently the return of the other, after examining his piece to see that it was in good order for service, and the moment he came in sight he shot him dead. You may think this, however soldier-like, a sort of legal butchery: but it is an act of well-performed duty nevertheless; and were it not so estimated England would not be what she is. But I will now give you an anecdote which you will like better. Madison himself had set on fire that part of the bridge from Washington to Virginia which was contiguous to the latter, and our people were just doing the same on the part joining the former, when a woman, blind, poor creature, with alarm at the supposition that the whole town was to be fired, ran on to the bridge with her children in order to escape. Three of the Johnnies who had just set fire to the under part of the bridge, called to her to stop; but the more they called the faster she ran. They sprang after her, and whilst one seized and brought off in safety the poor panic-struck mother, the others did the same by the children. And thus was this family protected by enemies at the risk of their lives; whilst multitudes of their own countrymen were flying from a handful of British troops, weak as children from fatigue, with scarcely anything but their courage to make them formidable. Formidable indeed, however, has that courage made them. For Commodore Barney, who alone of the chiefs seems to have at all stood his ground, confesses that he did not think it possible that men could have walked up to a battery of *ten* guns in such a determined manner as he then witnessed. It is scarcely credible that men, that flesh and blood, should be brought to such determination. But General Ross as well as Colonel Brooke, who is sitting beside me (quite well) have both confirmed the fact of three men (I think of the 4th) having fallen lifeless with sheer fatigue whilst walking up to this very battery. I believe I have overrated our loss: but perhaps I have underrated the force employed. The bayonets amounted to little more than 3,500, but with artillerymen, drivers, sailors and all,

besides officers and sergeants, they were little short of 5,000 people.

Chesapeake: September 5.

We are now going down this oven of a river with a fine breeze, and after visiting the Islands of Tangier, where, under the direction of Admiral Cockburn, we have gone to great expense, we shall quit it entirely, for the present at least, and I hope with the troops in good health and ready for another dash. The sickly season here is about at its height; and from the uncommonly cadaverous appearance of the natives who are in health, the country, with all its beauty of scenery, is not fit for the habitation of social man. . . . .

September 10.

We could not get a communication in time to send it by the 'Iphigenia,' but we have now to detail the proceedings of our ships in the Potomac, which will make a glorious addition to the business of Washington. They were commanded by Captain Gordon, of the 'Seahorse,' who lost a leg in Hoste's battle in the Adriatic; and his conduct on this occasion best describes his character. Napier, of the 'Euryalus,' was wounded by a musket-ball in the back of the neck; but he will do very well. They overcame difficulties which would have dismayed many men in either of the two professions; and they have have brought out twenty-one prizes, many of which they *weighed*, *caulked*, and *masted*, as well as *loaded*; and then forced their way through the most difficult shoal navigation, in spite of batteries erected to stop them, and a vast number of troops firing down on their decks in the narrow parts. The frigates were even obliged to take their guns out on account of getting aground, and put them in again. In short, it is nothing less brilliant than the capture of Washington, and those employed deserve laurel crowns. We were bent on other plans, but hearing reports of vessels being sunk and batteries formed to prevent their return, we decided on making the safety of these ships our first consideration. We are relieved from a great load by their rejoining us with so little injury, because we had pushed twenty miles up the Potomac with our whole force in order to effect their recovery, if necessary. Jonathan must, I think,

be somewhat surprised to find a ship like the 'Tonnant,' accompanied by so large a fleet, going up and down these rivers by night as well as by day without pilots, each taking care of the other, as the colliers do going up the Swin. We *were* going out of the Chesapeake directly: but the Chief has assented to another operation here at the wish of the General and Cockburn, which I think would have been much better deferred until our return from the northward, according to the Admiral's own plan. I hope and think it will equally succeed, because we are determined it shall; but it would have been better insured by postponement I think, and without danger of illness: and I am decidedly of opinion that our operations elsewhere would have been more favourable to the army in Canada.

On board the 'Surprise,' in the Patapsco.

The work of destruction is now about to begin, and there will probably be many broken heads to-night. The army, with as many seamen and marines as could possibly be spared, were landed this morning, and are now on their march to the town of Baltimore, distant about fifteen miles by land, and twelve by water. The bomb-vessels, brigs, and frigates are all pushing up the river with an eagerness which must annoy the enemy, I presume, as much as it delights me. Three frigates are aground abreast of us, hauling themselves over the banks into deep water by main strength, each trying to surpass the other, and all of one mind—'seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth.' Some of the Yankee troops made their appearance just now, but a shell dispersed them: the four or five mounted officers, however, still remain spectators; not aware perhaps that if they continue there merely thinking of *us*, they may find a worse enemy in their flank. I do not like to contemplate scenes of blood and destruction; but my heart is deeply interested in the coercion of these Baltimore heroes, who are perhaps the most inveterate against us of all the Yankees.

September 13.

Last night we received the distressing tidings of General Ross being killed by a rifle-shot whilst reconnoitring the

position of the enemy. The ball went through his arm into his body, and he died on his way towards the place of embarkation. He is a most severe loss to his country and to us at this most important juncture; and to his wife, with whom, after long experience, he lived in the sincerest affection, the loss of all her earthly bliss! I pointed out to him all the difficulties I saw in this attack, into which he was persuaded by Cockburn and a Mr. Evans, who acts as quarter-master general in this army, and that the only chance of success was in the panic of the enemy, the probability of which was gathered merely from the American papers. . . .

September 25.

I have taken up my pen merely to give you an anecdote I just heard from the Chief. It arose from an observation about the theory of books being opposed to professional practice, of which Sir D. Dundas is said to be an instance; for when an adjutant justified himself one day against Sir D.'s censure by an appeal to his own book, he received in reply, 'D—— my book, Sir, it's all nonsense.' But my story refers to a regulation of his, that in all military evolutions the leading officer should fix on some particular *object* for his direction. Sir D. very angrily accused Lord Cavan on an occasion of this sort of swerving in his movement, telling him he had fixed on no object. 'Yes, I have, Sir,' said Lord Cavan. 'What is it, Sir?' asked Sir D.; to which his lordship replied to the discomposure of all the auditors, 'That pretty girl in pink with the child in her arms.'

September 27.

We have just made the land of Nova Scotia in a very strong north-wester, which splits all our sails and breaks all our cordage, and which is so cold that we cannot walk ourselves warm. . . .

October 4.

I had a very pleasant ride with Commissioner Wodehouse to-day, and saw some beautiful scenery—scenery which tempts me to say—here I should like to live—but for the recollection how little mere beauty of prospect contributes to happiness if ungraced by the society one loves.

The 'Tenedos' is quite in the 'Shannon' style, and it is thought Captain Hyde Parker, who commands her, would on a similar occasion acquit himself à la Brook. The 'Acasta' is also a pattern ship now, having left off that over-polishing which has done so much mischief.

Halifax: October 9.

Upon the subject of Edward's school I think we cannot do better than try the one at Havant. I lean towards this plan because I think a scientific is preferable to a classic education. The latter is a sort of mere polish, which, however it may grace the gentleman, has but little value if the material under it be not of sound and substantial texture. The former makes one man truly superior to another, gives full scope to the powers of the mind, and creates that inclination to self-instruction which is the real education that distinguishes through life. There is no doubt that the greater part of the instruction which people possess is received through their own observation; and therefore, I say, 'teach the mind of youth to observe, to compare, and to combine, and they will educate themselves during their daily occupations, whether they may be in study or in amusement.' No other education has fallen to my share, and I consider you my principal instructress in any points in which I may be at all beyond the generality of my brother officers. . . .

October 14.

I must say, I think the Admiralty have behaved very shabbily about the pay of Admirals. But it seems fated that, although we may occasionally have a liberal individual amongst them, we shall never have a liberal Board of Admiralty. Here we feel the loss of Lord Nelson; a man who, having served honestly and disinterestedly himself, knew how to estimate the sacrifices made by others, and to value their services accordingly.

October 21.

The Chief has at length avowed it publicly in the ship, and I may therefore tell you, that we are going first to Guadaloupe. Whether any prize money may turn up or not, time alone can determine, but I can assure you it is *our* last consideration; and I may as truly say, that our first is that

the object of the Government in this war may be most fully and effectually attained.

9 P.M.

It did not occur to me this morning, when I dated the 21*st*, that it was the anniversary of the day which created such a sensation in England, balancing betwixt the gain of so great a victory and the loss of so beloved a hero! It is right, however, that I should not forget that I had a humble share in the battle, and that I had the good fortune to come out of it unhurt, and to enjoy the satisfactory recollection of that event in the bosom of my family, from whom one stray shot might have separated me for ever. That I have a religious thankfulness for this good fortune, you, who know my feelings, may well understand. I think you may also believe that the greatest comfort arising from my safety I find in the enjoyment of your society and your sincere affection, the wife of my choice, the mother of my children. . . .

Guadaloupe: November 5.

I am much gratified by my ride up the mountain this morning, for I never saw more wild and beautiful scenery. Mataba, the governor's house, is about 2,000 feet above the sea; but the *Sanfrière* is above 5,000. This I shall not undertake, because, besides being of more difficult access, it is greatly inferior to Vesuvius, which I have seen. Our road passed across a ravine, by a bridge over the rapid river which rushes along through the most beautifully varied cliff I ever saw. The variety of different trees which cover the ravine on each side is beyond belief, and they are all beautiful and extraordinary.

November 11.

One of the Commissioners come to receive possession of this island is a Monsieur Vaucresson, who was in our regiment of Montalembert just after the French Revolution; was afterwards in the Dutch army, and, finally, in the service of France, having returned there, I conclude, with other emigrants when that permission was granted by Buonaparte. He is very pleasant, gentlemanlike, and intelligent, and either he or his comrade, General Boyer, has been next to me at dinner every

day since our arrival here. He gave me a most ridiculous account of the operations of the D. of Y.'s army in Holland; and his history of the Scheldt expedition is still more extraordinary. He was sent to Antwerp upon the plan of attack being first known, and he says that if Sir J. Hope had been suffered to go on, five hundred men could have traversed the country with impunity: that Fort Lillo, which was so well prepared at last, could not have made the slightest opposition if it had been attacked at first. V. says that upon his going to inspect it, the commissioner of the fort put into his hands a letter worded by Buonaparte himself, which he considered as his death-warrant. 'I well know your character for courage and devotion to your duty, and I rely upon your giving fresh proof of it in the defence of the fort under your command. I expect that you will die in the breach rather than surrender upon any terms whatever.' 'Look round, my good friend (said this man to V.), at the state of this fort, and see if it is possible to make any resistance; I am sure you will agree with me that the order I have received is nothing less than my condemnation. I am, however, determined to obey it, and I beg of you only to explain to my friends my situation and my conduct.' The indolence of Lord C., and the activity of the enemy, shortly placed all the other forts as well as Antwerp itself in an excellent state for defence. But V. says that even at the last, when we came away, they had not more than 1,500 regular troops, and that the Dutch and the mere conscripts who were brought forward for the occasion, were only fit to make a show. He assured me that we might have taken and destroyed Antwerp, pushed forward to Brussels, levied an enormous contribution on all Belgium, and embarked at Ostend without meeting with anything deserving the name of opposition. He knew everything that passed at our head-quarters in the course of a few hours. This man may describe all this with a Frenchman's colouring; but besides that I see no reason to doubt his veracity, even making allowance for that, and taking into consideration what we know of the proceedings of our own great Commander, there is plenty to show the disadvantage of trusting such an army to his direction. I have had another gratifying

view of the picturesque beauty of this island in a ride at daylight this morning, which I consider as my farewell to it, for we talk of sleeping on board to-night. I forgot to mention to you an anecdote which struck me forcibly at the time the spot was pointed out to me as the last retreat of those who were struggling for liberty. A considerable number of people of colour who saw no hope left but a return to slavery, by joint consent blew themselves up together rather than ask life upon such degrading terms.

December 14.

We got on board the 'Armide' again last night, and shall make her our head-quarters for the present. I find I have not yet, however, mentioned to you the arrival of our magnanimous allies Kings Capichi and Hopsy (or Perriman), with their upper and second warriors, the Prophet Francis, Helis Hadjo, the ambassador from the Big Warrior, &c., &c. We had the honour of these *Majestic Beasts* dining with us two days in the 'Tonnant,' and we are to be disgusted with a similar honour here to-day. All the body clothes they get they put on one over the other, except trowsers, which they consider as encumbrances it should seem in our way of using them, and they therefore tie them round their waists for the present, in order to convert them into *leggings* hereafter. Some of them appeared in their own picturesque dresses at first, with the skin of a handsome plumed bird on the head and arms; the bird's beak pointing down the forehead, the wings over the ears, and the tail down the poll. But they are now all in hats (some cocked gold-laced ones), and in jackets such as are worn by sergeants in the Guards, and they have now the appearance of dressed-up apes. . . .

River Mississippi: December 16.

During the night before last we learned the welcome news of the whole five American gun-vessels being captured by our boats. The severe row from three o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th, from the 'Tonnant' up to the 'Seahorse,' about twelve miles off, and thence during a very cold night, with wind and tide against them, obliged them to anchor, although in sight of their opponents. The latter, by day-

light in the morning, had increased their distance to eight or ten miles. On the 13th, at nine in the forenoon, the boats had again, by great labour, reached nearly within shot of them, but were again obliged to anchor in order to feed and rest the people. At 10.30 they again weighed, and Captain Roberts's division drove one schooner on shore. The Fort of Port Louis fired on the boats, but took fright, and burned not only the schooner but the depôt of naval stores there. At eight in the evening the boats were again obliged to anchor, owing to sheer fatigue. At four in the morning of the 14th they renewed the chase, and at 9.30, being just without range of the long guns of the enemy, who opened his fire upon them, once more anchored in divisions abreast of their opponents, who had been also obliged to anchor, and were moored with springs in a good position for mutual support. At 10.15 the attack was made, or rather the plan of attack formed, for owing to a strong current our boats did not open their coolly reserved fire until 11.30. At twelve, Captain Lockyer, in the barge of the 'Seahorse,' seconded by the 'Tonnant's' launch, boarded and carried the 'Commodore,' after a very gallant resistance and consequent loss on our side, and the others were carried in the same manner, but with less difficulty. Lockyer is severely wounded, and also the lieutenant (Pratt) of the 'Seahorse,' as well as two midshipmen (these three since dead), besides one other midshipman in the same boat killed. I believe hardly one in the boat escaped. Fourteen, I am told, in our launch were either killed or wounded, and she sank alongside the enemy. . . . . It is a most brilliant affair, and brilliant consequences may attach to this success. For, besides that we have already forwarded to the advance nearly one thousand troops in these five gun-vessels, we expect by their means to take a fort which guards an important pass, and to impress on the minds of the New Orleans people the folly of resistance. These gun-vessels will probably give *us* that command on Lake Pontchartrain, on which the Americans by the same means founded their reliance. But the distance we are still off, after the great advance we have made, is more than we expected, and time must elapse before our work is done. It would

sound odd to some folks (perhaps even to the Lords of the Admiralty themselves), but the answer I gave to those who asked where to go and which was the way, was, 'Keep on under all sail after the smaller vessels a-head until your ship sticks fast in the mud; then find out deeper water, and go forward as far as you can get your ship by any means of lightening her,' &c. And here we all lie, heads and tails, in much less water than would swim us, with all our anchors at the bows. I have, however, just manufactured an order for all the ships to haul into floating depth and moor, whenever they have got rid of their troops.

December 23, 9 P.M.

You would be somewhat astonished if you could see the place in which I am now writing. It is a new shed, thatched and made altogether of reeds, neither wind-tight nor water-tight, occasionally inhabited by fishermen, situated on a part of a mud bank, rather less wet than the surrounding swamp. Here the Chief and I hung our cots last night about twelve o'clock, and here we are, at all events, to pass to-night. On the 18th we quitted the 'Armide,' and joined the advanced troops on a similar spot to this, which is called appropriately Le Village de Maranguins. On that point, about thirty miles from where the frigates were, we assembled the whole army, as a half-way house; but the labour of effecting this with our small means (the boats alone), and transporting the necessary ammunition and provisions, is beyond description. To the distance, however, is to be added a severity of weather not characteristic of this latitude. The Admiral, the General, and myself shared a marquee, or rather a regular subaltern's tent; and, being put up in a hurry, the Chief and I, whose cots were on some reeds spread on the damp ground, had a considerable leak over each during one of the wettest nights I ever knew. The morning produced a N.-W. gale, as bitter cold as we could have felt in England; and the nights of the 19th and 20th were so severe as to produce ice an inch thick in tubs; so that in a thin tent you may imagine that we were not over warm. The 20th and 21st, however, I had two very good days' wild pigeon shooting, in which we worked successfully for the spit, and none of us were wanting in

spirits and mirth, I assure you. Yesterday morning we took leave of that land of alligators and mosquitoes, of which no description can give an idea, and embarking about five thousand men in the boats and small vessels of all sorts which we could collect, we pushed over together for this *Bayou des Pécheurs*, or Fishermen's Inlet, by which the army has been conducted up to an unexpected place of landing. They were already (in spite of all difficulties of landing, where one only can go at a time, and making the way passable with layers of reeds) at four o'clock this afternoon upon the road on the bank of the Mississippi, and we now hear a heavy cannonade, by which we conclude they are under the guns of some fort or other, for our army have none but mountain guns with them. We left the former precious spot at about 10 A.M., and after anchoring the gun-vessels, &c., or rather running them into the mud as near this as possible, we took to our boats again at 7 P.M., in company with all the boats full of troops, in three divisions, and caught the militia outpost of twelve men by surprise in their huts. The whole of the army of the advance, about two thousand men, were landed at daylight.

December 27, 1814.

I cannot let this day pass, my dearest, without one line to say that my sentiments would direct me now to the same preference which united us twelve years ago. I trust I should feel the same in this respect were I in a situation of comfort with you, or anywhere else, instead of being in the smoke of a *green wood fire*, courting warmth in as miserable a hovel as you ever saw. Christmas morning introduced Sir Edward Pakenham and his suite as the avant couriers of a reinforcement which, I think, will be found necessary to overcome the difficulties which the publicity of our attack has enabled the enemy to throw in our way. I believe there never was a more arduous service undertaken under these circumstances of publicity; and how the Admiral can stand it, I, who share with him, am at a loss to make out. Neither day nor night can we contrive to make ourselves comfortably warm; nor have we a table, chair, or stool. Our trunks and gangboards make seats, and our plates and dishes are of tin,

and made by the armourer. Yet, following the example of our Chief, we are more mirthful probably than we should be if we were possessed of other comforts to supply the place of this only one—mirth. On the evening of the 23rd our army was attacked by all the force the enemy could muster, just as the men were cooking, &c. The beginning was made by an armed schooner dropping down quietly, with furled sails, and opening a shower of round and grape upon the corps bivouacking on the bank of the Mississippi. The whole American army then advanced in the dark, and threw in a very destructive fire, which made our people retreat until they could get into order. The ground was then recovered, and, indeed, more ground gained, and the enemy paid severely for his attack. But we lost, in killed and wounded and prisoners, above 200; and as we have not more than from seventy to eighty prisoners to show for it, I doubt if his loss much exceeds ours. The truth is, our army was taken by surprise. They thought the vessel a merchantman moving down; and the enemy, knowing his ground, could move his troops under every advantage. The prisoners say they were told we had but two or three hundred in our advance just landed, and they had about 4,000. We had landed about 2,000 bayonets, however, and they were in hands used to noble resistance. We have lost in killed and wounded about fifteen officers, all remarkably fine fellows. Stoven, the Adjutant-General, wounded through the neck, and Major Hooper, his assistant, who lost a leg, are both doing well; but this part will be detailed in the official report. On the 14th, four American dragoons came to reconnoitre where four of our 95th Riflemen were posted. They agreed to fire together; and each brought down his man, which is considered 'a *very pretty* thing.' I was interrupted here to assist in removing our establishment into a double tent (one within the other), as being deemed warmer than the hovel in which we have been smoked. In the meantime news is come of the battery of guns we have by great labour sent up for the purpose, having, by the dexterity of our artillerymen, burned *the* American schooner, which '*exploded beautifully.*' The ship upon this is trying to get up to the town again, but the current is strong against

her, and we are hurrying guns forward to serve her as the schooner has been served already; and I expect the army will move forward this evening. I am now exercising my pen under the canopy of Heaven; and I am clothed in two pairs of trowsers and two coats; three waistcoats, and so forth.

Head-Quarters, near New Orleans: January 4. 1815.

On the 1st we had our batteries, by severe labour, ready in situations from which the artillery people were, as a matter of course, to destroy and silence the opposing batteries, and give opportunity for a well-arranged storm. But instead of so doing, not a gun of the enemy appeared to suffer, and our firing too high was not made out until we had expended too much of our *hardly*-collected ammunition to push the matter further. Such a failure in this boasted arm was not to be expected, and I think it a blot in the artillery escutcheon. We have by this allowed the enemy to increase our difficulties and gain spirits; and the harassing job of withdrawing the guns half buried in mud, occasioned by the pouring rain of that night, wore down the whole army as well as the poor Johnnys who had the heaviest part of that severe duty to perform. The arrival of General Lambart and his two capital regiments has, however, revived us, and as soon as they reach the camp we shall renew our offensive operations. I believe there never was a more arduous task undertaken; and we shall perform it yet, and the greater glory will be our due. . . . .

Head-Quarters: January 9, 1815.

I had certainly hoped, as my letters will have shown you, that before this time I should have been able to tell you we were in possession of New Orleans; but all these hopes are now gone, and we have a very sad story to relate in return for all our laborious exertions. The reinforcement of the 7th Fusiliers and the 43rd Regiment with General Lambart decided Sir Edward Pakenham on assaulting the position of the enemy yesterday. A particular feature in the plan of attack was *our* cutting a canal into the Mississippi, into which river we were to take our boats in order to convey a force to the right bank, which, assisted by some of them as gun-boats,

might surprise the enemy's batteries on that side by which our front was enfiladed, and turn them upon their line instead. I do not know how far this measure was relied on by the General. But as he ordered and made his assault *at* daylight, I imagine he did not place much dependence on it. By exertion which is beyond belief, we dragged in fifty boats during the night; and Colonel Thornton, with his remaining 85th (of about 300), and some seamen and marines amounting to nearly as many more, were on shore by daylight. This whole operation succeeded beautifully; and the guns in the enemy's batteries were unspiked and beginning to open on them, when the disastrous state of affairs on this side occasioned an order to Colonel Thornton to retire and come over again. Two of the regiments ordered to assault were inferior in discipline and ill-commanded, it is said; and it certainly required the best of the very Wellington stuff to stand up through such a fire as the enemy opened upon their near approach. The head of the assaulting column, however, shook; and in the endeavour to rally it and profit by the loss thus far sustained by a little further advance into the enemy's line, the gallant Pakenham received his mortal wound. General Gibbs, whose division was destined to assault, shared the same fate at about the same moment, each within fifty paces of the enemy's line; and General Keane received two musket-ball wounds and a severe contusion. Besides these, you will see a heartrending list of the most gallant soldiers in our army. Lambart, our only remaining General, had but to retreat in the best manner he could, leaving the ground in front of the enemy's lines covered with killed and wounded. There never was a more complete failure; and the American lines having only been reached by a few whom it was easy to overpower, they have scarcely had twenty casualties, I imagine; whilst ours, including all, will probably amount to *two thousand!* Every body may now find out that the attack should have been made at another time, and each may differ with his neighbour. To you, however, I shall say, that although I could never presume to *offer* any opinion to an officer of such character as Sir E. Pakenham, upon his asking my sentiments after

giving up a former intended assault on account of the unexpected failure of our artillery, I told him that I really thought this business should be done in the most regular, scientific manner, and not by a sacrifice of lives in an exhibition of bravery; and that I was sure by forming a flotilla on the river with our boats, and landing a respectable force on the opposite bank during the night to take their batteries and turn them against them, we should oblige them to quit their present formidable position. He seemed to think so himself, and Sir A. Cochrane had proposed this plan at the first. But probably the General reckoned on Thornton's landing *certainly* being effected earlier, and did not like to countermand an order for attack a second time. It is certainly a fault in these Peninsular Generals—their exposing themselves as they do; and more particularly in a war of this sort, where the opponents fire a few shots from behind a bank, and run the moment you force their position. They appear as bold as lions whilst in these fastnesses, and they will never remain long enough to enable us to profit by a gallant charge, contenting themselves with having effected a loss in men which too often overbalances the success of the contest. Sir E. P. had even been reproved by Lord W. for exposing himself too much, and thus setting an example injurious to the welfare of the army. And I must think this is a very grievous fault in men who have established their reputation for that courage which our countrymen will insist upon our showing in such very evident colours at some period of our services. To you I shall further say, that if the assault had been deferred, as it was before, until the effect of the brave Thornton's movement was seen, and our artillery had again been opened on that of the enemy, we should, in my humble opinion, have succeeded after all. . . .

February 2, 1815.

I have written little notes for the children, by Thornton, who is a prime favourite with us all, in whom 'worth has made distinction.' . . Alas! we appear to have lost the flower of the flock in Sir E. Pakenham, who fell a sacrifice *to the errors* of others. All those here agree that he was the

next man to look to after Lord Wellington; and there was a something about him which made me look forward to a future intercourse with him as a source of great satisfaction.

Anchored off Mobille: February 13.

I hardly know how to describe the sensations I feel in consequence of the 'Brazen's' arrival with the news of peace being signed, and waiting only the signature of Mr. Madison to be carried into effect. That peace on any terms is a source of joy to me of which my eager desire to return to my home, and my unwillingness ever to quit it, is a full guarantee: but I cannot help viewing the terms of this peace as discreditable to the country, and I feel it the more since our failure at New Orleans. I certainly had hopes that the Americans would have been emboldened by their success on that occasion, and would have ventured to meet us upon the open country in this neighbourhood, and exposed themselves to that dressing which our people are well disposed to give them. . . .

February 26.

. . . . . Neither is there any truth in the report of my being on any other than the best terms with Cockburn, or that I am likely to have any real difference with him. The little differences of opinion which take place respecting arrangements amongst men who are all guided by honest zeal, however their personal ambition may clash momentarily, will not last long. And I will vouch for the whole of my brother Admirals here being of this description. How often do I differ in opinion with Malcolm also: yet can I say I never saw a more zealous fellow in my life. Indeed it is nothing but his over-zeal which leads him out of the best road to gain his object; and on that road I would gladly keep them both if I could.

God bless you all!

E. C.

March 2.

We got out of the Havannah this morning and are now (noon) working along the Cuba shore in our way through the Gulf of Florida.

March 3.

I purchased Lord Nelson's letters a few days ago at the sale of Captain Langford's effects—the very Langford so often named in those letters when wounded. I had read them hastily before, but I am still more impressed on a second perusal with the disgrace of their being made public. If the ungrateful woman who deceived him in not destroying them, had shown them to any friend of his, it would have been well worthy a subscription to have purchased them and prevented their circulation in print. Even I who knew him but little personally, would willingly have paid the price of these books to have merely read them and seen them destroyed.

9 P.M.

We are just now pushing through the northern part of this nasty Gulf of Florida, which is certainly a most dangerous navigation.

March 7.

The glad tidings of peace being ratified by Mr. President Madison on the 17th February, have this minute been announced to us by a poor little American schooner, which has taken the earliest moment she could of profiting by it. It has truly gladdened my heart. I would give all my share in the harvest of prize-money to be now making sail for dear old England.

Bermuda: March 18.

I have the Admiralty communication of the K.C.B. honours, dated the 3rd January. What may be the opinion others have formed of this business I, of course, cannot judge, but I for one approve the plan. I should certainly have been gratified to hear your *Ladyship's* opinion on this head; but I trust I shall shortly do so where my heart yearns to be at this moment. I shall be well content to find you and all your darlings as well in health as your ever affectionate E. C.

Upon the termination of hostilities with America Admiral Codrington hoisted his flag in H.M.S. 'Havannah,' Captain Hamilton, to return to England, and arrived at his home in Charles Street on the 16th April. Before

leaving the station he received the following letter from Sir Alexander Cochrane :—

'I cannot allow of your departure from hence without first expressing to you how much I feel obliged by the zeal and ability which you have displayed in your public situation while under my command, and how much benefit I have derived from your counsel and assistance in the active services in which the fleet and army have been employed.'

CHAPTER XI.

In the portrait, painted in 1805, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, my father is shown to be wearing powder, and he continued to do so for many years after—in fact, as long as the habit of gentlemen made it imperative; and though he left off the *queue* as soon as it was admissible to do so, I can still remember him as wearing powder, in my early childhood. It was my habit to go to his dressing-room of a morning, and sit on a little stool reading to him Miss Edgeworth's charming little stories, stopped every moment by him for commas, pauses, or intonation—while he carefully trained me in the art of reading aloud, an accomplishment which he excelled in himself, and by means of which, in later years, he added such pleasure to our home evenings.

But my young eyes were not busied in reading alone, but in the amusement of watching the successive processes of the dress of those days. There was the careful and deliberate shaving, and then the elaborate powdering: there was the white 'powdering-cloth,' spread out upon the carpet, the 'powder puff,' which seemed to me to do a fairy's work, the matter-of-fact 'powder knife' that cleared off the fairy's work from forehead and temples—and finally the critical operation of putting on the neckcloth. That article consisted of a square yard of the whitest jacconot, very carefully folded. It began behind, crossed in front, crossed again behind, and finally met in front; the voluminous folds being confined by the neat little bow into

which the ends were tied under the chin, and which surmounted the very full and broad shirt-frill of the finest cambric. There was a dignity about the old style of dress not to be matched by the jaunty negligence that has taken its place; it was unspoilt by ornament; chains and rings and jewelled studs were unknown to it; and would have been as much an incongruity in the dress, as an inconvenience to the wearer here spoken of.

The little dressing-room was full of prints, and I became familiar with the faces of Lord Howe, Lord Nelson, Lord St. Vincent, and Captain Riou 'the gallant and the good,' and the pictures of the battles of the 'First of June' and of Trafalgar.

But there was no austerity in that room or any part of that house, which was a real home of joy, in which amusement and training went on together. Well do I remember, though I was but six years old, the patient care with which, when staying in the country for a time, my father persevered in adjusting a telescope for me, till at last he enabled me to catch the figure of a child running about in a distant field—to be present with that which was out of sight, or to see that which was not present—while he enjoyed my puzzled delight at the discovery of this beautiful wonder, which made me feel as if standing in two worlds at once.

When at home in London he would take me out for early walks, and run races with his little girl up and down the little slope of ground between Grosvenor and Stanhope gates, where *then* existed what few now remember, and many will scarcely believe—that riding school of Mr. Fozzard's with its stabling and attendant chickens, which have now been succeeded by beautiful flower-beds and ornamental seats.

We both delighted in looking into shop-windows, and he delighted in explaining to me their contents; and by way of helping my understanding he would stop in the

street to mark out a circle on the muddy pavement with the point of his umbrella, and thus bring down to my comprehension the difference I could not take in verbally, between a large segment of a small circle and a small segment of a large circle.

Then, he knew so many people that greetings in the street were incessant. Of course I asked 'Who's that?' and 'Who's that?' and on one occasion was greatly startled by the answer, 'That's the man who was killed at Waterloo;' for the friend we had just met was a very tall and stalwart-looking man, of upright carriage and bearing. And then I was told the story of how General Ponsonby had been severely wounded in an advance and left on the field of Waterloo; had been speared as he lay on the ground by a French lancer passing by him in his flight; had been relieved by another French officer, who, seeing his sad condition, had given him brandy from his own flask, instead of 'passing by on the other side;' had held a conversation with a set of Frenchmen who stopped in their retreat to raise a heap of bodies and fire some last shots at the enemy from behind that direful rampart; had lain all night untended on that dreadful field of battle with a wound through the lung by which the air passed in; and finally was found there the following morning by his own people, and carried into hospital! When I again saw 'the man who was killed at Waterloo,' he was Governor of Malta (in 1827), with a dear wife and little boy; and in spite of the wound which made him write so stiff a hand, he was playing violent games of rackets with as much energy as the young soldiers around him.

The battle of Algiers took place in August 1816. This was naturally a subject of great interest to Sir E. Codrington, and drew from him the following letter to his former chief:—

From Sir E. C. to Lord Exmouth.

Mildenhall: October 20, 1816.

MY DEAR LORD,—Now that the bustle of public admiration is beginning to subside a little, you will find leisure, I trust, to accept the congratulations of a humble individual, who takes a deeper interest in your success, perhaps, than many of those who have been more conspicuous in their praises. I rejoice in this success, not merely on your own account as an Admiral under whom I served with so much confidence and satisfaction, but as a means of again calling the attention of the country to our service, which has been so extremely neglected. And I trust that the combination of gallantry and seamanship which enabled your Lordship to terminate at once a war which excited forebodings of long protraction, will renew the good maxim that 'the security of England depends on her navy.' That you may long enjoy the honours which you have so bravely gained, is the sincere wish of your Lordship's most faithful and obedient servant, EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Lord Exmouth to Sir E. C.

Cheltenham: October 21, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I assure you I have received no congratulations which afforded me more sincere pleasure than your own. I know how to appreciate them, because I know the talents and judgment of the man who writes them, and am well convinced he would not have given me his hearty approbation if he did not feel that I had done my duty. I assure you, my dear Codrington, that our joint services in the Mediterranean are always recollected by me with pleasure. I should be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge myself your debtor. I derived all the advantages of your exertions, and you were but ill requited; but your day will come in despite of all that official power can do. I am putting Lord M. to the test for a medal to the fleet, and he argues *Waterloo*. Upon comparison I say that, as that battle can never be equalled, to say that no medal should be struck

to record in England the abolition of Christian slavery, is to say neither army nor navy shall ever hereafter merit such a gratification. . . . God bless you. It is no use to growl. Believe me faithfully yours, EXMOUTH.

In the year 1823 sorrow for the first time fell upon this happy family: the cause and extent of it will be seen in the letters of one of the sad-hearted parents.

From Sir E. C. to Miss Treacher, at Tours.

Brighton: January 20, 1823.

It falls to my share, my dear friend, to act for my poor fellow-sufferer, and let you know that, after a long and almost uninterrupted happiness in our children, we have lately received an account of one of the 'Cambrian's' boats being overset in a squall of wind, and of our too dear Edward being one of those drowned by this horrible accident! It is now nearly a fortnight since this sad news reached us, by means of private letters by way of Trieste, from one of the lieutenants and two of the midshipmen to their friends, so as to exclude every ray of hope; and yet no letter is arrived from Captain Hamilton himself! One of these explains that the ship was off Hydra; that the boat was going on a particular service with thirteen persons in her in all; that our poor Edward, a merchant, the coxswain, and three of the crew were drowned; and that the others got on shore after having been four hours in the water. I think it possible that the delay in sending the official account may arise from a wish to find the bodies; but, at all events, it adds greatly to the distress of the poor mother as well as myself. It has been her wish as well as mine to have sooner informed you and your good sister of this cruel misfortune; but, in truth, it has not hitherto been in my power to perform the task. It has cost me much, I assure you, to tell my sad story to those near at hand, who, like ourselves, were liable to have learned it first by the common newspapers; and even at this very minute has my pen been stopped by the sobs of the too affectionate partner of my affliction in the adjoining room.

Even yet she seems to feel as if she had had but this one child only; although she is becoming more composed, and begins to take more pleasure in having the others about her. This will, I trust, improve daily, for they are real treasures. Not one moment's pain do they ever give us except in anxiety for their health; not one word of displeasure ever passes amongst them. The conduct of ——— has been what one might, indeed, have expected, in sympathising with and consoling her mother; and I must say that no parents were ever more blessed in their children. Our William is at Dresden, and is hardly yet apprised of the loss of that dear brother, betwixt whom and himself there was a real brotherly attachment which it was so much our delight to witness, and which has been expressed by Edward in his latter letters in most beautiful terms. All his late letters, indeed, in spite of the eager pursuit of his profession and the absence it necessarily occasioned, breathed a most delightful attachment to that home which, as he expressed himself, he 'so dearly loved,' but which, alas! he was destined never again to cheer by his loved society. As his poor mother says in the paroxysms of her grief, 'here in his home circle he weaved his little web of future happiness.' From all those who had lately seen him during their travels, as well as from professional friends, we had accounts of him which might content the fondest parents; and, perhaps, to the preference of him for the service in question, we now owe all our misery! He had just passed his nineteenth year, and would have finished his midshipman's time in April; and I had asked and expected the command in the Mediterranean in hopes of forwarding him through two if not three steps, and of having him, at all events, with me and his family for the next three years; and thus is the blow made more severe. Whether I shall now go there or not, I neither know nor care; all my private object and my proud occupation of leading my son up in my own profession in which I had such fair hopes of seeing him an ornament, is cut off in a moment! You, my dear friend, who know the heart of this best of mothers, and with whose warmth of regard no distance can interfere, will partake of our sorrow and sympathise in the loss of our dear Edward

jointly with your sister, who had been very kind to him, and whose kindness he would never have forgotten. God bless you.—Your sincere friend, EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. Codrington did not at this time obtain the Mediterranean Command, and the following three years were spent in the enjoyment of his London home, his friends, and society. He had the warm and sincere friendship of such men as Sir J. Gore, Sir H. Bunbury, Faraday, Brunel, and Wollaston, besides his own war companions in both services. His one patron in early professional life was Lord Howe. His house in London was the resort of the most distinguished in all lines of distinction: not in large parties for display, but in small côteries for real enjoyment.

Music was one of the charms of life to him, and he loved to combine it with the pleasure of society; but he could not join in the view of it as being 'a good background for conversation,' and was irritated by what he considered such ill-breeding.

Science too, every kind of natural science, was a delight to him, and he was a constant attendant at the Royal Institution; enjoying the lecture most especially when Mr. Faraday was the lecturer. Having no pretension whatever to any except the nautical science which alone formed any part of his early education, he was yet always welcomed among them by scientific men who found in him an interested and intelligent listener, capable of appreciating and enjoying that which he obtained from them, and which they seemed to take equal pleasure in imparting.

The detailed account of Captain Codrington's services down to 1813 will have enabled naval readers to judge how far professional knowledge and practical seamanship were combined with the energy and devoted zeal which must be patent to general readers. The events of 1827,

and his position at the head of the combined fleets of three nations, will now enable them to estimate whether the superior qualities required in a Commander-in-Chief were not superadded to those of a subordinate officer, and exercised to their full extent under circumstances of heavy responsibility.

In December, 1826, Sir Edward Codrington was appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, a circumstance which led to the most important event of his professional life.

He hoisted his flag in the 'Asia,' 84, and sailed from Spithead on February 1, 1827, having all his family on board with him, his eldest son, then a captain in the Guards, having obtained leave of absence for a time, and his youngest son, a midshipman of 18 years, having been appointed to the flag ship.

In May, 1827, Sir Edward Codrington took his family to Leghorn in the 'Asia' in order to leave them in Italy, while he himself was preparing to go to the Levant and initiate measures for the suppression of piracy, which had been increasing among the Greeks to a most serious extent.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Malta: June 7, 1827.

We got into this *mill-pond* this morning after being in a N.W. gale since yesterday afternoon: from 4 P.M. till 11 A.M. this morning, reckoning from land to land, we *averaged* 11 knots an hour (in H.M.S. 'Asia.'). The gale had an effect on my cook and the master of the band which may cause me some annoyance: the first with prayers for HIS *safety*, mingled vows that he would not go to sea again, but I live in hopes of Comelate laughing him out of his fears. The musician was coming aft to ask the captain to take in all sail, and throw all the guns overboard, and shut down the windows, but was reconciled by Comelate bringing him up

on the poop, where he saw us merrily enjoying the liveliness of our movements.

June 19.

Our coming out of Malta to-day at five o'clock must have been a beautiful sight to the immense number of spectators. We started with all plain sail, including royals, and when abreast of the Custom-house, saluted with 15 guns, which the Fort returned with 17, the *military* number for my rank; and we then came out with a breeze which obliged us to take in our royals, hove-to to get our boats up, and then, upon making sail again, came along nine miles an hour.

E. C.

The plan adopted in the arrangement of the following correspondence has been, as far as possible, to place the letters of Sir E. Codrington himself in their regular succession, letting them be followed by the answers received.

Much difficulty is added to the arrangement of the letters (as very great difficulty was also added to the service to be done and the measures to be combined and carried out) by the long interval between the despatch and receipt of instructions and letters and of the necessary answers, both from England and the various parts of the Mediterranean; a delay increased by imperfect postal arrangements, which, with the single exception of a steamboat between Corfu and Zante, were at that period still dependent on sailing vessels.

On June 1, 1827, Mr. Stratford Canning, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to Sir E. Codrington respecting the report of the cruelties of Ibrahim Pacha in his march along the western coast of the Morea; the irritation caused in Turkey by Lord Cochrane[1] and others in the Greek service: and stated that although neutrality was to be observed as much as possible, yet that wherever the presence of English ships could mitigate the horrors

[1] Lord Cochrane was the Admiral commanding the Greek Navy.

of a barbarous warfare, H.M. Government could scarcely wish them to be kept at a distance, particularly if other Powers did not act under such restraint.

Sir E. C. to his eldest daughter, at Florence.

In sight of Mount Etna, this June 20, 1827, proceeding slowly towards Corfu.

It is all very well, young ladies, your filling up your spare time for writing by keeping journals, but unless I am to have extracts from these journals, or some other evidence of your being able to write, I shall not be satisfied. I am now, moreover, single-handed, having sent our dear Harry into the 'Philomel,' to learn to keep a lieutenant's watch. I think I see him mustering up courage to give his orders distinctly, and then rejoicing in the effect of his first efforts; and I hope the self-satisfaction which will arise out of it will also produce the good effect of making him hold up his head at least during his watch upon deck, in order to make up for the doubled-up form he must necessarily adopt when he is moving about below.[1] The 'Philomel' is to be the companion of the 'Asia'; so that I shall see if her sails are well trimmed, and so forth. This is rather a better way for said Hal to begin than in the cutter.

Perhaps you think that as I have left you in charge of your mother, she alone is to give me an account of you. But remember I have also left *her* in charge of *you*, and from *you* therefore I expect an account of *her*. Nay, I also expect that you will take care of her by making her take care of herself. You believe, I doubt not, that you know her value. But I assure you, justly as you venerate her, you will never know her full value until time, in the course of nature, takes her away from you; which period I hope and trust will be prolonged, not only until you no longer require that fostering care, that devotion to your well-doing, which has made your lives thus far a scene of almost uninterrupted happiness; but even until you shall yourselves have had the gratification of returning to her, in her old age, that filial affection which I am sure it will be no less your pleasure to show than her

[1] His height being 6 ft. 4½ in.

delight to receive. As this is the light in which it is most gratifying to me to contemplate you, I will here say, with the warm affection of a father, may God bless you in it.

Corfu: June 25.

This is indeed a beautiful island, and I hope one of these days to show it to you, when the heat is not so oppressive as it is liable to be at this time of the year. I should enjoy my visit to it much more if I were not obliged to undergo so much ceremony. Yesterday was the Fiesta of St. Onorio, and all the Corfu world went to that place, some ten miles off. The groups of merry people, on foot or on horseback, most horses having a man and woman on each, passing through so beautiful a country, have an extremely pleasant effect. I never saw such subjects for pictures. Every village has its different costume, and all were in high dress; and there were specimens of many others, Continental Greeks mixed with the rest.

You are to write when you have time, and your letter will catch me in due course.

Your ever affec. father,

E. C.

To Lady C.

June 23.

It is very pretty sailing between Corfu and Albania, and I wish you were all here to enjoy it and thereby double my pleasure in it.

With such bold fine mountains as I see, I cannot but think their inhabitants ought not to be conquered. But, in fact, the Albanian soldiers are some of the best troops in the Turkish army; and disunion and dissension are greater enemies than the Porte itself. I cannot say I promise myself much pleasure from this visit, because I shall not have time to see enough to balance the disagreeable business of being landed in high form, as I find I am always to be on coming to Corfu.

June 25.

A ride with Adam on the 23rd, and another yesterday morning, from half-past four to half-past eight, gave me

20
21
22
23
24
38
37
Santa Maura
Cephalonia
Zante
Lepanto
Patras
G. of Patras
Gulf of Lepanto
Corinth
ATHENS
Egina
Tripolitza
Nauplia
MOREA
Arkadia
Hydra
Spezzia
Thermia
Serpho
Siphanto
Kalamata
Navarin
Strofadhia Is.

views which are hardly to be surpassed in any part of the world. There is one shortcoming, the want of *large* trees. Even the brother of Capo d'Istria cut down oaks to sell for a few dollars. Athens has fallen. The Turkish fleet is in this neighbourhood. Lord Cochrane is gone to collect what force he can, and try what he can do. I doubt if the Greeks can offer any effectual opposition now, and we shall see what other Powers do.

Cephalonia: July 29.

Athens surrendered under an *arrangement* with the French of a suspicious sort, to which the Austrians were a party, but of which, I am glad to say, *we* know nothing. No bloodshed or massacre, as reported of course; and Church will probably speak out by and bye, when all circumstances reach him respecting intercourse with De Rigny and Fabvier and with the Turks. No wonder the French are in favour and the English quite out, at Constantinople. I am sorry to have to land here, and go through these ceremonies, which, however much they may be deemed advantageous to the service, are very annoying to me.

Yours,

E. C.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Treaty made in London on July 6, 1826, on the part of England, France, and Russia, had for its object the pacification of the Levant by intervention between Turkey and Greece, in order to save Greece and prevent piracy; an interference long urged by Russia, and ultimately agreed to by the other Powers, with a view to restraining the ulterior proceedings attributed to Russia, by combining with her in the beneficial object to which the three would be mutually bound.

Greece had, in 1820, revolted against the oppression of Turkey, and accomplished a justifiable revolution. For several years the Greeks gained advantages by sea and land; the islands of Hydra and Spezzia had founded a small navy; Athens, Navarin, the Acropolis of Athens, Napoli, Missolunghi, and Tripolitza were in their possession. But, in the Spring of 1827, Ibrahim Pacha having brought a large force from Egypt, occupied Missolunghi and all the Morea, except Napoli: Athens was besieged, and the fortunes of Greece were at a low ebb. The Treaty was the work of Mr. Canning, at that time Prime Minister; but his death, in August 1827, after the Treaty was signed, but before it could be carried out, threw its ultimate fate into the hands of successors unfavourable to it, who entered unwillingly upon the execution of that to which they found themselves bound in conjunction with the Allies of England. By some extraordinary circumstance the Treaty, a few days after its signature, was pub-

lished in the 'Times' Newspaper of July 12; and even, with the addition of the secret article which was attached to it. It thus became fully known to all the parties concerned before the instructions emanating from it could reach the hands of those whose duty it would be to carry out its provisions; and the English Admiral was thereby placed in a situation of difficulty; he was referred for guidance to the Ambassador at Constantinople, and was desired to consult with the French and Russian Admirals, the former of whom was in the Levant, and the latter had not yet reached the Mediterranean.

The instructions to the three Admirals stated that the proposed mediation of the three Powers, and required armistice between Turkey and Greece, should be offered to the Porte by the three Ambassadors, and to the Greek Government by the three Admirals; and the time for its acceptance was limited to one month. If the result should be acceptance by Greece and refusal by Turkey of the proposed mediation and armistice, the Admirals were to enter into friendly relations with Greece, and to unite their squadrons for the purpose of preventing all Turkish or Egyptian succours of men, arms, vessels, and warlike stores from arriving in Greece or in the islands of the Archipelago, destined against Greece and coming from Turkey or Africa in general. The Admirals were to be very careful that the measures they might adopt against the Ottoman navy should not degenerate into hostilities, the intention of the Powers being to interpose as conciliators, and establish in fact on sea the armistice which the Porte would not conclude as a right. The display of the forces they had assembled was destined to cause their wish to be respected, but it must not be put in use unless the Turks should persist in forcing the passages which they would have intercepted. In the other case—of the Porte consenting to an armistice, and the Greeks rejecting it, or breaking it after having accepted it—the united

squadrons were to endeavour to maintain the armistice without taking part in the hostilities between the two contending parties. The difficulty of Sir E. C.'s position will be apparent: the peculiar Government of the Porte; the dissensions and piracies of the Greeks; the armistice to be enforced, but force to be avoided; the separate interests of the different Powers in the Mediterranean; and the immediate danger that by delay there might be no Greece to be saved,—all these were discordant elements in proceedings to be taken under such a Treaty of interference as that of July 1827.

From this time forward the work of Sir Edward Codrington became very intricate, as well as multifarious. He was brought into official relations with the representatives of six different nations. Of these, Turkey, Egypt, and Greece were in a state of avowed hostility, of which it was his especial business to avert the consequences. Austria was no party to the Treaty; she professed neutrality and claimed its rights—but with her men-of-war and merchant vessels in close and suspicious communication with the Ottoman fleets. The other two, France and Russia, bore to each other an ill-concealed mistrust, although they had agreed to carry out concerted action.

It was one difficult portion of his task—that in which his success was certainly as remarkable as it was gratifying—to establish and to keep up harmonious intercourse between the Admirals of these two nations, who were both placed under his command, and whose mutual jealousy and mistrust could only be kept subservient to the general service in which they were combined, by the exercise of great tact, and by the hearty cordiality towards himself with which he, as Commander-in-Chief, succeeded in inspiring both his colleagues.

It was a novel situation for an English Admiral to be placed in, and one that kept up a continual and heavy *strain upon* both mind and body, even before there was

added to it a large amount of daily-increasing complications.

The piracies of Greek vessels were dangerous not only to Greek commerce, but to the existence of Greece, if the Greeks were ever to be recognised as a nation; and the suppression of piracy in the Levant was one object of the Treaty of July.

It was essential to discover if there existed in Greece any central government or assembly having real authority; Sir E. C. went therefore to Napoli di Romania, where quarrellings, bickerings, and fighting were going on between rival parties in Greece.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Napoli: 8th July.

The present history of the Greeks is precisely the same as that which preceded the expedition of Xerxes. Church has lost ground in public opinion, and nobody seems to doubt Fabvier having surrendered Athens at the instance of the French, who are said to be playing the same game, of humanity, forsooth, at Samos. I conclude some decision will come from the courts at home shortly, for it is quite impossible that they should allow matters to go on as they are now doing here. The thermometer was up at 88° in my cabin yesterday evening, and it is now, 10 A.M., 84°.

July 9.

Three of the Provisional Government dined on board the 'Asia' here (Nauplia), yesterday, with the four captains who chanced to be with me. Mavromicali is a very well-mannered sensible young man. I was obliged to deliver my sentiments in French, and have them interpreted to him by his government secretary; and notwithstanding the alarm of my *stiff* letter, he seems so well pleased with me that he will endeavour to have my wishes executed. I shall henceforth have all detained Greeks sent here for trial, in confidence of their doing as much justice as they can. These men are aware of the villany which injures their cause, but have not at present power to put it

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added to it a large amount of daily-increasing complications.

The piracies of Greek vessels were dangerous not only to Greek commerce, but to the existence of Greece, if the Greeks were ever to be recognised as a nation; and the suppression of piracy in the Levant was one object of the Treaty of July.

It was essential to discover if there existed in Greece any central government or assembly having real authority; Sir E. C. went therefore to Napoli di Romania, where quarrellings, bickerings, and fighting were going on between rival parties in Greece.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Napoli: 8th July.

The present history of the Greeks is precisely the same as that which preceded the expedition of Xerxes. Church has lost ground in public opinion, and nobody seems to doubt Fabvier having surrendered Athens at the instance of the French, who are said to be playing the same game, of humanity, forsooth, at Samos. I conclude some decision will come from the courts at home shortly, for it is quite impossible that they should allow matters to go on as they are now doing here. The thermometer was up at 88° in my cabin yesterday evening, and it is now, 10 A.M., 84°.

July 9.

Three of the Provisional Government dined on board the 'Asia' here (Nauplia), yesterday, with the four captains who chanced to be with me. Mavromicali is a very well-mannered sensible young man. I was obliged to deliver my sentiments in French, and have them interpreted to him by his government secretary; and notwithstanding the alarm of my *stiff* letter, he seems so well pleased with me that he will endeavour to have my wishes executed. I shall henceforth have all detained Greeks sent here for trial, in confidence of their doing as much justice as they can. These men are aware of the villany which injures their cause, but have not at present power to put it

squadrons were to endeavour to maintain the armistice without taking part in the hostilities between the two contending parties. The difficulty of Sir E. C.'s position will be apparent: the peculiar Government of the Porte; the dissensions and piracies of the Greeks; the armistice to be enforced, but force to be avoided; the separate interests of the different Powers in the Mediterranean; and the immediate danger that by delay there might be no Greece to be saved,—all these were discordant elements in proceedings to be taken under such a Treaty of interference as that of July 1827.

From this time forward the work of Sir Edward Codrington became very intricate, as well as multifarious. He was brought into official relations with the representatives of six different nations. Of these, Turkey, Egypt, and Greece were in a state of avowed hostility, of which it was his especial business to avert the consequences. Austria was no party to the Treaty; she professed neutrality and claimed its rights—but with her men-of-war and merchant vessels in close and suspicious communication with the Ottoman fleets. The other two, France and Russia, bore to each other an ill-concealed mistrust, although they had agreed to carry out concerted action.

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down. They want me to hang all the pirates at once, and I had difficulty in explaining to them our laws in such cases. They evidently think the French are siding with the Turks, and they have no reliance on any Power but England.

Napoli di Romania: July 11.

Certainly, scenes which appear to be common here are enough to astonish strangers. Yesterday I went, accompanied by Curzon[1] and Spencer, to return the visit made to me the day before by young Mavromicali and the two secretaries. I only sent them half an hour's notice that I might avoid *fuss*. But, nevertheless, we walked from the landing-place through two ranks of armed people, to the place where the Provisional Government were assembled to receive me. The wooden stairs by which we ascended seemed hardly able to bear our weight, and the floor of the room itself was little better. There was no ceiling to the room, and the swallows were flying about in it amongst the rafters. They paid great seeming attention to all I said upon the subject of their situation, and their best mode of proceeding; and assented to all my *political morality*, which I suspect must have hit some of them very hard. We took a roasting walk whilst they, by my desire, counter-ordered the firing of all the guns in the upper castle as well as the other batteries. It is the filthiest town, with the worst streets and most wretched houses, I ever saw, and including the hovels, huts, and holes without the walls, they say there are 25,000 inhabitants. I told you in my last of the feuds to which it had been exposed, but I did not expect so soon to have become an eye-witness of them. At ten o'clock last night a firing of muskets and *partereros* began betwixt the people in possession of the upper castle (Palamidi) and others in the town or outside the walls, and it has hardly now ceased (noon). The secretary of the Provisional Government came off this morning to ask my aid in embarking the *population*; but this I declined, it not being at all a cause of humanity, but a mere quarrel of Greek chiefs; in which case the victor does not butcher the non-combatants.

[1] Flag Captain.

3 P.M.

A boat, which is just come off, informs us that the strife is over, and the gates of the town again opened. It appears to have been another attempt of Colocotroni's party, worked up by a traitor, Coletti, who leagues with the former occasionally (each with his own view) against a third party. Coletti is working for the French, who have not ceased their intrigues amongst these people from the first moment of their revolution. Some boats, with women and children in, put off this morning and passed us as if going to the other side of the bay, but are relanded. They did not appear distressed, but examined the ship *en passant* with much apparent cheerfulness. Like the eels, I suppose, they are used to it.

July 12, 2 P.M.

This morning a battle began betwixt the forts or castle on the hill, and the forts on a lower hill which also commands the town. I do not imagine by what we saw that this has done any great mischief; but I understand about six have been killed in the town, by more personal encounter, and if they are all fighting men, it is no matter. The gates, by my remonstrance, have been opened for the inhabitants to embark; and they are getting out in great numbers. But I see not where this is to end, unless a Turkish force come and attack the place. I wish myself away: but do not like to go; although I cannot take upon myself to put an end to it by force.

July 13, 2 P.M.

I have been thrown into odd situations at different times when on service; but I did not expect to be called upon to *make harangues* to *Greek citizens*, as I have been doing yesterday and to-day, both on board and on shore. I get a deputation every hour from one party or another (however opposed to each other in opinion), to ask my interference. To-day I have been to the landing places where each faction has its friends; and it transported me into the times and scenes described in Shakespeare's plays. What effect my eloquence may produce, I cannot yet tell; but not being empowered to

take an efficient part with either, I cannot expect much from it: our guns would speak much more to the point. But only fancy *me making speeches in French!*

July 14, 10 A.M.

I have just had a visit from Colonel Haideck the Bavarian, and Colonel Fabvier the French, Greek chiefs, to consult with me as to what can be done on the score of humanity. The result is, that I *had* done *yesterday* all, and indeed *much* more, than they have recommended to-day. I had another, and a stronger discussion last night (until 9 o'clock from sunset) with the *Photemara* party, including young Photemara himself; in which I told them, through a Greek interpreter, whom I purposely took in my boat, that 'until the persons composing the Government, including the Legislative Body, were assembled where they could not be *awed* by a factious soldiery, Greece had no Government, nor would I acknowledge any act in its name: that if they put themselves in a boat or any other vessel afloat, or on any barren rock or hill, where neither of these factious chiefs could domineer over them, I would then acknowledge them.'

Half-past 2 P.M.

Shortly after the departure of Messrs. Haideck and Fabvier, I went to the little island fort where two of the three which compose the Executive Government, and some of the Legislative Body, fixed themselves 'à l'abri de cette canaille,' and remained with them until they received information that the business was all settled. But upon my going to the landing place and asking to see the President of the Legislative Body, I found *he could not come through the gate*, thereby showing that he was *not* at liberty. My presence there enabled several boat-loads of people to escape, and finding there was an armed boat anchored off with some of Photemara's, or rather Strato's soldiers, to stop them, I sent them away; with a message to their chief, that if they used their arms upon the sea, I should seize them as pirates. The people seeing that, profited by the occasion; I have now sent a boat to row up and down, that the inhabitants may feel at liberty to quit the town as they please.

Sunday, July 15, 1827.

The inhabitants have continued to embark with their property ever since my boats have been rowing there for their protection, and there are now, I believe, sufficient numbers of both the Executive and Legislative Bodies to issue decrees as a Government: so that I shall again probably be able to refer to them as an efficient Executive Government. Almost my whole forenoon has been occupied by a visit from a Philhellenist named Washington; who spoke of his own situation, as having certain reasons which determined him never to return to America, and having bound his life to the fate of Greece, with tears which choked his utterance. He entered candidly into the conduct of his party, and agreed with the *axioms* I laid down, as to *right* and *wrong* in their circumstances; although his companion (a secretary to one of the chiefs) did not. He disavowed for his immediate party the firing on boats or impeding the inhabitants embarking, although he believed me at once when I stated the fact of other bands of *his party* having done so; and he also candidly admitted that his band of the confederation of Romeliote chiefs must share in the misconduct of the rest. He went away contented with my telling him that although in declaring that I would not acknowledge any act of the Government, so long as its members were subject to the control of the soldiery, since they appeared to fear my taking a part against his friends if the Government, when free agents, should proscribe them, I had no such intention whatever: that I was no more disposed to interfere with either of these Greek armies than I should be with the *Turks*, whom I consider *no greater enemies* to the *real* welfare of Greece. He promised himself to see down to the water, and to put under the protection of my boat, the family of two brothers, friends of their opponents, whom they have got in prison and who claimed my humanity in their favour.

Monday, July 16.

Alas, poor Washington! This said Philhellene hero whose visit of yesterday I have above mentioned, was brought alongside this morning so desperately wounded that he died

within the hour. He prided himself last night, or rather evening, with having performed his promise to me to conduct the family of Deliani in safety to my boat, which he performed honourably and at his personal risk; saying, as he closed the gate through which he secretly passed them:—'Tell your Admiral I have performed my promise.' He repeated this just before he died.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

On the way to Spezzia: Tuesday, July 17.

I rejoice in finding myself now only in distant hearing of the guns of Napoli (or more properly Nauplia) which are still exhibiting the hostility of the rival factions. Things are, however, in a way to be settled. The Government, complete in its number of members, were assembled yesterday evening out of the power of the rebel chiefs, as the President personally announced to me on board this ship; and had decreed their removal to Spezzia, by which means the intrigue of Colocotroni is defeated. . . . . This (Spezzia) is so deep a bay and the surrounding land is so high, that I am told the wind does not blow home in winter; and as we have experienced, it is subject to be without wind in summer, and the thermometer has consequently been varying from 84° and 85° to 89°. Our people are, however, very healthy. Bathing and *fresh grub* seem to agree with them.

July 18.

The Treaty being actually signed in London by the English and Russian Ministers, and reported by De Rigny to be signed also by the French at Paris, we are now on our way back to Nauplia, to see if we cannot so adjust things there as to prevent its being said that there is no Greek Government, or party to be termed and considered as the Greek nation. Although the thermometer is only at 70° there is not a breath of wind, and the sun is therefore very oppressive.

Nauplia: July 19.

We got here in time yesterday to have our communication with the Government and make the arrangements for a

meeting of the factious chiefs with the Government on board the 'Asia' to-day. . . . .

5 P.M.

The affair is, I hope, settled. We got Strato on board, with the *three* who form the Executive, and a certain number of the Legislature (who had been deputed to communicate with him) with Mavrocordato and Tricoupi, combining thus the several Greek interests, with the exception of Grivas, who probably could not well pass in safety to the boat, and who is supposed to be willing to obey the Government. Strato started by requiring to retain one of the three forts in his possession. This led me into the field of controversy earlier than I meditated. But I found that as I advanced my principles of what government is, the necessity of military obedience, the impossibility of our ambassador considering Greece as having any Government to be represented by the Treaty *unless* the members were again put into full possession of the fortress of Nauplia, he began to give way. I remarked upon the effect which would be produced at Smyrna by the report of an Austrian brig of war which left Poros three days ago with an account of the disturbance, and that of the French schooner which sailed from hence two days ago, each desirous probably of making the worst of it; and the arguments which some of the Powers would join the Porte in founding on it, for ending the Treaty at once: and that the only effectual way of counteracting this, would be, enabling me to proceed (as I would do with the utmost expedition) with information of the town being again regularly under the control of the Government, and with some practical proof of their again issuing their decrees from it as before, *unawed* by the military. Mr. Elliot felt satisfied with the progressive improvement in the state of mind of the parties as we went on, Tricoupi interpreting my English very satisfactorily; and when we had got them all to the desired point of concord, we at once urged their carrying the agreement into execution, as I believe they are at this minute doing. I have scrawled this down hastily whilst the substance was in my memory, through many interruptions. Among others by the arrival of the 'Hellas,' with the *Greek Lord High Admiral*, whose flag I have

not, and intend not to salute. I admit, however, that this must appear remarkable in the eyes of those Greeks who have joined to-day in *our* salute for the king's coronation. I believe every gun in the whole fortress has been fired, and the *compliment was enhanced by many of them being shotted.*

July 22.

Thank God! we are again in deep water, with Nauplia some eighty miles astern of us. On the 18th I thought everything settled; but Greek soldiers, clamorous for arrears of pay, prefer reasoning themselves to being guided by the reasoning of others. However, after all the fresh difficulties which sprang up, and after the fresh deputations and consultations about putting them down, all seemed sufficiently arranged yesterday for Mr. Elliot to be able to say, 'Harmony is restored;' and after waiting till 9 P.M. for letters which he assured me would be ready at 5, I am now on my way to counteract the ill effects of the accounts carried by French and Austrians, and, no doubt, by this time industriously circulated at Constantinople. I am sick of the sight of this letter: I tried to read it over just now, and found it such a mass of confusion, I fear you will hardly make out anything but that I have been in a constant worry of mind and body, and have, as usual, sought relief in making you the sharer of my torments.

Off Scio: Monday, July 23.

The Turkish coast about Tchesme exhibits vineyards and other cultivation, in strong contrast to all we have lately seen; and the town of Scio, opposite, being composed of houses of a superior description, detached and surrounded by fruit trees and gardens, extending along the E. side of the island, and rising up the hill, promises great gratification on a nearer approach. Alas! they are the ruined shells of wealthy Greeks, who had retired to live in ease and comfort in this attractive spot, and who were annihilated in that horrid massacre, which has disgraced even the name of *Turk*, already so stained in blood. Two months were the people of the Captain Pacha's fleet employed in this butchery; and most effectually did they do their work. Out of 120,000 souls 80,000 were murdered in cold blood, and the houses reduced

to ruins! The population last year, including those who returned, as not knowing where else to find subsistence, reached only 10,000! My pilot, an able and excellent fellow, says that, long after the massacre, he could hardly find his way about the town, owing to the destruction and the heaps of putrid bodies, which nauseated him even to vomiting. I assure you I have never contemplated a scene more sickening to the mind than this view of Scio. There is nothing that can palliate a massacre like this, at least in our opinion. But the Turks accuse the rich Sciotes of being the first exciters of the revolt at Samos; and it was the Samians who went over to Scio and excited the revolt there, which brought upon them such severe chastisement; those very Samians escaping to Samos, and leaving the others to their fate. It is said that a certain party is working to get Samos back for the Turks, à la Athens; but I should think even such diplomatic dexterity can scarcely lead the people of that island to expose themselves to the avenging wrath of the decapitating Sultan.

July 25.

Smyrna is a very odd but very uninviting town in appearance; and having rowed along near the beach of the town with Harry, to the great discomfiture of our *olfactory* nerves (a mass of locusts having fallen upon the beach), I do not think I shall make myself much more practically acquainted with it.

The old consul, Mr. Werry, at 88 years old, has made me a visit in a red coat, which, of the two, seemed most the worse for wear, the former apparently having originally been the *best built* of the two.

Smyrna: July 26, 1827.

You will get a long detail of my proceedings with this, which I shall send open for Adam's perusal, that it may save my writing to him, and doing what I cannot contentedly do in temperate weather, much more with the thermometer varying from 84° to 90°—viz., repeat my own words. Yesterday I went to our Consul's, received the formal visits of all the foreign Consuls, and afterwards of the English mer-

chants; this process over, I returned the visits of the former and then paid my respects to the Pacha. We had now been in this *stewing* process from eleven till two o'clock. Accompanied by my captains and the Consul, and preceded by some half dozen of his Turks in the usual form, we passed through a crowd of attendants of different ranks into the presence of his Highness. He did not rise from his *tailor-like* posture, but *signed* us gracefully to the ottoman round the room on either side of him, he being himself in the angle. As it was my business to begin, and as high compliment was the order of the day, I begged the dragoman would say that 'I felt great pleasure in personally paying my respects to a person so much esteemed by my countrymen, and indeed all others who visited Smyrna.' His Highness replied 'that he was extremely glad that he had the opportunity of making my acquaintance; that he was about to send his dragoman to offer me such assistance as he had at command, when I anticipated him by proposing to call upon him.' The general tenor of the conversation was much in the same style—complimentary on both sides, savouring somewhat of what *we express* by the word *humbug*, and therefore not worth recording. But you will judge of his style by one particular speech, which I consider as a good specimen of his general politeness, with which his manner and countenance harmonised. Pacha: 'Of the succession of British admirals with whom I have become acquainted, each has seemed to surpass the other; but I request to be informed if Sir Harry Neale is in good health.' On another occasion, upon receiving an answer to some question he had put to me about our customs, he observed, as the dragoman put it in French, 'Que tous les officiers Anglais sont braves.' Speaking of this ship, which he liked much to have opposite his window, I said that although I was aware that his Highness did not visit ships of one nation in order to avoid displeasing others—if curiosity induced him to visit the 'Asia' in a private capacity it would give me great pleasure to receive him. He answered at once that 'If he were to appoint a time, and any business were to prevent him, it might put me to inconvenience; but that if he should find an opportunity of gratifying his wish, he

would send me word of it.' I conclude that he has not the least intention of coming; and, indeed, that at this moment of interference with his master, he dare not; but you will see in it the address of the man, which marks quickness and intelligence. My visit lasted above an hour, and he certainly seemed much pleased with it. Pipes, coffee, fresh pipes, and then fresh coffee, and a wind-up of sherbet or lemonade, accompanied the conversation. His own pipe had diamonds at the handle, and the bowl rested on a silver saucer on the carpet; mine had more ornament than the others, but, like them, rested on a brass saucer. There was an attendant for each; the pipes were clean, as they were long; the tobacco was mild and good, and the coffee hot and well-tasted. The dragoman never spoke without putting his hand to his lips and then to his forehead, a custom which has not yet been explained to me. My band is to play under his window this evening. I understand that with the change to the European style of soldiering, these gentlemen wish to have bands of music, but they have a long journey to advance in everything before they will bear comparison in *any one* branch of military arrangement. In the meantime the Sultan himself and his plans may be annihilated at any moment when least expected.

July 30.

A passage in Mitford's *Greece* just now reminds me of a circumstance which I believe I did not mention in my account of the affray at Nauplia, which is curious as showing the unchangeableness of these people. We used in the stillness of the night air to hear the parties in the two forts hail and abuse each other in the coarsest language of defiance. Mitford mentions parties of the Syracusans personally addressing the Athenians in the same ill language.

The object of Sir E. C. in going to Smyrna was to be in quick communication by courier with Mr. Stratford Canning, our Ambassador at Constantinople, to whom he was referred for instructions as to the time and execution of the Treaty of July. Though he had received a copy of the Treaty, he had not received the authority to act upon

the Instructions that formed part of it; yet the Expedition from Alexandria was known to be on the point of attacking Greece, probably on the side of Hydra.

From Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

'Asia,' Smyrna: August 1, 1827.

. . . I consider it as a good precaution in the French Ambassador, to have apprised Admiral De Rigny of the Treaty, that he might be prepared to act on it: and but for the communication of it which you have now made to me, I might have felt it my duty to proceed to some other part of my station. Monsieur De Rigny, who made me a visit this morning, thinks the Porte will resist at first; but that a certain number of guns will produce submission. If we should be driven thus far, I hope we shall exact our own terms afterwards. But as to acting conjointly with the French squadron, I must say candidly, that I will not do so if I can avoid it. I will not willingly trust the credit of our flag and my own character, to the conduct of those whom I cannot punish for disobedience and neglect of duty. . . . I have, &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to Doctor Wollaston.

Smyrna: August 2, 1827.

. . . Writing to a friend is relaxation of the mind. But I take it, as I am now doing, at a somewhat unseasonable hour,—midnight; although I start from my cot again at six in the morning. The heat here has been very oppressive. The thermometer generally from 85° to 90° with an ovenly N. E. wind coming over a barren rocky hill dry as drought, and radiating at night all that it has so amply imbibed during the cloudless day. The interference of the Christian Powers has been so delayed that Greece is absolutely frittered away into the subdivisions of party chiefs. I tried hard (in the character of a Neutral) to rally them around their Government at Napoli di Romania, when they were all fighting with each

other for the possession of that fortress: and if I had had the character of an ally which the Treaty will give me, I could have done a great deal more than the mere appeal to humanity admitted of. The Turkish fleet lingers in Alexandria, although ready; the Pacha fearing the effect on it of the Treaty, if met by us at sea. . . .

Your sincere friend,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Vourla, near Smyrna: August 7, 1827.

The newspapers will tell you, as they do me, that I am to have a French and Russian squadron to act with me, and, what is more to my taste, our ships of the line from Lisbon; but I have no line on the subject officially. Only think of 'The Times' of the 12th July having in it the Treaty which was not made complete for sending off to Mr. Stratford Canning till that day, and is a profound secret! You must not expect to see me, I fear, for some time, under present circumstances. My situation, it must be confessed, is an arduous one; but it is professionally a very ostensible one, and I trust I shall have health and nerves to stand all the responsibility attached to it; and if I get well through it, it will assuredly be of use to our dear Harry. Sometimes, when I get a little *excédé* by the excess of work, this recollection cheers me up, and I start afresh again. But, in truth, I should make a better chief if I had you at my elbow, let the regulators of naval affairs say or think what they may. . . . I do not apprehend the usual maltreatment of the Franks here, or at Alexandria, or at any place where there is any authority, on account of this Treaty. I have, however, gone as far as I could in the expression of opinions which may confirm the good intentions of the Pachas in preventing it; although I have not a line of information or instruction to guide me.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

'Royal Sovereign' yacht, Plymouth: July 16, 1827.[1]

DEAR SIR,—You will see from whence I write that I have not time to say all I ought in consequence of the important despatches which this accompanies. I make no doubt discretion, prudence, and perfect deliberation will be your guides. One thing I particularly mention: *not* permitting yourself to be commanded by the Admirals of *either* of the *other* Powers. Your card is the more difficult because I am afraid France is not sincere, and perhaps Russia is not. But I am sure coolness and deliberation will direct you.

I shall be anxious to know the course this negotiation *will* or *may* take.

God bless you, and ever believe me,

Yours most truly,

WILLIAM.

From Sir E. C. to Sir Frederick Adam, at Corfu. (*Secret.*)

Vourla, near Smyrna: August 7, 1827.

The 'Alacrity' got here about 3 P.M. to-day, just when I was ruminating over the *Treaty*, a copy of which I received in '*very great* confidence' several days ago, and the instructions emanating from it which I received *only* at 2 A.M. *this morning*. I am, nevertheless, equally obliged, my dear Adam, for your information, not only on this subject, but the others which accompany it. It is altogether a business of great interest as well as great importance, as you say; and I wish to God I had you at my side, to counsel me in taking a correct view of all which I have to do in it. The only information or instruction which I have is from perusing these, as yet to me unauthorised documents; and I see in the proper execution of their contents full as much difficulty as there is deficiency of information. . . . Upon the whole, my dear Adam, I think there is not much cause to apprehend insult and injury to the Franks on account of this Treaty. I should tell you I

[1] Received August 11.

purposely drew the attention of the Pacha to the 'Asia's' broadside from his windows, that he might see how easily we could destroy him and all his Turks. It is true I cannot confide in the conduct of ————, and what am I to do with ———— ? I have told Mr. S. C. that I will not have them under my orders if I can help, because I cannot punish them if they disobey. But what then? I *cannot* help it, and I will therefore make the best of it. *They* need not know my want of confidence in them; and I think amongst them all, it is hard if they do not teach me to be as 'diplomatique' as the rest of them. In short, Lord Granville may rely upon my trusting as much in them as possibly he does in the ministers of Charles the Tenth. . . . . .

Sir E. C. to Captain W. Codrington in England.

'Asia,' Smyrna: August 9, 1827.

I wish very much, my dear W., I had you with me, because affairs are getting very interesting, and I might make you of some use to me. . . . The same squabbles continue to distract the town of Nauplia (or Napoli di Romania), although there has been no firing since I left it. There is scarcely one of the principals, whether native or Philhellene, whose conduct has not excited suspicion of his being actuated by sinister motives of some sort. . . . Altogether, a plain man does not know how to steer by them. God knows we have nothing but evils to contend with; but the jealousies and quarrels of the Greeks themselves, and the total want of principle of their chiefs, is the worst of all in respect of establishing their independence. . . . Yesterday I found out an old ruined bridge near Vourla which might delight an antiquary; but being in a country where tyranny has always created misery, and lying, and treachery, and cruelty, I have no reverence for any part of it. The Greeks and Turks are more attached to their vices than to their country, and therefore I feel no attachment to either. I will, however, do my best to make both better: and if I had the power of punishing delinquency, I should be very sanguine of success. The Greeks have continued the same cruel treacherous people, since the times described by

Mitford; as if their mountains being barren of vegetation were the cause of their minds being so barren of virtue. Such, however, being the effect, whatever be the cause, I reverence neither one nor the other.

August 11.

Yesterday I received the Treaty officially and in due form from my own master. . . . I have certainly a heavy load of responsibility and of hard work on my hands; but I trust I shall find health, strength, and nerves to stand it. Our dear Hal is keeping lieutenant's watch in 'Philomel' on a cruise; but I think I must now get him back to write my private letters for me. I wish much you were here also to help me through foreign communications.

God bless you,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lord Dudley.

H.M.S. 'Asia,' Smyrna: August 10 and 11, 1827.

Although when you and I last met, my dear lord, neither of us, I believe, expected that we should have been so soon brought into official contact, I may be permitted to rejoice in such a consequence having arisen out of the late changes. The latest debates which have reached us show that secrets will escape sooner or later; and it is said that Talleyrand or Fouché told Buonaparte that none of the secrets of his office could be insured for forty days. But still we must be surprised at 'The Times' of the 12th July containing not only the Treaty, but the secret article attached to it. However, having received this said paper on the seventh of this month from Sir F. Adam, I sent it off immediately to Captain Hamilton, at Napoli di Romania, for him to see if he cannot, through the information it contains, bring the parties there in hostility to each other, to make a sacrifice of their jealousies at this important moment to the general good of their country. I thought I had brought them to this temper of mind before I came from thence to meet Mr. S. Canning's despatches; but it seems that, in spite of their promises, things

remain nearly in the same state, short, however, of that open cannonading hostility which had done so much mischief to the unoffending inhabitants. . . .

August 11.

I received last night the order of the Lord High Admiral about the Treaty, with all the necessary documents from your office; and I therefore shall now put myself into communication with Admiral De Rigny, and be ready to act whenever I learn from Mr. S. Canning, according to his last letter to me, that things are sufficiently advanced at Constantinople for us to make our communication to the Greeks. . . . It is not easy for me to anticipate exactly what may be agreed upon by us jointly; but I may as well tell you that, if circumstances require that the three squadrons should act separately, I shall endeavour to arrange it so that the French shall watch Alexandria, the Russians the Dardanelles, and that I should take the one least agreeable, but where I think I can be most useful, the coast of Greece. One point more I may mention to you, *en ami*, that although I may consider the French as 'our natural enemies,' I shall show all possible cordiality with them or with our other colleagues.

Yours, my dear lord, very sincerely,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Although the Treaty and the Instructions relating to it had now been officially received, the sanction for acting upon it was still delayed—and the delay was very detrimental to the cause.

Sir E. C. and Admiral De Rigny had their first meeting at Vourla August 12, and in making the appointment Sir E. C. wrote, 'On this occasion I need only add that I am fully sensible how much depends upon our acting in concert and concord with each other, that I have an anxious desire to conduct myself towards you in accordance to that sentiment, and the firmest confidence that I shall find in your Excellency a perfect reciprocity of feeling.'

Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

Vourla: August 11, 1827, 9 P.M.

. . . Another point in which I wish to be instructed, is, whether or not we may guarantee the retirement of any of the belligerent forces as far as we have power to do so, if they should propose to withdraw themselves from the contest; and if we may not in such case stipulate for the non-injury of Athens, or, at all events, for the security of the works of art still remaining there.

August 12, 6 P.M.

I have just finished a two hours' conversation with Admiral De Rigny. . . .

Neither of us can make out how we are by force to prevent the Turks, if obstinate, from pursuing any line of conduct which we are instructed to oppose, without committing hostility. Surely it must be like a blockade; if an attempt be made to force it, by force only can that attempt be resisted.[1] But I see your letter, and also the second instruction, contemplates a collision between the Sultan's squadron and those of the Allies as a possible case. I should, however, but for your having a contrary opinion, have imagined that the first consequences of such a collision would be his taking up a more moderate tone, in order not to put in jeopardy that fleet and that army upon which his personal safety would seem to depend. I trust your Excellency will not consider it an intrusion, my thus freely offering my sentiments upon a subject in which by duty no less than by inclination my mind never ceases to dwell. I still hope, however, that the Turkish commanders will not put us to such an extremity, seeing how powerless they must be in enforcing measures to which we oppose ourselves. The sub-

[1] This was answered by Mr. S. Canning on August 19—that some of Sir E. C.'s questions must be talked over with his colleagues; that the true meaning of the second instruction under the Treaty is, that we mean to enforce, by cannon shot, if necessary, the armistice which is the object of the Treaty: the object being to interpose the Allied Forces, and to keep the peace by the speaking-trumpet if possible; but in case of necessity, by force.

ject presents difficulties in whichever way we look at it, as such a business naturally must, although there is so much admirable precaution in all the arrangements. . . .

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Vourla: August 11.

It is *hard upon me* to have opportunities come so quick in succession; but I cannot allow one to escape without telling you that I hope I have health, strength, and nerves for the responsibility and the mass of work which this Treaty brings upon me. I have now received it officially from my own master, Duke of Clarence. . . . I came back here to complete the water we started, and then shall go to Smyrna to talk over with De Rigny all we have jointly to undertake. I suspect the Russians will not arrive until the work is done in part; nor perhaps the 'Genoa' and 'Albion,' coming to me from Lisbon. I think the Turks *will* not because they *cannot* refuse our interposition; that the Pacha of Egypt will secede at all events, and not send the fleet to sea; and that the Turkish army must therefore retire 'par la force des circonstances.' But our greatest difficulty will arise out of success in getting both parties to assent: for how then to adjust their demands, will be the difficulty; and how to make the Greeks agree amongst themselves to what is decided for them to do. It is upon the whole a most complex business; and it is very difficult to *speculate* even upon what is to be the result.

11 P.M.

I am so *told out* by contemplating a fresh batch of despatches which reached me this evening, or rather night, from Mr. S. Canning, and M. De Rigny who is coming here to open official intercourse with me to-morrow—that I can only add that I wish I had you now here as my Foreign Secretary. E. C.

Vourla: August 13.

De Rigny and I are now in full confidence, by desire of our superiors, and I have no reason to doubt our going on

throughout very well together. He is gentlemanlike, clever, and well-informed upon this subject, to which his attention has been given these five years. What the Russian may turn out to be when he comes, I know not; but we think we have sufficient authority for using his name with ours in the meantime. I fancy there will be three ships of the line of each nation, besides frigates, &c. I cannot be under either of my colleagues, whether they may be under me or not. In our diplomacy we are all equal. Fane[1] writes, 'how happy you must be in seeing the "Asia" proudly riding amongst the flags and pendants of so many different nations! I quite envy you!' I am not quite sure, however, that any man would envy me if he knew all the difficulties he would have to contend with. But, as I have before told you, I think I see my way through it, and imagine I discern much good in the distance; which will always make me look back to it with satisfaction, whatever credit may arise out of it to me personally. On this latter point, experience has taught me not to place reliance: my business is only to take care to deserve it. . . . .

August 16.

Admiral De Rigny joined me at Vourla on the 12th and dined with me on the 13th; this latter process having certainly upon his nation as well as ours, the effect of *amalgamation.*

August 16, 1827.

Ipsara—or Ypsara—or Psara,—for we know not how to give the Greek sounds, is an example not only of Turkish barbarity, but of Greek heroism. This island in revolting, followed the example of Spezzia and Hydra, in the year 1821. It contained 12,000 of its own population and about 6,000 refugees from Scio, &c.; and followed the above two islands in trading strength. In July, 1824, the Captain Pacha with 30,000 men, and 70 sail of vessels-of-war, effected a landing and pressed forward to the town and castle. After two separate repulses the Greeks were overpowered by a third attack on the castle, to which they had retired. Numberless

[1] General Sir Henry Fane.

women, after throwing their children over the walls into the sea, threw themselves after them, to avoid the scimitars of the Pacha, who vowed he would not take one alive! About 700 remaining in the castle, who saw no means of resistance, amongst whom were both women and children, were by general consent all blown up together by setting fire to the magazine! The Pacha then went himself to Mitylene to water, leaving a small force behind him. The Greeks from Hydra and Spezzia, with such Ipsariots as had escaped, shortly retook possession of the island, destroying the Turkish force left there. They then carried off all the guns, provisions, &c., which the Turks had left there, and deserted the island altogether: and thus it still remains, a monument of that excessive barbarity which has distinguished the reign of this Sultan even amongst his cruel predecessors.

August 17.

We are now at Nauplia and the thermometer in my cabin is at 90°. Admiral De Rigny and myself were anchored here last night, and have this morning had a conversation with some of the Greeks about the Treaty; the news of which reached them first from Zante. . . . I take up my pen to you by way of relief; but the subject of this Treaty, and the difficulties and consequences which attend it, are so all-absorbing that I cannot get away from it.

From Sir E. C. to Sir Frederick Adam.

Nauplia: August 20, 1827.

. . . Church tells me he cannot move back to Corinth (the first step in this business) for want of provisions: his 2,000 men with which he came here against his will, by order of the Government, not having had even bread supplied to them for five days. In fact, the Government has not the money to procure it; and yet De Rigny wanted them to give up an Austrian loaded with wood, &c., for shipbuilding, for Alexandria, when her cargo affords the only means of enabling the army to make this required movement. . . . Of course, Lord Granville will join in my conclusion, or rather, I in his, that my colleague can have no sinister object in this! Such is the

assurance I give at our meetings here to all around me; and I add my reason, that the Treaty itself admits of none but the single straightforward course pointed out by our superiors. My doctrine and my practice very well agree, because I heretofore pursued no other, nor has Hamilton: but my colleague *may have* much to clear away to get into the straight road, and even then there may be some dirt sticking to the wheels, taken up in the by-lanes! Sometimes I am overcome by the difficulties I have to contemplate: sometimes I am quite *excédé* by the tiresome stuff which I find myself called upon to listen to; but at other times I laugh and chuckle at the arts and contrivances which I find others think it requisite to practise, in justification of conduct which they themselves disapprove. And I must own I indulge sometimes in a little saucy general observation on right and wrong in these matters, to those who must wince at their own necessary echo of them. But for this latter I think I should die of *ennui*, particularly if —— were often to repeat his visit of yesterday evening. Oh, dear! if he is as slow and as dull in his military operations as in detailing his grievances, and if he is as hard put to it in beating the Turks as he was in persuading me that he is another Duke of Wellington, God help those whom he commands, as well as those who trust an army to his management.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Monday morning, August 20.

I was fairly worried out last night; not so much by the quantity of matter and of discussion which I necessarily had to attend to; but by unnecessary impediments to real business, and by the many specimens of self being paramount to every other consideration. . . . . I find a constitutional difficulty in listening to a detail of low-bred dishonesty, accompanied by cruelty in the execution and producing disastrous consequences, with the thermometer at 91° and the light sand thickening the air and irritating the eyelids.

August 21.

The temperature in this cabin has been 95° and in De Rigny's more.

From Sir E. C. to Lord Dudley.

H.M.S. 'Asia': August 23, 1827.

(The first part of this letter relates to the somewhat perplexing proceedings of Admiral De Rigny.)

My dear Lord,— . . . Captain H. could furnish you with plenty more instances of unaccountable conduct of this sort, the clue to which I leave to you or to them to unravel. But you need not adopt the fears which others seem to have, that it will excite any unpleasant consequences in the conduct of either H. or myself towards him, in the performance of our duty. As I have observed to the Admiral himself, we have the Treaty to guide us, and our principal communications are worded for us, to avoid mistake or difficulty And, although I certainly would prefer a more plain-sailing colleague, I dare say we shall chime in very well together. . . . . Now, my good friend, you, like the temperature (95° of Fahrenheit), have drawn more out of me than is good for me to part with. But there it is, and I rely upon your only making a proper use of it: you and I may shortly have better opportunities of forming a sound judgment. . . . There are other questions which I should like to have answered by you *if you did not live twenty days from my residence*: such as if the shutting up the Allied Ambassadors would not require our seizing the Turkish ships as hostages for their safety. . . . .

August 24.

As I have touched so much upon the conduct of my colleague, I am disposed to anticipate your wish that I should solve the difficult question of what motive he can have. Now, dating from the reception of the Treaty, I should say simply 'none;' because his duty as well as mine is therein clearly chalked out for him. . . . . Let me assure you, however, that none of our differences in opinion will impede my pursuing the main object with all possible harmony: and that I will not see offence in things which he may do to me, which, thinking indelicate, I will not do towards him. I have prescribed a line for myself, which appears best calculated to effect the object of my Government, and consequently to ensure my own

credit: and to this I shall steadily adhere, however tortuous may be the path of others. It is now high time I should say, I am, &c.,

EDW. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

August 23, 1827.

We were yesterday standing off and on from Hydra to Garden Bay. It was for an object of importance; and I rejoice in having recovered to a man his whole property which had been forcibly taken from him at Syra; having despatched the 'Rose' as I trust in time to prevent the plunder of that town by two boatloads of the scum of Hydra, amounting to 50 or 60 men who set out the preceding night, I feared being obliged to anchor; but by great exertion and decision on the part of Hamilton (of the 'Cambrian') we got our business done by dark. The night was calm, and all hands complained of being unable to sleep from the oppressiveness of the air, although the temperature was not above 84° or 85°. My own night was divided between an arm-chair, the stern walk, and my cot in cabin; in each of which I was suspended betwixt sleep and painful oppression. In truth I had been overworked during the day by previous communication with the primates of Spezzia, and then of Hydra, when I wanted rest and quiet from the business at Nauplia in a temperature of 95° and a calm on the day preceding. However, here we are enjoying the surprise of a nice fair breeze through the Doro passage, where at this season in general one might expect not only a foul wind but a lee current, for the currents in all parts of the Mediterranean follow the line of the wind.

Smyrna: 10 P.M.

There is a general opinion of my colleague having acted a different part from what the Treaty prescribes. Therefore he is looked on now with suspicion. Lords Granville and Goderich write through Adam in a way to put me off my guard, whilst Mr. Stratford Canning writes purposely to put me on my guard. The former, perhaps, think Hamilton and *myself* liable to show rough opposition in case of suspecting

insincerity: the latter may have feared our colleague would be too much for us.

To you I say fear not, *we* shall do well whatever he may do. . . . . I cannot describe the comfort I derive from your being at the Lucca Baths, instead of being oppressed by the heat of Florence or Naples.

Yours, E. C.

It was very well for Admiral De Rigny, and well too for the service that had to be carried out, that Sir E. C. was able to keep himself from being unduly biassed against the French Admiral, by all the warnings so earnestly placed before him, both privately and officially. No doubt the Admiral gave cause for the doubts expressed of his sincerity, by the apparent want of openness in his proceedings; but time and events proved the reality of his zealous co-operation in the service in hand, and his sincerity was proved by the loyal earnestness with which, when he saw his chief unjustly censured, he claimed to share with him the responsibility of their conjoint acts.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir E. C. to Captain W. C.

'Asia': August 24, 1827.

We are now becalmed off Scio, in our way to Smyrna, after privately communicating to the Greeks the Treaty, which I sent them at full in 'The Times' newspaper some time before. . . . . As we three Admirals are to arrange the Treaty with the Greeks, whilst the ambassadors do the same with the Turks, I do not expect to leave these seas for some months, even if all go on smoothly. Which party may have the most difficult affair to settle finally, I know not; but we are not in as much danger of being shut up in a tower as our coadjutors, which is some comfort. I hope the necessity of the case may create that union amongst the Greeks, the want of which has been their curse: it will, at all events, unite the best amongst them; and many who have remained aloof will now, I trust, come forward and meet us as a rallying-point. I find a plain straightforward course answers best with them, and that lightens the load I have to carry. We have had the thermometer frequently at 95° in my cabin, and a parching air which was very oppressive. At Nauplia one day the sand thickened the air so that we could hardly see the beach three miles off. . . . Upon the whole the 'ship,' as we term it, is very healthy, and I stand it all surprisingly, considering that I have the accompaniment of great and constant anxiety of mind, and a thousand infernal piratical villanies to redress into the bargain. Not one vessel under my orders but on joining presents me with several complaints of this sort which call for immediate interposition. And this is the envied climate, in which bathing and sleeping, when one can, are the only comforts; envied even by English, who can always have

comfort either within door or without, let the weather be what it may. I do not find any of them boast of such climates, however, when in them. In the Gulf of Smyrna, at Vourla, only a few hours' sail distant, no doubt despatches of importance are now waiting for me; which makes this calm ill-timed. There too, I shall find the two ships of the line and several others waiting my arrival; and there too I shall find a no inconsiderable part of my family, Midshipman Hal, whom it will do my eyes good to see again, for I do not like to be so long shut out from all of you.

To Lady C.

Smyrna: August 25.

I am without instructions upon some serious points on which I ought to be informed by one or other of my masters. Every now and then I drop my pen and *quarter deck* my cabin, thinking I have more upon my hands than falls to the share of any one man; and yet not a day passes without some addition to my load. Sometimes, when overcome with the heat, &c., I almost despair; but then, after being brought up to the mark by some circumstance, and feeling that I have got pretty well through it, up I go again, and am ready for anything. I am ready at all times to join in our native pugilistic cry, 'A clear stage and no favour;' but it is a boon seldom granted to us *naval* men, and we know, on the contrary, that we are judged by expediency.

Smyrna: August 26.

. . . . Report here says that, besides the declaration having been published on the 16th, the Sultan is allowed only a fortnight to answer, by his assent or dissent; therefore I may be very soon advising the commander of the Turco-Egyptian fleet to retire. There are altogether sixty vessels of war and fifty transports, &c., with 5,000 infantry and 500 cavalry. . . .

The French and Russian Admirals were both placed under the command of the English Admiral, and in a letter of August 26, Admiral De Rigny informed Sir E. C. officially of the orders he had received from his own Minister of Marine, 'de ce qui a été décidé au sujet du commandement

supérieur, dans le cas où il deviendrait utile qu'il fût exercé.' Admiral Heiden was not at that time arrived, but in a letter of November 8 in Navarin Harbour, he heartily accepted the superior command of the English Admiral, and placed himself under his direction.

To Lady C.

August 28, 1827.

I am now authorised by our Ambassadors to send, jointly with my colleagues, the Declaration to the Greeks. They think the Sultan will not accede, as he knows of the Fleet having left Alexandria with the 4,000 or 5,000 troops. They were *several days* getting out of the Harbour, the ships must water at Suda, and the troops were forced on board. Their very numbers will create confusion, and I hope they will not have done anything before the time come for our forbidding their further proceeding.

At Vourla: August 30.

My business increases rapidly and is made very irksome by the vacillation of —— ——. The rendezvous he gives me as one where I am *certain* of his receiving despatches is *either Milo, Paros*, or *on the way to Smyrna!!!* and at a mom nt too when the Ambassadors are so anxious to gain time.

I can now only add that the Greeks assent to the proposal of the Allies for an armistice, and that I am sending off this news to Lord Dudley.

In consequence of a friendly warning from Sir E. C. to the Pacha of Egypt and advice to recall his fleet and army from the Morea, Mr. Salt, the Consul at Cairo, wrote on September 6:—

Osmyn Bey came to me and communicated from his Highness the following answer. That he was surprised at the extreme imprudence of Admiral De Rigny in giving to the world such declarations as those he had been pleased to put forth, for which there could be no foundation—that he had to tell me in private that owing to this imprudence the Grand Seignor and Divan had, as his Highness learned by his last

letters from Constantinople, been actually on the point of declaring his Highness a rebel to the Porte; but that fortunately at that moment a Tartar had arrived at Constantinople, which announced the departure of the fleet; and thus for a time warded off the blow. That I must therefore see how delicately he was situated. His Highness could not give any direct orders to recall his fleet, or take any step which might be interpreted into rebellion by the Porte. . . .

From Mr. Stratford Canning to Sir E. C.

Constantinople: August 31. 1827.[1]

SIR,—I hasten to inform you that at the expiration of the term allowed to the Porte for deliberating on our proposals respecting Greece, the Reis Effendi having refused them on the part of his government in the most positive terms, I have this day sent in to his Excellency, in concert with the French Ambassador and the Russian Envoy, the official Declaration, of which a copy is herewith enclosed. In pursuance of the joint instructions under which this step has been taken, it is my duty to signify to you that you are now called upon to proceed to the execution of those important measures, which you have been eventually directed by his Majesty's Government to assist in carrying into effect. . . . We trust that you already have under your command and that of Rear-Admiral De Rigny, a sufficient force to deter the Turkish and Egyptian fleets from making any serious attempt upon the coasts or islands of Greece, especially upon such points of them as may be considered the most probable objects of attack.

I have the honour, &c.,

STRATFORD CANNING.

On September 8, Sir E. C. received a letter from Mr. S. Canning, dated September 1, in which he says 'that he has considered with his colleagues the several questions put to him by Sir E. C.;[2] that on the subject of collision

[1] Received at Egina on 7th Sept., the Ottoman Fleet having reached Navarin on Sept. 9.

[2] In his letter of August 11.

they agree that although the measures are not to be adopted in a hostile spirit, and the Allied Governments desire to avoid anything that may bring on war, yet the prevention of supplies is ultimately to be enforced if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot.'

Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

'Asia,' off Hydra: September 8, 1827.

SIR,—I have had the honour of receiving by Captain Dalgleish your *confidential* letter of September 1, and also your letter of August 31, with the accompanying copies of instructions sent to my colleagues. I consider these instructions as sufficiently explanatory, and I am now proceeding in search of Admiral De Rigny, for the purpose of concerting with him the best mode of carrying them into execution. I know nothing of the Turco-Egyptian fleet since it entered Suda. . . . No doubt it is advisable that we should show the whole combined force at once, as the best inducement to suspend further hostile operations. But if I should not find Admiral De Rigny, and if the officer in command of the French ships of the line should not feel empowered to move in his absence, I shall consider the force under my immediate orders as sufficient to execute the service required without them, in case of some determined conduct on the part of the Turkish Admiral rendering the employment of it absolutely necessary.

I mention this now that I am sending the 'Brisk' back to Smyrna, that you may anticipate the execution of this great object of the Treaty, under any circumstances which may arise.

I have, &c.

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Thus it may be seen—and the gallant devotion to duty may be fully appreciated—that Sir Edward Codrington undertook without hesitation a great responsibility. The French ships had not joined, being at Milo; the Russian ships had not arrived; and yet he determined, *with three* sail of the line, to place himself before Hydra, *and to oppose*, if necessary by force, the whole of the

Turkish and Egyptian fleet. Perhaps, as he writes subsequently, it is fortunate that that fleet had anchored in the port of Navarin on the 9th, he himself arriving before Navarin on the 12th.

GENERAL ORDER TO ALL THE CAPTAINS.

'Asia,' at sea: September 8, 1827.

SIR,—You are aware that a Treaty has been signed between England, France, and Russia, for the pacification of Greece. A declaration of the decision of the Powers has been presented to the Porte, and a similar declaration has been presented to the Greeks.

The armistice proposed to each, in these declarations, has been acceded to by the Greeks, whilst it has been refused by the Turks. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the allied naval forces to enter, in the first place, on friendly relations with the Greeks; and, next, to intercept every supply of men, arms, &c., destined against Greece, and coming either from Turkey or Africa in general. The last measure is that which requires the greatest caution, and, above all, a complete understanding as to the operations of the allied naval forces.—Most particular care is to be taken that the measures adopted against the Ottoman navy do not degenerate into hostilities. The formal intention of the Powers is to interfere as conciliators, and to establish, in fact, at sea, the armistice which the Porte would not concede as a right. Every hostile proceeding would be at variance with the pacific ground which they have chosen to take, and the display of forces which they have assembled is destined to cause that wish to be respected; but they must not be put into use, unless the Turks persist in forcing the passages which they have intercepted.

All possible means should be tried, in the first instance, to prevent the necessity of proceeding to extremities; but the prevention of supplies, as before-mentioned, is to be enforced, if necessary, and when all other means are exhausted, by cannon shot.

In giving you this instruction as to the duty which I am directed to perform, my intention is to make you acquainted thoroughly with *the object of* our Government, that you may

not be taken by surprise as to whatever measures I may find it necessary to adopt. You will still look to me for further instructions as to the carrying any such measures into effect.

I am, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

'Asia,' off Napoli di Malvasia: September 10, 1827.

SIR,—Although the difficulties I have to contend with have increased since I last had the honour of writing to you, and will still continue increasing, the confidence which I can rely upon of being properly supported by your Royal Highness, so long as my conduct entitles me to it, will, I doubt not, enable me to overcome them all. . . . Give me but impartial trial before an informed judge, and responsibility, which has hung like a nightmare on the breasts of some of the ablest officers in either service, will have no terrors for me. Your Royal Highness will, I trust, pardon these effusions from one whose whole mind is bent on doing his duty to his king and country on a very trying and important occasion. Since the date of my last letter, I have received Mr. S. Canning's instructions to impede further hostilities. I had already placed myself, with the ships of the line, off Hydra, in readiness; and I am in a position from which the movements of the Turco-Egyptian fleet must be seen, if they attempt anything upon this coast. Nobody seems to know where Admiral De Rigny himself is. His four ships of the line being at Paros, I have there sent a notification of my movements. They cannot act without his further orders, and I have heard that he is gone away in a brig to Smyrna, to communicate with me! I cannot pretend to understand his mode of executing the duties prescribed by the Treaty, although I must believe him to be bent on performing them. He may perhaps know that the Turco-Egyptian fleet will not come this way; but certainly in such case, however he may get the information, it would best become him that he should let me know it also. And at all events, we have other duties to execute not consistent with keeping the ships in Paros. The reported death of Mr. Canning has excited fears on the part of the Greeks of a change of policy in our councils. I have assured

them that, the Treaty being the act of the three sovereigns, it will equally be executed whoever will be minister. . . .

Off Navarin: September 12.

Having heard, on the evening of the 10th, that the Turkish expedition was come this way, I pushed after them without waiting any longer for my colleague. I find the whole of them in this port and Modon, where they arrived on the 9th. As I did not get Mr. Canning's instructions until the 7th instant, at night, we should not have been in time to stop them, even if the Rear-Admiral had been there with me. But when your Royal Highness examines their force as stated in my public letter, you will see that, in all probability, they would openly resist the force that I have to intercept their operations without being joined by the French squadron or the Russians. It is not clear that it would have been my duty to prevent their entering one of their own ports. But as such a proceeding would appear the most consistent with the object contemplated in the Treaty, I had made up my mind to adopt it; trusting that if error it should be found, it would, at all events, be deemed an error on the right side. . . .

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Admiralty: October 16, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 10th off Napoli di Malvasia, and its continuation of September 12 off Navarin, reached me on the 9th of this month; it is therefore clear the Turkish expedition was when you wrote, in Navarin and Modon. I trust there they will remain till the force employed against them will be of that nature that the Turks will not think of coming out for fear of the result. You will receive the official orders to endeavour to get the Pacha of Egypt and his son to withdraw the troops and ships, but the forces must be on board the Egyptian ships. . . . I recommend to you again prudence and coolness, and shall be guided by my own judgment. . . . I shall be most anxious to hear of events as they arise; and ever remain,

Dear Sir, yours most truly,

WILLIAM.

Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

(Extract.)

'Asia,' off Navarin: September 16, 1827.

Captain Fellowes of the 'Dartmouth' counted their numbers (the Turco-Egyptian fleet) as in the margin.[1] Captain Maude of the 'Glasgow' reports that they left Marmorice Bay in all 120 sail, and that not more than 85 entered these ports (Navarin and Modon). It is said they mean to attack all the remaining holds in the Peloponesus simultaneously, and Hydra also. I shall send information of my position to the Senior French officer at Paros to be conveyed to Admiral De Rigny, wherever he may be. I hardly expect to see Count Heiden during the month of September; but I shall be very glad of the reinforcement of the Russian squadron.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Admiralty: October 16, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—I had prepared a short public answer to your letter respecting the movement of the Turkish fleet of September 10 and 12. . . . I have only to call your serious attention to the orders now sent, and to assure you I have read with equal satisfaction both your public and private letters, and feel confident you will do all that prudence, firmness, and discretion will indicate.

Recollect I wish you well; and when I want advice I shall take it from the honourable minds of Sir George Cockburn, Sir William Hope, and Captain Spencer, who, like myself, are aware of the singular and delicate position in which you

[1] 4 line of battle-ships. 15 frigates.
17 corvettes. 24 brigs and transports.
3 flags at the main. 1 flag at the fore.

The Egyptian ships appeared in excellent condition, with accommodation-ladders, and one corvette with scrubbed hammocks triced up at the yard-arms. A halted encampment on the beach at Modon—another with a great many troops dressed in red. Not a gun to be seen on the fortifications at the latter place. Spoke a brig, one of the prettiest things possible, mounting eighteen guns, and eight brass swivels on each side, in beautiful order. The men were at quarters, tompions out, and all the brass-work as *bright as any* ever seen, with bright copper aprons for the locks on the *guns*.

are placed by the peculiar service on which you are now employed.

I am happy to add the 'Warspite,' commanded by Captain William Parker, will soon join you.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM.

From Sir E. C. to Lord Dudley.

'Asia,' off Navarin: September 13, 1827.

I was too much pressed for time, my dear lord, yesterday, to send you more than a public letter.[1] . . . Nor, indeed, need I have written now but for the desire which I have to let you know not only what I do in fulfilment of the Treaty, but the reasons which guide me. It appeared to me that the interception of the expedition from Alexandria would at once put an end to further operations on the part of the Turks in the Morea. It is not, however, clear to me that the direction to prevent supplies, &c., being thrown upon the coast of Greece, authorises a prevention of supplies to places in the Adriatic, which, like Modon, have continued in their hands, and which without such aid might starve. I should certainly have been glad to have had the opinion of my colleague upon this point before I acted; and it would certainly have been of great moment to have the help of the four sail of French ships of the line to give the Turk an excuse for yielding, which he could not have made out, I think, if opposed to our three only, with one accompanying frigate. But as I know nothing of him or his intentions, and as to be done at all the thing must be done quickly, I made up my mind immediately I was informed of the fleet coming this way, and pushed for this place. Their being all snug in port when I arrived *I* may perhaps justly consider a piece of good fortune; but yet, having prepared for the worst, and being determined to go to extremities if I failed in verbal persuasion, I must confess I felt a little disappointed at having that determination wasted.

Now, my good friend, as the lawyers say, 'this is my case:' and as I may possibly be again so situated, I ask for your judgment on it. *I did* rely upon De Rigny stopping the

[1] *Acknowledged* by Lord Dudley's letter of October 16.

Egyptian division by the influence which he said he had, and would exert over the French officers by whom it is entirely managed. Some will think the letter of his interpreter was meant to deceive me into this belief, when he did not intend to fulfil the expectation, and few will think he could appoint different places of rendezvous, at which he was not to be found, without meditating delay when the ambassadors wanted expedition.

He has, however, to explain to his masters what he has been about; and they being sincerely desirous of executing the Treaty will, I conclude, either judge as we do . . . . or think me blameworthy for proceeding so differently. It is not my business to question him personally as to his conduct or his motives, or I should be disposed to address him as Richard the Third does Stanley in the play—'Cold friend to me, what did you in the north, when you should serve your sovereign in the west?' He is to me quite incomprehensible: for some time ago, in prospect of this Treaty, he said (as I was told) that he should put himself under my orders; and now that the service requires his doing so, there is every appearance of his shirking the opportunity of acting with me. You are aware that it would not be very satisfactory to me to have under my orders a man such as this, or, indeed, any one not amenable to our Articles of War; and the only result which I can foresee from the junction of our forces, if not for the mere purpose of inducing the Turk to immediate acquiescence, for which it is well calculated, will be (I cannot profess to say it with humility) their learning a lesson which it is not good policy to give them.[1]

September 15.

I am not yet aware of what may be the object of the Turkish commander, now that his forces have reached this, their first destination; nor am I sure that it is within my instructions, the preventing communications between this

[1] These expressions of distrust, which were used before Admiral De Rigny was personally known to Sir E. C., are inserted in order to show the serious difficulties of the situation of the English Admiral before he had practical proof of the co-operation of the French and Russian squadrons. In subsequent letters ample justice is done to the cordial support received from both Admirals De Rigny and Heiden.

and the Gulf of Lepanto, by vessels which can certainly by degrees convey all the supplies they require. This would approach nearly to a blockade of the Grecian ports: and yet, seeing that they have now the means of pushing their advantages, I feel much disposed to interrupt all such communications. If I should find my colleague's opinion to accord with mine I should act on it without hesitation; and if he were here to overawe the Turk, I would push away back to settle matters with the Greek Government, where I am much wanted. . . . Although it is quite impossible to overestimate Mr. Canning's loss, it will give general satisfaction that the same system is likely to be pursued. I shall make this known to the Greeks immediately, as they were apprehensive to the contrary.

Yours, &c.,
EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Lord Dudley to Sir E. C.[1]

Foreign Office, Oct. 16, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,—Your letters, of August 10, 22, and 26, and of September 3 and 5 reached me on the 1st inst., and that of September 13 on the 7th inst.

It is almost superfluous to tell you how much I am gratified by the entirely friendly and confidential tone of these valuable communications. When you and I were lounging about only a few months ago, building castles—some at Brighton, and some in the air—we certainly neither of us expected that we should become connected in so important a transaction as that now going on in Greece. I only wish that I were able to perform my part as well as you are sure to perform yours. In the meantime it is a great comfort to feel sure from previous acquaintance as to the character, inclinations, and personal good-will of the individual with whom one is dealing. . . . I am very sorry that you are not better satisfied with De Rigny. Ten to one you are right. Yet the French Government certainly think very well of him, and believe themselves to be doing the best in their power to serve the cause by employing him. We understand that he has

[1] Received at Malta November 8, 1827.

joined you, and I am not without hope that he may gain ground in your opinion upon further acquaintance.

The instructions which go out to you along with this letter, are calculated to save you from what is most painful in the discharge of an important public duty—any doubts as to the limits of it. The principle I should recommend you to bear in mind, as the key to any difficulties that may still present themselves to you, is that we are not at war—that we do not desire to be at war—but that what we aim at is to part the combatants.

The favour which our regulations show the Greeks, is only a natural and just consequence of their having accepted those propositions on our part, which have been so peremptorily and insolently rejected by the Turks.

The conduct of the neutrals, especially the Austrians, has been provoking enough. But, whatever we may be driven to by and bye, we are as yet in no condition to exercise belligerent rights. Therefore we must conduct ourselves cautiously, according to the tenor of your secret instructions.

We are, as you may suppose, all anxiety to know what passes at Navarin. Upon an event already passed, and which will be quite a matter for history, I will not hazard a conjecture. Whatever sense, firmness, zeal, and skill can do, may, I know, be expected of you.

Believe me, &c., &c.,

DUDLEY.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Navarin: September 13, 1827, 10 P.M.

I believe it is well for me individually that this fleet reached the port before we came up with them, although it certainly is bad for the Greeks. . . . I could not have been in time to stop it, had I known where it was, and started immediately after receiving my instructions. Therefore I have done no wrong by coming here as I might have done in some people's eyes if I had succeeded in intercepting it, and my so doing might have produced war or some other violence in the Sultan: in which case I should have had all the blame to myself. As it is, I have shown my readiness to act, whilst the French ships have remained in port: and De Rigny, after

telling me he would and could influence the French officers to retire from the Egyptian ships, which they entirely manage, has not done even that part of his duty. Nor, indeed, can I divine what on earth he has been doing; for his commodore at Paros with those ships, does not seem to know more than I do what has become of him: nor has he any power to move without special orders from his chief. All people cry out to me 'Treachery!' but I think it is inefficiency to the present purpose, which is something different from mere diplomacy and intrigue.

September 15.

. . . . I have been obliged to take strong measures with the Greek Government, or rather Tribunals, for unjustly judging our vessels, and to use strong language in doing it; and thus it is in all quarters. I wish the Sultan would declare war, as it would simplify matters at once. . . . I would give much to be with you in your lovely scenery (Bagni di Lucca); but how much soever yours, I must be at present more my country's.

E. C.

To Mr. S. Canning.

(Extracts.)

'Asia,' off Navarin: September 16, 1827.

(After referring to Admiral De Rigny's absence,—Lord Cochrane's intended 'attempt on the Turkish fleet,'—and a report brought by Captain Maude from Coron of the Turkish Commander being determined to force his way, in execution of his orders,—). All this, as you will see, puts me in a somewhat critical situation. . . . But if the Turkish fleet should put to sea with any other purpose than to return to their own shores, I shall consider it the case contemplated in the instructions, and oppose their proceedings to the utmost of my power. If, however, any circumstances should arise to occasion their desire to quit the Morea and return to a Turkish port, I shall protect them in such a movement from any interference on the part of the Greek navy. . . .

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

I need not say how sincerely I join in the general sorrow occasioned by the death of Mr. Canning at this important moment.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

Smyrne: 10 septembre 1827.

J'ai su positivement, que le 1er septembre la flotte égyptienne était encore en très-grande partie à Macry et à Marmarisse.

Je crois être certain que les Turcs ne pourront approcher de Modon avant 15 jours, et mon opinion dans les circonstances actuelles, tant à cause de la position personnelle de nos ambassadeurs à Constantinople et de l'absence des Russes, serait d'attendre autour d'Hydra la flotte quand elle s'y présenterait, et alors d'agir vigoureusement si elle persistait. . . . Je joins ici quelques gazettes. Vous apercevrez avec un regret, général en France comme en Angleterre, la mort de Mons. Canning. Le baron de Damas mande de Paris, que ce malheur public ne changera rien aux dispositions du Traité.

Les nouvelles de Paris du 18 août portent que Lord Goderich remplace Mons. Canning et que le duc de Wellington reprend le commandement de l'armée. L'escadre russe est positivement partie de Portsmouth le 18 du mois dernier.

Je suis avec la plus grande considération,

Votre très-humble et obéissant serviteur,

H. De Rigny.

Rear-Admiral De Rigny's account of the Turco-Egyptian fleet which left Alexandria August 6, 1827:—

Pavillon de Constantinople—	
	2 vaisseaux.
	2 rasés.
	7 frégates.
	8 corvettes.
„ de Tunis—	
	1 frégate.
	1 corvette.
„ d'Égypte—	
	3 frégates.
	7 corvettes.
	15 brigs.
	1 schooner.
Bâtimens de transport et brûlots	49
	101 du tout.

Les Algériens ne sont pas sortis.

To H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

'Asia,' off Navarin: September 17, 1827.

SIR,— . . . Your Royal Highness will judge by my public letter, of the inefficiency of the 'Asia's' crew for her increased arming, and for manning the two tenders also; and a comparison with her sister the 'Ganges,' not so heavily armed, will show how short she would be in comparative number, if she were not also forty short of her allotted peace complement, which we have little chance of making up here. . . . . I have also to complain of the failure of all our ironwork, and of the inferiority of the cordage which comes to this squadron through the Malta yard. I fear the Navy Board imagine that, in this nominally fine climate, we have no bad weather. On the contrary, I know of no country in which there is more wear and tear of every material in a man-of-war, animate or inanimate. The variety of winds, and having sometimes three little gales of wind and three calms in the same day, keeps the work always going: officers and men are exposed to more wear, from sciroccos, and such changes. We have had burning winds off the land of a temperature of 95°, which has cracked the panels of the bulkheads, and has twisted our furniture to pieces. But I will release Your Royal Highness from such grievances, by again assuring you not only of my own, but of the general desire to overcome them by increased zeal in the fulfilment of our several duties.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C., at Florence.

Off Navarin: September 18, 1827.

. . . . . .

Does not this show you are unnecessarily anxious? Anxious you must be, no doubt; all I ask is that you obey the admirable precept of our friend Sydney Smith, and do not give yourself pain for which you have no reason. Of all my brother officers, the last who would be sent to this present service is the one the newspapers have haunted you with. No, no; let what force soever be sent here now, it will fall to

my lot to wield it, unless I fail in mind or body, of which I feel no symptoms. Thus, then, let this quiet your nerves, and only devote more anxiety to the preservation of your own health, for my sake alone, I would say if there were no others, but I will rather say for those dear pledges whose happiness, whose comfort, and whose well-being, at this early age, is dependent on your health. . . .

September 19.

We are now what Lord Nelson called 'in harbour,' lying with all our sails furled, a practice admired much by my companions, who find it an agreeable wind-up of a few hours' evolutionary exercise.

Yours, E. C.

The possibility of the Turkish fleet putting to sea rendered it necessary to communicate to the Turkish Admiral at once the orders for preventing any attack upon Greece. The French and Russian squadrons had not then joined.

From Sir E. C. to his Excellency the Turkish Admiral commanding the Ottoman Forces in the Port of Navarin.

'Asia,' at sea: September 19, 1827.

I have the honour of informing your Excellency that in consequence of a Treaty signed by Great Britain, France, and Russia, those Allied Powers have agreed to unite their forces for the purpose of preventing the transfer of Turkish and Egyptian succours of men, arms, vessels, and warlike stores to any part of Greece or the Greek Islands. This measure has been adopted as much for the real good of your Sultan, as for the benefit of all nations trading in the Archipelago. And the Allied Governments have taken the humane precaution of sending a very large force to carry it into effect, in order to prevent an opposition on the part of the Turkish commanders which would not only lead to their own destruction, but to the permanent injury of the Sultan himself. It would be as painful to me, as I am sure it would be to my own Sovereign (*whose* great object it is to spare the further effusion of human

blood), to be driven to the employment of force on this occasion. I therefore earnestly intreat that you will not offer to resist a decree, which it is utterly impossible for you to prevent being carried into full execution; for it is my duty to apprise you, that although it is my earnest desire to bring about a cessation of this cruel warfare by persuasion, I am ordered to proceed to the greatest extremity rather than relinquish the object on which the Allied Powers have determined. If any one shot should be fired at the British flag on this occasion it will be fatal to the Ottoman fleet.

I have the honour, &c., &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON, British Admiral.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Navarin: September 20.

I have waited for Admiral De Rigny, since we are instructed to consult with each other upon what is best to be done, until I can now with propriety, in my own view of the case, wait no longer; and I have sent the 'Dartmouth' with a letter to the Turkish Admiral, to let him know that I am directed to impede hostile movements, &c., on his part: and I have at the same time warned an Austrian vessel of war which, with two transports loaded with shot, &c., form part of the expedition, that if she continue so to act, she must expect neighbour's fare. The said Austriaco will not like 'Sir Codrighoton' the better for that; but as the saying is, there will be no love lost. I am just now informed of the Turkish ships getting under way, a proceeding to which I am going to put a stop, if the light air we have will permit of my doing so. It is not an agreeable job under the circumstances of having only myself to be implicated in the consequences, which may be hostility with both the Porte and Austria. *N'importe.* I can but do my best under the circumstances, and upon that *you* know full reliance may be placed.

Sir E. C. in the 'Asia,' with the 'Genoa' and 'Albion,' arrived off Navarin on September 11, and saw the whole of the Expedition from Alexandria at anchor in the harbour, where it had arrived on September 9. He, with the

English squadron, remained off Navarin, anxiously expecting the French squadron; which, however, did not arrive till September 22. In the meantime, on the 19th, whilst thus waiting for his colleague, it became necessary to notify to the Admiral commanding the Ottoman forces in the Port of Navarin, that he would be prevented by force from proceeding to attack any part of Greece. This was done by the note to him of September 19. But, nevertheless, on the 21st, a division of the Turkish portion of the Expedition got under way and came outside Navarin: upon this, the English prepared for battle, and by means of a very light breeze, approached the Turkish force, of which Sir E. C. had determined to prevent any hostile movement towards Greece. At this critical moment Admiral De Rigny appeared with the French squadron. Thus, whatever may have been the intentions of the Turkish portion of the Expedition, it became powerless, and remained under the control of the Allied squadrons, until it was again allowed to rejoin the Egyptian fleet in the harbour, after Ibrahim had agreed to a conference with the Admirals. This re-joining of the Turkish squadron from outside was permitted at the request of Ibrahim, in order to allay any suspicion to which he might be exposed, of negotiating separately in relation to his own Egyptian forces.

His Britannic Majesty's ship, 'Asia,' off Navarin:
September 21, 1827.

That his Highness Ibrahim Pacha may have no doubts as to the intentions of the Allied Sovereigns, Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington, Commander-in-Chief of his Britannic Majesty's naval force in the Mediterranean, has the honour to send his Highness copies of certain papers on this important subject by which his conduct is guided.[1] His Highness will see that the admirals commanding the combined forces have no other

[1] Extracts from his Orders.

alternative but to carry the Treaty into full execution whatever may be the consequences.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Navarin: September 21.

A large division of this fleet is out of port, and I am working up with a light breeze to get a little more au fait as to their movements. If the rest remain in, it will rather puzzle me, for I cannot dance attendance on both at a time, and my colleague does not appear. I have given a written explanation of what we have to do to each of the captains, and I have this morning made the signal to prepare for battle; so that although not altogether in war trim, thanks to the economy of the late naval administration, we are pretty ready for business. These are times when the feelings of the heart know no reserve, and mine tell me that they are devoted to you and your children. My doing my duty to my country on this and such occasions is the natural consequence of those feelings, for how can I better honour you than by gaining the esteem of others, and so God bless you.

10 P.M.

I will not go to bed without telling you how fortunate things appear thus far to have turned out for me. Unsupported by either of the allied squadrons, and having with me only two frigates besides the 'Genoa' and 'Albion,' I had made up my mind to impede, coûte qui coûte, the operations of the Turkish fleet. My plan was to prevent their coming out of Navarin by meeting the first of them at the entrance, and in case of refusal cutting their bowsprit rigging. Current carried us so far to the northward, that they were enabled to get out in the meantime. No longer having hopes of seeing Admiral De Rigny, I sent a letter declaratory of my orders, and my intention to enforce them on Turks and also Austrians who actually compose part of the expedition: and all with the prospect of thus possibly producing a war with those two Powers, when my instructions say I must not occasion hostilities, to avoid which *so large a force is united.* After weighing all the pros and cons—having made my decision,

and having recorded that decision to my superiors—whilst proceeding to carry it into execution, De Rigny appears to windward of the Turkish fleet of which I am in chase, with his four ships of the line and some frigates; and beyond him the 'Pelican,' the 'Talbot,' and the 'Zebra,' a force which I imagine will induce the Turk to obey; whilst I am relieved of the risk and responsibility also in part, which I had undertaken in fulfilment of my duty. Nor is this all my luck; for Colonel Cradock, who came in the 'Pelican' with a proposal of my making a certain communication to Ibrahim which he considers of importance to the mission on which he came from England, found it comprised in my letters to that Pacha of yesterday and to-day. Even the fleet coming out, now that we have a force to manage them, is a turn of good fortune. For we shall now, probably, see them all together safe back in Alexandria, thus diminishing the power they had in this important situation. So much for to-night.—E.C.

If I appear to have devoted too much space to letters detailing the state of things previous to the encounter at Patras and the Battle of Navarin, it is because these papers seem to lead up to the situation, and thus justify their insertion. They picture the multiplying difficulties, with their daily growing interest; the aggravation of suspense and anxiety caused by the want of due support; and the weight of responsibility thrown upon one whose sole training had been *professional*, and who was thus unexpectedly placed in a very perplexing and complicated diplomatic situation; and left to face alone not only the diplomatic difficulty, but the material power of a fleet of sixty-three vessels, whose movements he felt himself obliged to control and direct, with only his own small force of English ships. The difficulty of the position unfolds itself in the successive letters; the whole culminating in the dramatic incident of the French Admiral at last appearing with his ships to windward of the Turkish fleet,

just at the critical moment when all had been staked in the cause of duty, and credit or failure, success or reverse, seemed to hang in the balance of Fate. And yet this incident closed only the first act of this very stirring and exciting drama!

CHAPTER XIV.

By the arrival of the French Admiral before Navarin on the 21st of September whilst a portion of the Turkish fleet was still outside the harbour, not only was the force under Sir Edward Codrington increased, but instead of the isolated and critical responsibility of the English squadron, a joint action of the Allies was partially secured.

Although the Russian squadron was still absent, yet Sir Edward Codrington and Admiral De Rigny at once commenced proceedings, and in an interview with Ibrahim Pacha, declared the determination of the Allied Courts to carry out the Treaty, and the necessity imposed on the Admirals to enforce the armistice referred to in their instructions.

From Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

(Extract.)

'Asia,' off Navarin: September 25, 1827.

. . . . The 'Asia' obtained an anchorage here yesterday evening. . . . . I sent in a letter, and this morning saluted the Pacha with 19 guns, which was returned with equal number. At 9 A.M. to-day I received an invitation to attend the Pacha, according to my letter. . . . .

From Sir E. Codrington to His Highness Ibrahim Pacha.

H.B.M.'s ship 'Asia,' at Navarin: September 24, 1827.

Sir,—As I am come into this port, to explain the orders under which I am acting, and the necessity I am under of obeying them to the fullest extent whatever may be the con-

sequences, it is my wish that I may be permitted to do so in the presence of all the principal chiefs commanding in the Turkish expedition.

&c., &c., &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Memorandum of the Conference at Navarin, September 25, 1827, with Ibrahim Pacha.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington having entered the port of Navarin on the 24th September, 1827, with the intention of having a conference with Ibrahim Pacha, the next morning was appointed by Ibrahim for receiving Sir Edward, as well as Rear-Admiral De Rigny, who had likewise entered Navarin at the same time with the English admiral.

On the 25th, at 10 A.M., Sir E. Codrington landed, accompanied by Captain Curzon, of the 'Asia,' Lieutenant Dilke, his flag-lieutenant; Mr. Dyer, his secretary; the Honourable Colonel Cradock, and Mr. Codrington, midshipman; and joining the French admiral on the beach, who was accompanied by some of his officers, they proceeded together to the tent of Ibrahim Pacha. All the Turkish and Egyptian chiefs, with the exception of Tahir Pacha, who was said to be unwell, were ranged on one side, and the officers of the French and English squadrons took their seats on the other.

After the introduction and usual Turkish compliments had passed, the Admirals began by informing Ibrahim that, in consequence of a treaty which had been signed by England, France and Russia, it became their imperative duty to intercept every supply sent by sea of men, arms, &c., destined against Greece, and coming from Turkey or Africa in general; and in order to show the perfect frankness which they wished to use in all their relations with him, they read to him, in extenso, those parts of their instructions which were applicable to the case in point.

Ibrahim replied that the Admirals must be aware that he was a soldier, like themselves, and that to obey orders was as imperative a duty to him as to them; that his orders were to attack Hydra, and that he must put them in execution; that it was his part to act and not to negotiate, and that he must

refer them to the Grand Seignior for any diplomatic arrangement.

The Admirals answered that they were aware what must be the feelings of a brave man under such circumstances, and that they congratulated him on having a force opposed to him which it was impossible to resist. They reminded him that if he put to sea in defiance of their amicable warning, they must carry their instructions into execution, and that if he resisted by force, the total destruction of his fleet must follow; and that it would be an act of madness which the Sultan could not applaud. The Admirals said that perhaps if they regarded their feelings as mere military men, his obstinacy would only afford them a means of distinction which they might wish; but in the present friendly relations between the Allies and the Turks, they would deeply deplore any circumstance which could tend to compromise the good terms which subsisted. It was the sincere wish of the three Governments, and their positive instruction, to avoid whatever might tend to a rupture; and that it was with this view at heart that they had come thither to open his eyes to the situation in which he stood; that they wished to make this declaration before an assembly of his chiefs, in order that no doubt might be entertained as to the real intentions of the Admirals; that no distrust might be generated amongst the officers with regard to the communications of the Admirals with himself.

Ibrahim then replied that he acknowledged the weight of what he had heard—it was true that when his orders had been sent to him from Constantinople, the actual state of affairs, and the risk of a collision with the combined fleet, had not been foreseen. He would therefore take upon himself to suspend all operations of the land and sea forces forming the expedition from Alexandria till he received answers from Constantinople and Alexandria by couriers, which he would immediately despatch; until that period the expedition should remain stationary at Navarin. He, at the same time, asked permission to send two despatch vessels, one to Alexandria and the other to Previsa, which was immediately granted. The Admirals offered even to send a vessel with them to en-

sure their safety; but this, he said, would compromise the dignity of the Turkish flag.

The Admirals then said that his promise satisfied them, and that they would trust to his word of honour as they expected that he would trust to theirs. Ibrahim put his hand upon his heart and said that it was sacred; but added, 'when I have promised this, I must say that I cannot think it just you should impose this obligation on me, and allow the Greeks to prosecute hostilities.' The Admirals answered that it was not a parallel case, for that the Greeks had accepted the mediation of the Allies, and that the Turks had not. Sir E. Codrington then said that, to prove to Ibrahim the fairness with which he wished to act, in consequence of information he had received of Lord Cochrane's intention to excite an insurrection beyond the actual theatre of war, he would himself put a stop to his proceedings.

The conference here ended, and the Admirals re-embarked. Next morning (the 26th) Mr. Abro, the Pacha's interpreter, came on board the 'Asia,' and told Sir Edward Codrington that Ibrahim had received intelligence in the interval, of Lord Cochrane having made a descent upon Patras; that his first impulse had been to cut his cables, break the armistice, and sail in the night, but that fortunately he had thought better of it; and that he came on board from the Pacha to request permission to send a part of his fleet to Patras. This was peremptorily refused, and it was agreed that, if the Pacha still showed a disposition to assert a right to reinforce Patras, that Mr. Abro should return on board; but if, on the contrary, the Pacha acquiesced in the prohibition of the Admiral according to the arrangement of the day before, that no further communication was necessary. Mr. Abro did not return, and on the same night the 'Asia' and 'Syrène' put to sea.

Ibrahim wished, after the conference, and more particularly when he had pledged his word of honour to observe the armistice, to talk on other subjects not connected with the treaty, &c.; but Sir Edward Codrington said to the dragoman (Abro): 'I wish to understand before the conversation ends, whether his Highness fully comprehends all that has been

communicated from me and Admiral De Rigny to you;' to which he replied 'Yes, fully.'

HENRY S. DYER, Secretary to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, K.C.B.
HOBART CRADOCK, Lieut.-Colonel.
EDWD. CURZON, Captain of H.M.S. 'Asia.'

From H. J. Codrington to his sister Jane.

H.M.S. 'Asia,' Navarin Harbour: September 25, 1827.

DEAR JANE,—Yesterday the 'Asia' and 'Philomel' with the 'Sirène,' French Admiral, anchored in here to communicate with Ibrahim Pacha. The entrance at the south end is narrow enough to render working in inconvenient for a large ship; but the water there is deep and the bottom clear. The harbour is formed by a long, rocky island (Sphacteria) running along the coast in a bight just to the north of Modon. The island itself seems quite unproductive, and, except a Turkish guard, there is nobody on it. The entrance to the southward is very fine, though not so striking as many others. The northern entrance I hear is too narrow and shallow for anything larger than brigs or boats. The harbour is large and, I think, very commodious, but I'll tell you more about it by-and-bye. At present it is full of Turks, large and small. Well, this morning we went on shore to visit Ibrahim. . . . We pulled on shore and landed just underneath his tent, which, with several others belonging to people of consequence, was pitched on the top of a little bank rising from the beach to the northward of the town. His tent or tents, for it was a continuation of them, was green. Though the place was pretty level, they had collected a great number of large stones which they stowed as close to each other as possible on the ground through these two tents, which opened into one. Over these stones, in the inner tent, a sort of rough platform was made by laying boards on them, and *on* these boards was the Pacha's sofa, with its embroidered velvet cushions and a mattress with gold fringes. Under the inner tent, and just over this sofa, was a sort of small pavilion or tent, the strings of which interfered very much with my cocked hat. Around the sofa and on the platform were ranged arm-chairs. As we

came into the tent, he bowed, but did not *rise* off the sofa. Father came to on the said sofa, close alongside him; and the French Admiral brought up also, on the sofa, under father's lee. *We* were ranged round in their front rather on the right; and on the left, and behind him, were ranged his officers, pachas, beys, &c., and attendants. They first began with the ceremony of introduction; which, as there were a good number of us on each side, was proportionably long. . . . At length, however, I got settled, and began to look round me again; this tent also was open, and from his sofa he looked down over the whole harbour, and really the sight was beautiful, covered as it was by the ships, and boats of all sorts continually passing to and fro. His tent was *outside* the walls of Navarin; and indeed what force he had with him appeared to be outside of the town. Altogether I thought he had chosen the coolest and most convenient place to pitch his tent on that could be found. But, to return *thither*. He is a man of about 40 years old, not at all good-looking, but with heavy features, very much marked with the small-pox, and as fat as a porpoise. Though I had no opportunity of seeing his height (as he was on his sofa, lying down or sitting the whole time), I should not think him more than five feet seven inches. He was *for a Pacha* plainly dressed I think, particularly as his followers and officers were covered with gold and embroidery; and for a *Turk*, I think his manners were very good indeed. The conversation first began about the weather and such common-place things, for I learnt (from the interpreter) he does not talk of business till *after coffee*. A short time after we were seated, the Pacha took his 'gem-adorned chibouque,' and father and De Rigny also had each one, and I never saw such *beautiful* ones before. The mouth-pieces were, of course, of the purest and largest amber, and the upper and lower parts of the stem were studded with diamonds and other precious stones. The stem itself was at least ten feet long. Then they brought in a small cup of coffee for each of us, and, what I believe is a great favour, it *was sweetened*. The cups were of china, and about the size of three thimbles. They had no handles, but as the Turks take their coffee very hot, they place these said

cups in a sort of filagree stand of silver or gold; which is very necessary, as from the heat of the coffee it would otherwise be impossible to handle them. These being removed with great caution by the attendants, business was entered upon before everybody, so that *his* officers might also understand the whole. It was carried on through an interpreter, who continued standing the whole time. Father spoke most, I should say nearly all; and it was by the interpreter translated from his French or English into Turkish. I cannot tell you *all* they talked about, for I can't remember it; but I was very much interested the whole time. At length, they settled that he should not proceed in the war any further till he had received fresh instructions from Constantinople, in answer to the representations he was going to send thither of the state of affairs and of the impossibility of his moving any way without being sunk by our fleet. This will take about twenty days, which time, I believe, we are to take advantage of by sending the 'Genoa' and 'Albion' to refit at Malta. I must say I was very much surprised by the clearness and ability with which father's arguments were carried on, and the good sense which Ibrahim showed. On his being told that in the event of his attempting to come out we must drive him into the harbour again, and if he resisted, sink him he said that, like us, he was under positive orders, which as a subject of the Porte he must execute, though in the attempt he were certain of destruction; and that a few years would not make much difference in his life now. Father answered that, as the *two* parties had such positive orders (which evidently could not both be complied with), the execution of them would depend on the relative force of the two parties, for whichever would prove the strongest must necessarily, in honour, enforce their orders; and, he added, that without doubt we were at present the strongest, and would, by the arrival of the Russians (who were hourly expected) be much stronger. In fact, after some more such palaver, the business was arranged. Ibrahim gave in to reason, *as slowly as a Turk among Turks* could; he rallied several times, and once said, as a *dernier* effort, 'Nous n'avons d'autre marchandise àbord de nos vaisseaux que les balles et la poudre à canon;' which little

M. De Rigny quickly answered by 'Et nous les avons aussi; and we can exchange some with you and *give you good weight too!*' This, with a little humbug about their regret at having to destroy, without reason, so many brave men (pointing to the Turkish officers), backed by a little quiet flattery to soften their wounded pride, opened their eyes to conviction. Ibrahim found that however decided *he* might *show himself*, the admirals could not, and would not, swerve from their orders and instructions, extracts from which were, before everybody, read to him and translated. When they had finished business, he with a smile said that though they had transacted all the matters of service, &c., yet he requested them to stay and 'talk jokingly over things in general;' and so, *on they did talk*; with some occasional *fishing* on his part, and questions about *us*, and the *Greeks*, and *Lord Cochrane*, &c. However, father quite brought him up with a round turn once; for on his depreciating very much the Greeks in every way, and affecting to despise them, saying that there never was a Greek worth anything; he answered, that his Highness ought to abstain from undervaluing those men whom he had been such a time attempting to conquer; for that by so doing he must lower in our estimation the talents and abilities of himself and those brave men (pointing to the Turkish officers) who had made several campaigns with him without effecting their object. This was a regular pall-er, and he made no answer; but as soon as he recovered, changed the subject. In spite of the regular custom of Turks (trying to keep the muscles of the face immovable so as not to let observers see what is passing within), I could clearly make out that he was quite taken aback, and that he found he had unadvisedly got himself into a scrape. Indeed, the pride of his heart had led him too far; for, were the Greeks what he represents them, the Sultan would never have sent an armament of three 74's, 18 frigates and small vessels, in all 120 sail or more, against them now, and this not for the first time. . . .

Throughout the whole conference I could see that there were many things that would never have been said on either side, had it not been for the sake of the Turkish pachas being present. As for instance, though Ibrahim said, 'I am the

Turkish soldier; whatever they order I must execute, and if they order me out of the harbour I *must go*, though it be to certain death;' yet I am sure he never would have gone out. . . . I must add that the humbug of palaver was not confined to the *Turkish* side only. Ibrahim made the following remark at the end of the *joking* conversation, viz., that he took in most English and French papers, and yet never did he see one in favour of the *Turks*; he saw by them that the *Greeks* were always successful everywhere, and the Turks always massacring, but the Greeks never! Now he said he could disprove them all, for he had several hundred Greek villages under his Government, now very quiet, and those Greeks near him fed and provided by him. In short, his account of affairs is very different from the general one. The right line I suspect is between both. He also remarked that, if Greece was to pay the Porte any sum of money, England or the allies must be guarantees for it; or perhaps (laughing) the English *would give them another loan.*

Altogether I liked him pretty well, and was very much pleased with my forenoon, for we were upwards of three hours there. It has given me a much better opinion of him than I had before, though, of course, we only saw the fair side of the picture.

When I first began this letter I did not intend to talk about politics; but as there was nothing but said politics at the interview, and I was so led on from one thing to another, I could not help it. Indeed, I am glad I have done so, for I find father has said nothing about it, trusting to me; so that you must take this disjointed epistle for an account of the whole; and you must excuse me if it is neither legible nor intelligible, as I am now in the greatest hurry.

Your affectionate brother,

H. J. C.

From Sir Frederick Adam to Sir E. C.

(Extract.)

Corfù: September 21, 1827.[1]

Our Government are by this time informed by Mr. S. Canning, from Constantinople, of the determination of the Sultan

[1] Received September 25.

to use every effort to carry on the war vigorously by land, and in a very few days they must know of the arrival of the Egyptian fleet and reinforcements at Navarin, for I communicated the information given me by Lord Ingestrie; and they, with their allies, will have taken their determination, and will give their orders. I hope these orders may be in time. It is quite true, or at least highly probable, that the war by land on the part of the Turks will die of exhaustion in the course of a twelvemonth, if their operations by sea are interrupted, and if *Austria be prevented from carrying supplies*: but in the meantime this land war, while it can remain in a state of vigour, will go nigh to have exterminated the Greeks, to have deprived them of all possession of the country,—and then where is the object of the Treaty?

Sir E. C. to Mr. Stratford Canning.

(Extracts.)

'Asia,' in the port of Navarin: September 25, 1827.

DEAR SIR,— . . . That the absence of my colleague at such an important moment is hardly to be accounted for, and was very near producing a collision between myself and the Turkish Commander, is not to be denied. But it is incumbent on me to say that, since his arrival at so fortunate a juncture, he has done everything I could possibly wish, and has greatly promoted the object of our Governments. He has approved of all my proceedings previous to his arrival, although certainly very different from his own at that period; and whenever he has suggested an opinion as to what we should do, to which I showed a dissent, he has readily yielded the point at once. In fact the sea is not his element. . . .

I cannot help offering you my congratulations on the issue thus far of our intercourse with the Turco-Egyptian commanders. . . . It will probably be a month before Ibrahim can receive his answers; and during that time he is bound to remain inactive. Even if he should then have an order to make the meditated attack, the season will have become more likely to defeat his purpose, and even to destroy some of the ships of which his fleet is composed; whilst we, as I trust, by

the arrival of the Russian squadron, and by having our own ships replenished and re-supplied with stores of which they are deficient, shall become more fit to profit by their increased difficulties. . . .

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

In the port of Navarin: September 26.

Harry will tell you all our interesting story, and will do it better than I could do: because *I* was employed in producing and watching final effects of paramount importance. The position in which I have been, and still am, is singular, and I may say unparalleled. Here we are, now, De Rigny and myself, surrounded by above 120 vessels in their own port, whom we are forcing into obedience to the allies, in direct contradiction of the orders of a Sovereign whose slightest disapprobation deprives his subjects of their heads. To a by-stander the scene must have been highly interesting, and I trust Harry will so paint it to you. I cannot read his letter, if I wished it, I am so harassed with business: for what time I can spare I would rather devote to you this way. . . . De Rigny has done everything I wished or could wish since his arrival; and has certainly been of great use in bringing about the present favourable appearances. He does not, however, like the sea, and cannot imagine blockading; and he will, I am sure, proceed again to Smyrna, after seeing his big ships into Milo, where they are to stay during the interval of suspension.[1]

From Sir E. C. to Admiral De Rigny.

(Extract.)

'Asia': September 27—5 P.M.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,— . . . The 'Albion,' 'Genoa,' and 'Cambrian' will provision the small vessels, in readiness to go themselves to Malta. They will return from Malta, show themselves 'en passant,' and catch me at Zante or near it, where I propose watching Lord Cochrane's movements, and

[1] Sir E. C., after personal communication with Admiral De Rigny, and after the joint action towards Ibrahim in the Conference for the Armistice of September 25, had full confidence in the support of his colleague.

seeing at the same time that the Turks do not slip out to attack him. I think it might lull the fleet in Navarin into quiet if your ships were to show themselves here a few days longer, taking the first strong northerly wind for going to Milo as you propose, at dark, when their movements are not seen from Navarin. I shall keep one, and probably two vessels hereabout, to see that all goes on well. . . .

Believe me, my dear Admiral,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

It will be seen that this watchfulness on the part of Sir E. C. saved Greece from calamity, and the alliance of the three Powers from ridicule or worse.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Navarin: September 30, 1827.

The more I look into what I have done, the more I am satisfied with my conduct. . . . It is said, 'Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet de chambre.' You, in my case, represent my valet de chambre; for you are behind my scenes, and know all the contrivances by which I get through my part of the great drama we are now performing; nor am I afraid of letting your scrutinizing eye *peer* into the innermost recesses of the very complicated machinery upon which our success depends. . . . I shall continue at sea, or in one of the Ionian Islands, where I can best watch Cochrane, and keep up a communication with Adam, and shall return here on or about October 14. If, as I expect, we should have merely to convoy the ships of this fleet to Alexandria and the Dardanelles, I shall wish very much that you were with me. Harry and I have done so before during this cruise, when with our *large fleet!* of three sail of the line and a frigate, we were performing evolutions as a practice, and I could have wished for you on more than one occasion since; for example, when sailing in the midst of the Turkish fleet, when standing into the port of Navarin, tacking round their ships, and coming to an anchor as if the 'Asia' were a small frigate, in the centre of their whole force and in front of Ibrahim's tent; and when

coming out just before dark under every stitch of lofty sail, with the band serenading a beautiful young moon, in one of the loveliest evenings I ever enjoyed! It was a scene altogether of peculiar interest, from the variety of extraordinary and important circumstances which so closely preceded our coming out of that magnificent harbour. The whole affair is almost too much mixed up with self for me to detail it, even if I were competent to do so. But to those who, not being principals, could attend to the working of the minor wheels, the story of what passed in the three or four days to which I refer, including the interview with the Pacha, would be well worth the relation.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

Off Navarin: September 30, 1827.

SIR,—I find it difficult to give Your R. H. all the information upon the subject of discipline to which a sense of duty prompts me, without appearing to throw reflections which might be deemed invidious. But it is due to myself to say, that I have found a falling off in this respect since I was last employed, which has quite astounded me. I am at a loss to comprehend how the service was carried on at all, under such circumstances as have been represented to me: and I am quite sure, that if I had not succeeded in producing a better system we could not have executed the duties which we have now to perform. . . .

Had Your R. H.'s circular of the 19th June 1827 been in force when the 'Asia' was fitting out, she would have been one of the best manned ships that ever went to sea; whereas she is now as inferior in the quality of her men as she is deficient in number for the guns she has to fight. . . . The enclosed explanation of our provision for battle will put Your R. H. at once into possession of my present feelings, as to what may be expected of the 'Asia' if she should be called upon to force the Turkish fleet to the point required by the Treaty.

October 3.

I have now had a still stronger practical proof of the error in sending the 'Asia' out with a crew so little proportioned

to her armament. A great disparity in numerical force between mine and that to which I expected to find myself actively opposed, as shown by my official letter, with the common chances even of random shot taken into consideration, might have produced consequences extremely fatal on this very critical occasion.

Fortunately, the 'Asia's' appearance in battle-array, with the danger of passing such a broadside, and the bold and determined countenance of her supporters, the 'Dartmouth,' 'Talbot,' and 'Zebra,' awed our opponents into a submission which was entirely beyond my most sanguine expectations, but which I hope I may now consider as a presage of our future success. To what further trials, however, we may yet be exposed in this novel and arduous business, I am not bold enough to attempt to calculate. Thus far I may consider myself as favoured to the utmost by fortune; and before the opposite side of the wheel turn uppermost, I trust I shall be joined again by the 'Genoa' and 'Albion,' so replenished and refitted as to make me more independent of her favour. . . . .

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Bushey House: November 4, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—Your confidential of 30th September is what it ought to be from a Commander-in-Chief to a person in my situation. You and I ought to know *when* and *where to* be prudent, and to write and talk with confidence. . . . .

You know I never approved of our ships in peace having a different complement from war; and as fast as I have the power so will I send you men to complete the whole squadron. The 'Warspite' will have joined you.

I admire your public despatches and approve altogether of your conduct. I trust all the captains and commanders will follow your excellent example in zeal and ability.

The following letters relate to the attempt of Ibrahim to relieve Patras during the absence of the allied squadrons from Navarin.

From Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

'Asia,' in the Gulf of Lepanto: October 2, 1827.[1]

Sir,—Yesterday, while at anchor in Zante Roads, in company with the 'Talbot' and 'Zebra,' at about 4 A.M. the 'Dartmouth' hove in sight and made the signal that the Turkish fleet was putting to sea from Navarin. The weather was so bad, with thunderstorms, heavy rains, light and variable winds, that it was with difficulty this ship was got under way. About 8 P.M. Captain Fellows came on board and reported that it was a division of the fleet only,[2] consisting of one double-banked frigate, six other frigates, nine corvettes, nineteen brigs, and four Austrian vessels under convoy, and that they were steering N.W. The 'Asia,' with the before-named ships in company,[3] being placed for the purpose, the Turkish fleet was discovered coming down at midnight; and she was between them and the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto in the morning at daylight. I directed the Honourable Captain Spencer, of the 'Talbot,' to inform the Turkish Admiral that their coming out of Navarin was a breach of parole; that I should not allow him to proceed; and that if he permitted a single gun to be fired at the English flag, I would destroy his whole fleet, if I could. Upon this he brought to; and whilst the two frigates and brig were turning back the advanced ships, the second in command, Hallil Bey (the Reala Bey) a Rear-Admiral, came on board. Although he admitted that he was present with the other chiefs in Ibrahim's tent when he bound himself in honour not to send any of his ships out of port without the joint permission of Rear-Admiral De Rigny and myself, he pre-

[1] Received at Admiralty, October 27, 1827.

[2] Ottoman Force—1st Division.

	Guns.
1 Frigate (flag)	52
1 Frigate (flag)	54
1 Frigate	58
1 Frigate	52
1 Frigate	52
1 Frigate	52
1 Frigate	44
9 Corvettes	22 to 28
19 Brigs	14 to 22

[3] English Force.

	Guns.
Asia	84
Dartmouth	42
Talbot	28
Zebra	18

tended to believe I had given my consent to a division of them going to Patras.[1] I told him that having broken their words of honour, I would put no faith in either Ibrahim or any one of them hereafter; and if they did not turn about willingly I would make them. As the interpreter seemed to shuffle, and be afraid to explain in its full force what I had said, I wrote a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and sent it by one of the lieutenants of the 'Asia' to Mustapha, the Petrona Bey,[2] and a Vice-Admiral commanding the division. In about an hour and a half I received an answer, of which I enclose a translation. Upon the receipt of this answer, the 'Asia' filled her main topsail and fired a gun; when the Turkish fleet, by a signal from their Admiral, filled and made sail also towards Navarin.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

'Asia,' at Zante: October 4, 1827.[3]

SIR,—When proceeding as mentioned in my letter of the 2nd instant, a division of Turkish ships (as per margin),[4] two bearing flags at the main, the rest carrying pendants, came round the north end of Zante, and joined the rest of the fleet. The 'Asia' was at this time considerably advanced in the S.E., looking out for any support that might be coming, and preparing to take a position in the mouth of Navarin Bay for obstructing the entrance of the fleet. Upon observing the Petrona Bey to bear up with his division, and seeing symptoms in the other division, evidently commanded by Ibrahim Pacha in person, of making sail towards Patras, I

[1] The Dragoman came on purpose to ask this on September 26, and was positively refused by Admiral De Rigny and myself.

[2] The third in command is called 'the Petrona,' and his ship so named after his office.

[3] Received at Admiralty October 27.

[4] OTTOMAN FORCE—SECOND DIVISION.

Double-banked Frigate—60 guns	Ibrahim Pacha.
Double-banked Frigate—60 guns	Moharem Bey.
Frigate of 50 guns	Tahir Pacha.
4 corvettes—22 and 28 guns.	
7 brigs—14 to 22 guns.	

directed Captain Curzon to bear up also, and beat to quarters, with the intention of doing the best I could with such a disparity of force, in fulfilment of the orders and instructions under which I am acting. On approaching the body of the fleet I observed a communication taking place between the Admirals, and therefore hove to to see what effect might be produced by the letter I had written to Petrona Bey. About 6 P.M. the whole fleet made sail towards Navarin, although the wind was then fair for Patras.[1]

The night afterwards became very threatening, the wind light and variable, and a swell rising, &c. I therefore anchored at the mouth of this bay, in company with the 'Talbot,' having detached the 'Zebra' towards Navarin for any ships which might be there to come to our assistance, leaving the 'Dartmouth' outside to watch the motions of the fleet. The 'Talbot' was short of water, and entirely destitute of fuel, and the officers generally of the detachment in want of stock and refreshments. Of these we have received a partial supply; and as soon as there shall be a sufficient breeze to command the ship against the swell which still prevails, I shall again proceed in execution of my instructions.

I wish it to be made known to his Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral, that there are seven Austrian merchant vessels in this fleet laden with supplies; and that an Austrian corvette called the 'Caroline,' and one, if not two, different men-of-war schooners have been frequently at Navarin, and, according to the private information of Admiral De Rigny, have been the constant carriers of the Turkish despatches. Two of these transport vessels having chosen not to hoist their colours when the Turkish ships did, until guns were fired at them from the 'Asia,' I have taken away their papers to show proof of the Austrian proceedings.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

[1] TOTAL OF THE TWO OTTOMAN DIVISIONS WHEN THEY UNITED.

3	Double-banked Frigates	172
7	Frigates	370
13	Corvettes	312
26	Brigs	416
49		1270 guns.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 2—4 P.M.

These Turks won't fight with *us*, whatever they may do with others. Yesterday evening, when lying in Zante, the 'Dartmouth' came from her station off Navarin, with the signal that the Turkish fleet had put to sea; and by the time variable light winds, heavy rain, and thunder storms would let us get fairly under way, Captain Fellows was on board to tell me it was a division of forty-seven sail coming to Patras. We got sight of them at midnight; and at daybreak in the morning they saw us just betwixt them and their entrance into the Gulf. Boats passed between the two Bey Admirals; and I sent Spencer in the 'Talbot' to say that I would not suffer them to pass, and that if they fired a shot at the British flag I would destroy the whole fleet, if I could. The Rear-Admiral then came to me to explain, when I told him that before they broke their word I esteemed the Turks, and wished to save them as much as possible, but *now* that I looked for an opportunity of punishing them, and that whenever I found one I would do it severely. As the interpreter he brought was afraid to give what I said its full strength, I *acted* the *brag* so as to impress the Bey, in their way, with my determination; and he was right glad to get out of the ship again to communicate with his superior. He pressed hard to go to Patras, and lied terribly as to what had passed at Navarin upon that subject. I therefore wrote to his chief 'that I would not consent to his re-entering Navarin or any port in Europe on this side of the Dardanelles.' To this he has sent an answer, 'that he will not oppose me, and that he will go to Navarin for orders;' with a shuffle about my having given permission. I then filled the 'Asia's' main topsail and fired a gun, and he made his fleet fill also, by signal; and thus we are now jogging on towards the place we came from. As the French look-out frigate, the 'Armide,' went for De Rigny at the same time that the 'Dartmouth' came to me, I hope we shall find him off Navarin. My friends the 'Genoa' and 'Albion' will not stay at Malta any longer than they can help; but I can hardly afford to send anything for them. Colonel Cradock, attached to the Paris Embassy, has been my messmate for about a week,

and is likely so to continue. I find him sensible, well-informed, and agreeable.

Off Zante:—9 P.M. October 3.

This is very curious work. We saw thirteen additional ships yesterday evening at a distance, which prove to be Ibrahim and two other full Admirals, one of which I take to be Tahir Bey. Upon their joining the others this afternoon the latter bore up, and I thought the whole were pushing for Patras. I therefore bore up also to see what could be done; and I must say our fellows again received the beat to quarters with great cheerfulness. However, after a consultation, in which my letter was no doubt made known to Ibrahim, the whole hauled to the wind, as if decided on pursuing their way towards Navarin. This being the case, I felt myself too happy to let them alone; and as it suited my purpose to come here and get something to eat for us all, I made it a matter of delicacy that they should go on without any further threat on my part, and I can easily join them in the morning. The 'Dartmouth' is watching them, and will call me out if they bear up for Patras. It is impossible for me to judge of their final intentions; and with such a disparity of force it is best for me to say no more of mine, until De Rigny or my own ships come to my support. We 'Asias' shall have a good and quiet night's sleep at all events, whilst the Turks are assailed by thunderstorms and very ugly weather. And so I must finish, with my 'God bless you and yours!'

Zante: October 4.

We have had a very quiet night in spite of thunder, rain, &c. When we anchored the sky seemed to be charged with Pandora's box, and I think my friend Ibrahim must have been a little troubled by its contents—although in all this sort of weather we have lately had, there have been no strong squalls of wind. And now I must wind up by telling you, there is no reason to think we shall have any fighting. There certainly was a probability of something two days ago, but the young ones have now given up all hopes, and you may as well, therefore, give up any fears that may have tormented you. And so once more, at ease or in difficulty, believe me your affectionately devoted,

E. C.

From Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

'Asia,' off Cape Papa: October 6, 1827.[1]

SIR,—On the morning of the 4th inst., after writing my letter to you whilst lying in Zante Bay, I learned by communication with the 'Dartmouth,' that a considerable part of the Turkish fleet had stood towards Patras. As soon, therefore, as there was wind enough to command the ship, the 'Asia' weighed and made sail in that direction. The weather was very variable and squally, and it was not until 6 P.M. that we had approached Cape Papa, where we saw most of the largest Turkish ships at anchor, and the rest of the fleet endeavouring to join them. It was evident to me that this was a sly trick on the part of the Turkish commander to send supplies into Patras, in defiance of the second agreement of the Petrona Bey made with me the day preceding. It was observed that the vessels still working up for an anchorage, directly contrary to their usual custom would not show their colours to us in passing. Shot fired near them not producing the effect of either making them hoist their colours, or bring to, several shots were fired at them from this ship and from the 'Dartmouth,' and thus a large division of the vessels carrying the supplies was prevented joining the admirals and the rest at anchor. Shortly after dark the weather became extremely bad; violent squalls from different quarters, with lightning and heavy rain, confined our attention to the preservation of our own ships. At daylight it blew a hurricane, and we put before the wind under bare poles, in order to shelter under the lee of Zante. At this time from twenty-five to thirty sail were seen under the same circumstances far ahead, between Zante and Cephalonia, and the rest of the fleet in a state of general dispersion. So soon as the gale abated, I endeavoured to work back and ascertain if any ships were still left in a position to send supplies into the Gulf of Lepanto; and at 9 P.M. gained an anchorage under Cape Papa, in company with some fifteen sail of Turkish and Austrian vessels, including a frigate and corvette, and two or three other vessels of war, besides the 'Dartmouth,' 'Talbot,' and 'Philomel,'

[1] Received at Admiralty October 27.

which latter sloop hove in sight yesterday morning. This morning the captain of the Turkish frigate came on board with his Italian pilot, who said that they were returning to Navarin on the night of the 3rd inst. until 9 o'clock, when Ibrahim Pacha, in a thick squall, made the signal to bear up, and that they anchored the next morning under Cape Papa at 4 o'clock. They remained there, being prevented going higher up by the contrary wind, until 5 P.M., when hearing some guns in the offing (our firing at the vessels which would not show their colours), Ibrahim made the signal and they got under way, but were dispersed by a gale of wind on the night of the 4th; that Ibrahim was on board a Leghorn-built frigate, double-banked, but *never hoisted his flag, although all the signals* were made from his ship. The two admirals, with flags at the main, were Tahir Pacha and Moharem Bey. I informed the captain of this frigate, who asked my permission to go to Patras with supplies, which he states to have been the known intention of Ibrahim in bearing up in the night of the 3rd, that I would not permit him, repeating to him what I had said to the Petrona Bey; and I gave it to him in writing as the only means, as he thought, of preventing his having his head cut off on his return to Turkey. Trusting that the French frigate 'Armide' will have reached Rear-Admiral De Rigny so as to enable him to be by this time off Navarin, and perhaps with him some of the ships under my immediate orders, I shall probably delay hereabout so as to baffle any other attempt to send supplies into this Gulf.

I have, &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Zante: October 10, 1827.

P.S.—On Sunday, the 7th, I proceeded nearer to Patras and turned away two Austrian vessels which were pressing towards that place, notwithstanding the warning they had; and we brought away also a Turkish brig, which landed about twenty men at Vassaladi, the fort commanding the entrance to Missolunghi, in spite of the guns from this ship, the 'Dartmouth,' and 'Talbot.' These vessels being towed as far as Cape Tornese were then directed to follow the Turkish fleet; and

on the night of the 8th we anchored in this bay, where we have since been—completing our water. . . .

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 6, 1827.

We anchored under Cape Papa, where we are now, at 9 P.M. last night; in company with 'Dartmouth,' 'Talbot,' and 'Philomel,' and a division of Turks of some 15, including a large frigate, a corvette, and 3 or 4 smaller vessels of war. Cape Papa is at the entrance of the Gulf of Petras, which is at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. My last letter left me on the 3rd at Zante, whilst Ibrahim and his fleet we supposed to be obediently working *towards* Navarin. It seems that in the night, inspired by the *dirty* weather, the *dirty dog* edged away for Patras, and was stopped by a violent wind down the Gulf from proceeding beyond this Cape, where we saw him and his admirals, &c., at anchor, after we had approached in chase to intercept his movements. There was evidently trick in this; for none of the vessels we passed would hoist their colours (although as their general rule they keep them at all times flying), until they had several shot right at them. By thus detaining a considerable number of these vessels with the supplies, we separated them from the fleet; and the frequent fire of this ship, and the 'Dartmouth,' and the 'Talbot,' was an earnest to Ibrahim of the spirit in which we were now acting since the failure of his word.

Whatever may have been the cause, the effect was his weighing at and after dark, with all those around him; being exposed, like ourselves, during the night to weather which made it enough for each to look out for ourselves; and being at length obliged, like us, to put before a hurricane for shelter. By 8 A.M. yesterday (the 5th) the wind abated. We then saw some 25 sail down to leeward betwixt Zante and Cephalonia, at too great distance to know what they were; and nearly as many more scattered about in all directions. These, like me, imagined that the chief himself might still be within the gulf; and we therefore all made to the same point, for the same purpose. Accordingly, I found the 'Asia' surrounded by

them this morning; and they are now all under way, obeying my directions to proceed towards Alexandria. . . . Thus we have again, by activity and spirit, defeated the object of the Turks, and fulfilled the instructions emanating from the Treaty: and we have shown that there is no solid foundation for the prevalent belief in either Turkish honour or Turkish bravery.

Spencer is gone to bed until my dinner-hour of 3 P.M., having been up the last two nights; the 'Asia,' 'Dartmouth,' and 'Philomel' having gained their anchorage we have all had a real good snooze. I cannot describe the luxury of hearing the rain last night pour down over my head after the lightning, without a breath of wind to call up the people, the preceding night having called every one of us on deck. Late last night the 'Hinde,' cutter, brought me your letters to September 25. In proportion as I myself am made happy by good accounts of you to so late a date, I am annoyed at your being so long in getting similar accounts of me. You will find it is neither my fault nor Hal's, for we have never missed an opportunity. Nor has there been any need of pumping, for we have had plenty to write about, as my official letters alone would show you. I have no doubt that those alone will be found very interesting, from the variety of events which have occurred, and are still occurring every day suddenly and unexpectedly.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 7.

I told you in my last I had been so far very fortunate: I may again say the same; for the many difficulties to which I have been exposed have turned to my personal credit. We, 'Asia,' 'Dartmouth,' 'Talbot,' and latterly the 'Philomel,' have driven off Ibrahim and his four admirals, &c., &c., &c., amounting to fifty-seven sail (but excluding his three ships of the line, which, I conclude, were left at Navarin as not seaworthy), and have prevented his succeeding in the object for which he broke his word, not certainly without firing guns, but without producing hostilities; an effect for which the Allied Governments had prepared twelve ships of the line, besides frigates, &c. I stayed behind in this Gulf of Patras, to prevent supplies being landed slyly in small quantities.

Accordingly, seeing a brig anchor off Missolunghi and send off a boat full of men, we have just cut her cable, and are taking her out to sea, short of her boat and the crew in her, with her cargo of flour. From one or the other of us she has received several shot through her sails and hull, but none have been killed. The captain asked if his head was to be cut off, and seemed well pleased with the negative, which he immediately communicated to the others.

We have all in turn (except Dilke) been watching a corps of Albanians marching along in regular order. Smith was the longest of all, helped on by Harry, who was himself half an hour in finding out they were *pelicans*; all books of travels relate this sort of thing, but nobody believes it until they are convinced by their own experience of the similarity in appearance. I must also record another curiosity which I never saw before, that is a lunar rainbow on the night of the 5th, extremely perfect. The red and orange rays were very discernible.

From Sir Frederick Adam to Sir E. C.

Corfù: October 8, 1827.

My dear Codrington,— . . . . .
I am very anxious to hear what has been the result of your bold, decided measures, and that the return to Navarin has been prevented. If you meet the French squadron in time I am confident you will prevent their returning to that port; I even anticipate this result if you don't fall in with aid. It has given me great pleasure and a sensible gratification to hear of your little force commanding and directing one so superior; and I admire the decision which produced this result. I hope, however, very soon to learn how this has terminated.

From Sir E. C. to Sir Frederick Adam.

Zante: October 10, 1827.

. . . . . .

Knowing that I have had this work to perform with such a small force, the good folks at home will be anxious for further news; and will partake of my satisfaction in having defeated Ibrahim's object without actual hostilities, and in the

arrival of the Russian ships preventing my being again placed in a similar extremity. The 14th was the day fixed for De Rigny and myself rejoining off Navarin when we still relied on Ibrahim's promise; therefore we are sure to assemble there all together in readiness to act decisively. . . .

As to my having steamers, you may judge of the encouragement I have to ask for such aid, when I tell you I am allowed 20 men for manning the tenders which take 65; that we are so over-armed in proportion to our men, that being now several short, we could only put nine men to a 32-pounder if we were to fight the whole; and that having about 2,000 fathoms of one-sized rope in wear as lifts and braces, always liable to go from being always relied upon for supporting the yards, we have some 85 fathoms to replace them as our full allowance. This is economy with a vengeance, but I trust our new master will order it in a more un-Secretarial manner.

10 P.M.

I have just got your note of the 8th by the steamer. I assure you, my good friend, I know the value of your good opinion of my conduct and prize your expression of it accordingly. We certainly put a good face on it, and I suspect Ibrahim thought we had been joined by some of our friends, by his bolting away as he did, after having sacrificed his honour in order to effect his purpose. If De R. got to Navarin in time, he will have shut the door on Ibrahim of course: but if not, we can now force him into our measures without difficulty.

P.S.—Stovin tells me the Turkish fleet have got into Navarin. I fear De Rigny again changed his mind, and did not go to Cervi to water, as he settled to do, but went away to Milo or Poros; or else he must have got back in time to stop them.

Yours, with great regard,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Zante: Oct. 9, 9 P.M.

The 'Alacrity' came here this evening from Corfù having *shown* her colours to seven sail of Russian ships-of-war on

the other side of this island. This is a good bit of news for you as well as me, for it will show you that I shall now have ample means of doing what is required, and that my anxiety will be greatly diminished. . . . It was impossible for *me* to prevent the fleet getting back to Navarin as there were always some devils hanging back for Patras, and at the last we were obliged to use both shot and the tow-rope to effect our purpose. It is of no consequence, except that the job would certainly have been more complete. However, I may fairly say to *you* that if my masters are not contented with me they are very unreasonable.

October 9 (after hearing the news of Mr. Canning's death).

I admired him as much as most people out of his personal circle, but I cannot forget the blots in his political conduct, blots which the good arising from the change of system he was about establishing would certainly have wiped off, but which at this early period it is quite impossible to forget. . . . . However, he is a very severe loss to us just now, and it is lamentable that he should not have lived to see the benefits of his late measures.

From Sir Frederick Adam to Lady C.

Corfù: October 14, 1827.

Although I send the latest accounts of the Admiral from himself, you must, my dear Madam, submit to receiving this also, that I may congratulate you, as I do most sincerely, on Codrington's brilliant achievement, for such I must consider his late encounters with the promise-breaking Turkish fleet. The Admiral's whole conduct has been a fine specimen of prompt, bold, and manly decision, has done him great honour, and added to the character of the noble service to which he belongs. Fifty-three against four, and the four obliging their opponents to comply with their demand! It has really done me good. I am national enough to be pleased, too, that this important service has been accomplished by the English squad-

ron alone: this may be called narrow-minded, but I am Englishman enough to have such narrow-minded feelings.

With great truth, your very sincere, &c.,

F. ADAM.

From General Ponsonby to Sir E. C.

Malta: October 21, 1827.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Again let me congratulate you on the success of your late operations (at Patras) which could not have succeeded except by the greatest decision in most critical circumstances,—and by this decision the peace of the world is still maintained.

From Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

'Asia,' off Navarin: October 14, 1827.

DEAR SIR,— . . . . For all the extraordinary events which have attended Ibrahim's breach of faith I refer you to my letters to his Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral, of which I have sent you copies with my official letter. I was always of opinion that something was meditated in the neighbourhood of Patras, before the avowed attack on Hydra; I therefore placed myself at Zante, where I could be ready for any small detachments from this port, as well as to watch the motions of Lord Cochrane. I did not, however, feel any doubt of Ibrahim's ostensibly fulfilling his engagement, any more than did Admiral De Rigny; or I should not have sent my squadron into Malta to refit. That the service which was thrown upon me by this violation of good faith was arduous and critical, will be evident to you on the perusal of my narrative; and that by the gallant and able support of the little band which I had with me, I was enabled to defeat the purpose for which Ibrahim sacrificed his honour, I shall consider as one of the most fortunate circumstances of my professional life. I reckoned on being back here in time to prevent the re-entry of the fleet; but that very wind which favoured my first object, by dividing and dispersing them, detained me off Missolunghi so long that I could only hope for that measure being effected by the arrival of the French or Russian squadron.

When Admiral De Rigny returns from Zante, I shall confer with him and Count Heiden as to taking measures for enforcing Ibrahim's return to Egypt. He is now less entitled to delicacy on our part; and if he before stood in awe of the 'Asia' singly, he may be very ready to yield obedience to the ten sail of the line united.

From Sir E. C. to Mr. S. Canning.

'Asia,' off Navarin: October 14, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—I have written you such a private letter as I think you will find no difficulty in showing to your colleagues. In that I have touched upon Admiral De Rigny's not joining me, in such a way as I hope will make all smooth as far as concerns his sincerity. He does not, however, understand service in our way of performing it, and seems to incline much more to the diplomatic. After asking about his ships going away from hence when ours did, and being advised by me to let them remain here three or four days, and then profit by a strong northerly wind to let them get away in the night when they would not be seen, he took them off the next day in sight of the Turks, and of an Austrian vessel of war, which of course gave notice of his movements. When off Cerigo, two of his ships ran foul of each other, by which both were disabled, until (much to their credit) they transferred the mainmast of the one to the other in Cervi Bay. The 'Armide' carried him the news of Ibrahim's breach of faith at the same time that the 'Dartmouth' came to me; but there he remained, and only joined me yesterday; whereby, besides leaving me unsupported to prevent the success of Ibrahim's treachery, he lost the opportunity which his coming directly here with his other two ships of the line, his own large frigate, and the 'Armide,' &c., would have given him, of preventing the return of the Turkish expedition into Navarin; and conducting them, as in that case we should be now doing, back to their own ports. He joined me yesterday at the same time as Count Heiden; and though I proposed we should have a conference as soon as the wind should moderate, he proposed going to Zante, *if I had no objection*, for stock for his officers. I offered to share mine with him, but he said all his officers

were in the same destitution; and, as he still clung to it, and said he would not be a whole day absent, I could not but consent. Such is the man, and I therefore mention it to you. But at the same time he is quite ready to act as I wish when present with me; and though delays and difficulties will arise, I doubt not but we shall come out pretty well in the end. Count Heiden was on board the 'Asia' to-day, and is to dine with me to-morrow. He appears to be all I could wish; like one of our service, eager to act under my orders as he is directed by his instructions to do, whether the French commander do the same or not; and his ships are apparently in good service-like order . . . .

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Navarin: October 15, 1827.

On the 13th, when close to the southward of Zante, we were joined by both the French and Russian squadrons. . . . I think to-morrow will bring my own two friends from Malta ('Genoa' and 'Albion') and De Rigny back from Zante, where he went on the 13th with his squadron, to get some grub. I offered to share mine with him, having already sent him two sheep and twelve fowls; but as he pressed the point, I did not like to offer any objection to his going, ill-timed as it was. I must say that now, after having done what excites the approbation of all hands, I feel somewhat proud of my mixed and most extraordinary command. The whole history will be better detailed by others than by myself; for I have not time for more than my actual duty claims, except this little relaxation with you. It is altogether so curious: we have at this minute a Greek brig-of-war in company which brought me letters, and a Turk watching our movements, in addition to our own three flags. Sir G. Don calls the Treaty the tricolour treaty, which I think not inappropriate.

From Lord Dudley to Sir E. C.[1]

F. O.: November 5, 1827.

My dear Sir Edward,—An Ionian messenger goes to-day,

[1] After receiving the account of the encounter with the Turkish fleet off Patras on October 4.

and though it is not my business to communicate with you officially, yet I may be allowed to tell you as a friend how much I am gratified by the spirit and ability you have shown in the late transactions with the Turks.

If this affair is speedily and satisfactorily terminated, you will have contributed your full share to that result.

We are on the tiptoe of expectation for accounts of the effect produced at Constantinople by the communication from Ibrahim Pacha. Upon that depends the turn subsequent events are to take.

Believe me, ever most truly yours,

DUDLEY.

Lord Dudley was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; there was no hesitation in expressing approval of the execution by force of a portion of the Treaty, when it had been successful without a battle. But the account of this bold act of personal and naval responsibility, maintained by cannon shot against so superior a force—this first instalment of active hostility—was never published, either from ministerial fear, or from some anti-professional influence at the Admiralty. And so, the gallantry called forth in this almost unique episode, and the success resulting from the moral effect of that gallant bearing, have remained even to this time almost unknown to the English public. It is, however, such acts as these that awaken the warm sympathy of Englishmen, and the public acknowledgment of which forms the best incitement to their imitation.

It seemed as if those in England responsible for the Treaty, did not dare to show to the world that its execution against the will of Turkey involved actual hostility. This affair of Patras was a warning—a practical measure of war, sure to culminate in something more serious when the time might come for enforcing upon the Turkish and Egyptian forces a full compliance with the Treaty. Meanwhile, the warm cordiality of Lord Dudley became

checked, and this was the last expression of it. No more private letters were received from him, and the next communication from his Lordship was the official despatch containing the 'Queries.'[1]

[1] Given in detail in the larger edition of this memoir.

CHAPTER XV.

THE following warning from Admiral De Rigny to the French officers in the Turkish fleet was supposed to have been given some time before, when if done it might have had a very advantageous effect.

From Admiral De Rigny to 'Messrs. Letellier, Bompard, et autres Officiers français à bord de la Flotte turque.'

Syrène : le 15 octobre 1827.

MESSIEURS,—La situation dans laquelle vous voyez les flottes ottomanes blocquées dans le port de Navarin, la circonstance du manque de parole de S.A. Ibrahim Pacha, qui s'était engagé à une suspension d'armes provisoire, doit vous indiquer que désormais vous pouvez vous trouver en face de votre pavillon. Vous savez les chances que vous courez, et en vous sommant de quitter le service turc au moment où la flotte ottomane s'est placée dans une situation agressive dont elle doit courir les chances, je vous donne un avis que vous ne devez pas négliger si vous êtes restés Français.

J'ai l'honneur, etc.,

DE RIGNY.

From Sir E. C. to Captain Hamilton—H.M.S. 'Cambrian.'

Given on board the 'Asia,' off Navarin : October 16, 1827.

WHEREAS, I have received information that a part of the army of Ibrahim Pacha, in direct breach of the agreement which he made with Rear-Admiral De Rigny and myself on September 25 last, has advanced into the plain of Kalamata where it is ravaging the country, destroying the habitations, and burning the olive and other fruit trees; and that it is

likely to force the pass of Varga for the purpose of going to Maina—you are hereby directed to proceed in the ship you command towards Varga, put yourself in communication with the Greeks, and use your utmost endeavours not only to defend them against these barbarities, but to drive back the army of the Pacha within the lines of Navarin.

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From the English, French, and Russian Admirals to His Highness Ibrahim Pacha.

Abord du vaisseau de S.M.B. 'Asia,' le 17 octobre 1827.

ALTESSE,—Des informations très-positives, qui nous arrivent de toutes parts, nous annoncent que de nombreux détachemens de votre armée parcourent dans différens sens la partie occidentale de la Morée ; qu'ils dévastent, détruisent, brûlent, arrachent les arbres, les vignes, toutes les productions végétables ; qu'ils se hâtent enfin de faire de cette contrée un véritable désert.

Nous apprenons de plus, qu'une expédition est préparée contre les districts de Maina, et que déjà des forces avancent dans cette direction.

Tous ces actes de violence extrême se passent sous les yeux pour ainsi dire, et au mépris de l'armistice que Votre Altesse s'est engagée sous sa parole d'honneur d'observer fidèlement jusqu'au retour de ses courriers—armistice en faveur duquel la rentrée de sa flotte à Navarin lui fut accordée le 26 septembre dernier.

Les soussignés se voient dans la pénible obligation de vous déclarer aujourd'hui qu'une pareille conduite de votre part, une violation aussi étrange de vos engagemens, vous placent, Monsieur, hors la loi des nations, et au dehors des Traités existans entre leurs Cours et la Porte ottomane.

Il y a plus ; les soussignés considèrent les dévastations qui se commettent dans ce moment même par vos ordres, comme directement contraires aux intérêts de votre souverain, qui pourroit perdre, en raison de ces dévastations, les avantages réels que le Traité de Londres lui assure sur la Grèce.

Les soussignés demandent à Votre Altesse une réponse

catégorique et prompte à la présente notification, et ils lui laissent à prévoir les conséquences immédiates d'un refus ou d'une tergiversation.

EDWD. CODRINGTON, Vice-Admiral.
LE COMTE DE HEIDEN, Contre-Amiral.
H. DE RIGNY, Contre-Amiral.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 17.

We have sent in a paper to Ibrahim by which we hope to stop his ravaging the country, as he is now doing in mere spite; and at the same time giving him an opening for any fresh proposal which he may have to make, now that he has probably had an answer from his father. We are now assembled in full force. . . . It is said Ibrahim is very sulky in consequence of being foiled so unexpectedly in the object for which he sacrificed his word of honour; and well he may, for he has heretofore prided himself in his character for both courage and honour, as the Turks understand the latter at least; and I have certainly exposed his want of both, with an inferiority of force which removes all excuse. *He* was probably instructed to avoid war as strongly as *I* was, but I presume he had orders which he was bound to execute at all risks, or else he would not have broken faith; and in this we were equally under the responsibility of originating a war, when peace was the object in view. It is my good fortune to have escaped that extremity; and yet to have effected that with one ship of the line, which was destined to have been performed by twelve.

Now, is not this enough of myself? I think it may do for the present at all events, if I add, that both Harry and myself are quite well. . . .

I like my new colleague (Admiral Heiden) much; he is a straightforward sort of fellow, and ready, perhaps too ready, to go all lengths. . . .

P.S.—Our letter to Ibrahim is brought back unopened, his lying dragoman saying nobody knows where he is gone. I dare say he will be found to-morrow, if the wind favour our running into an anchorage alongside his ships.

The letter of the three Admirals of October 17 was entrusted to Col. Cradock, who in H.M.S. 'Dartmouth' proceeded with it to Navarin. Mr. Abro, the Interpreter, told Col. Cradock that Ibrahim was not at Navarin; and that unfortunately there was no means whatever of forwarding the letter to His Highness as his movements had been kept a profound secret, and that nobody knew where he was. On Mr. Abro giving him his honour of this, Col. Cradock returned to the Squadron and carried back the letter to Sir E. Codrington on October 18, 1827.

From Captain Hamilton to Sir E. Codrington.

(Extract.)

H.M.S. 'Cambrian,' Kitries: October 18, 1827.

I have the honour of informing you that I arrived here yesterday morning in company with the Russian frigate 'Constantine,' the captain of which ship had placed himself under my orders. On entering the gulf, we observed by clouds of fire and smoke, that the work of devastation was still going on. The ships were anchored off the pass of Ancyro, and a joint letter from myself and the Russian captain was despatched to the Turkish commander, a copy of which I enclose; the Russian and English officers, the bearers of it, were not allowed to proceed to head-quarters, nor have we yet received any answer. In the afternoon we, the two captains, went on shore to the Greek quarters, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The distress of the inhabitants driven from the plain is shocking! women and children dying every moment of absolute starvation, and hardly any having better food than boiled grass! I have promised to send a small quantity of bread to the caves in the mountains, where these unfortunate wretches have taken refuge. It is supposed that if Ibrahim remained in Greece, more than a third of its inhabitants will die of absolute starvation.

The three Admirals held a conference on October 18,

1827, for the purpose of concerting the means of effecting the object specified in the Treaty of London, viz. an armistice *de facto* between the Turks and the Greeks.

They considered,

That Ibrahim Pacha having violated the engagement he entered into with the Admirals on September 25, for a provisional suspension of arms, by causing his fleet to come out and proceed towards another point in the Morea:

That since the return of the fleet owing to meeting Admiral Codrington near Patras, the Pacha's troops have carried on a warfare more destructive and exterminating than before, killing women and children, burning habitations &c., for completing the devastation of the country: And that all endeavours to put a stop to these atrocities by persuasion and conciliation, by representations to the Turkish chiefs, and advice given to Mehemet Ali have been treated as mockeries, though they could have been stopped by a word:—

Therefore the Admirals found that there remained to them only the choice between three modes of action:—

1st. The continuing throughout the whole of the winter a blockade, difficult, expensive, and perhaps useless, since a storm may disperse the squadrons and afford to Ibrahim the facility of conveying his destroying army to different points of the Morea and the islands;

2ndly. The uniting the allied squadrons in Navarin itself, and securing by this permanent presence the inaction of the Ottoman fleets; but which mode alone leads to no termination, since the Porte persists in not changing its system;

3rdly. The proceeding to take a position with the squadrons in Navarin, in order to renew to Ibrahim propositions which, entering into the spirit of the Treaty, were evidently to the advantage of the Porte itself.

Having taken these three modes into consideration, the Admirals agreed unanimously that the 3rd mode

might without effusion of blood and without hostilities, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons, produce a determination leading to the desired object.

It was consequently adopted by them, and set forth in a protocol signed by the English, French, and Russian Admirals.

The following notes relating to circumstances immediately preceding the Battle of Navarin, were written down by me some years later from my father's dictation. They were all read over by him, and authenticated by his own corrections.—JANE B.

Upon leaving Zante after the affair off Patras, I was joined by the Russian squadron. Count Heiden took the earliest moment to visit me on board the 'Asia,' bringing with him Mons. Katakasi, a diplomatist. I saw at once that the Count was a plain-sailing, open-hearted man; which inspired me with a desire to communicate openly and frankly with him upon the duties we had to perform. He spoke very good English, though mixed up with French whenever he found a word in that language more expressive of his meaning. But, before proceeding further, I asked him whether I was to treat his companion with the same confidence with which I proposed to treat himself: to this he replied in the affirmative, and our discussion was pursued on that understanding. I note this now, because on a subsequent occasion, when more intimate with the Count, I expressed my surprise that he, as a sailor, should bring a diplomatist with him to talk over such matters with a brother sailor. He told me that this man, being sent officially with him to make his report to the Emperor, felt himself quite out of his element in having to deal only with sailors. His observation was, 'Que peut-on faire avec ces marins anglais?' and that he (Heiden) had told him that he was quite sure he would find me candid and open in communication, without interposing any difficulties; that he brought him on board on the first occasion to give him an early proof of it, and that on their return to the 'Azoff,' he (Katakasi) repeatedly expressed his astonishment at my

free communication on all the subjects of our discussion, and at my seeming to have no concealment, no arrière-pensée, whatever. It was, I think, the following day that we were joined by Admiral De Rigny. He was considerably junior to Count Heiden, although bearing the same rank as Rear-Admiral; and wishing to get them upon good terms with each other, I so expressed myself as to hint the propriety of his calling upon Count Heiden. I think I proposed that we should go together: he evaded this at once by expressing a wish to go to Zante for stock, if I had no objection to it, as he was very much in want of provisions for his table: I told him that I believed we had got everything that was to be had there; and that I was very willing to share it with him, which I could the more readily do, as our own ships coming from Malta would certainly bring me a sufficiency of everything. But he still pressed his object so pertinaciously that, in spite of my strong objections to it, at a moment when it was material that the three squadrons should be united and prepared to act in concert, I could no longer resist it without exciting an unpleasant feeling. This was an augury of the difficulty I contemplated in uniting the three divisions as one squadron. Upon the return of Count De Rigny and the junction of the French and English ships of the line (the former reduced to three by an accident which happened near Cervi Bay); it became requisite to form an order of sailing in two lines. My object was to keep the French and Russians, who evidently bore no good will to each other, as much separated as possible. In this wish each of my colleagues seemed to share, De Rigny being well pleased with my proposal, that the French ships should take station astern of the English in the weather line, while Count Heiden seemed equally gratified with my plan that his four line-of-battle ships and his large frigates should continue in one complete division by themselves, forming the lee line. I found myself hampered by this jealousy in all my communications, lest I should seem to give a preference to one over the other. The two chiefs readily met at dinner, or otherwise, on board the 'Asia,' but neither of them seemed disposed to make a visit to the other on board his own ship. In occasionally drawing

up records of our proceedings to be signed by each, the paper being in the first instance placed before me for my signature, was put down on the table by me without presenting it preferably to either, and I observed that whichever first took hold of it put his signature next, without acknowledging in the other any superiority; De Rigny thus putting himself upon an equality with Heiden, although the other was much the oldest rear-admiral of the two.

The object of the Allied Powers was to prevent Ibrahim pursuing his barbarities in Greece. On the union of the three squadrons off Navarin, I found that he was then ravaging the Morea by means of that army which he was bound by the Convention not to employ. This was made known to me by deputations from the Morea, and verified by Captain Hamilton, whom I sent there on purpose to ascertain the fact. . . . .

Sir E. C. here relates the warning letter being sent in to Ibrahim, and brought back by Col. Cradock unopened, Nov. 18th.

. . . . What was to be done? some decisive step became necessary. We had been carried away by currents in a calm, and on other occasions had been driven out of sight of Navarin by gales of wind, so as to make effectual blockade impracticable; and if, whilst so driven off, the Ottoman fleet had put to sea in order to pursue their great object of destroying Hydra or any other place, and we had fallen in with them at sea, a battle must have ensued, even according to the very wording of our instructions. Under these circumstances, and considering that Ibrahim had submitted to be driven back from off Patras by a small portion of the force which I then had at my disposal, I felt myself justified in concluding that the imposing spectacle of the whole Allied Squadrons (that force which the Government had deemed ample for the purpose) anchored in the Bay of Navarin, where we could be eye-witnesses of his proceedings, and ready to punish any infraction of his agreement, would awe Ibrahim at once into submission, and thus obtain without bloodshed *the objects of the Treaty*. . . . .

Having therefore made up my own mind that there was no

other means but this of effecting the object of the Treaty, my next business was to bring my colleagues to the same conclusion; and the question for my consideration was how to bring this matter about. I had found Count Heiden as ready in every instance to meet my wishes as if he had been an officer of our own navy. With my other colleague the case was very different. In our intercourse at Nauplia, he had shown a rooted dislike to the Greeks and a leaning towards the Egyptians, with whom he had long been in friendly intercourse. I had also found in him so pertinacious an adherence to such details as were suggested by himself, that in order to ensure his yielding to me whatever I considered essential, I embraced every opportunity of giving way to him in matters of *minor* importance. The situation in which I now found myself respecting him was one of great difficulty. Any hesitation or backwardness on the part of either of my colleagues in following me into the Port, would have been our destruction. . . . Upon Admiral De Rigny coming on board one morning to make me a friendly visit, I adverted to the difficult and harassing prospect before us of a winter blockade; and this brought us to the point at once. He treated the blockade as a thing impossible to be continued, and considered the attempt to execute it as tantamount to giving up the object of the Treaty; since Ibrahim could move his army in any direction he pleased, even if he did not take advantage of our occasional absence to put to sea with his fleet. I expressed my accordance in this, suggesting at the same time the strong censure which would be thrown upon us for the failure, however unjust it might be; and then put the direct question of—'Does any remedy occur to you?' After a little consideration he said, 'None—except going into the port and anchoring in company with the Ottoman Fleet.' I then asked him if he had thought of this before, and had weighed all the consequences; candidly telling him that I had been for some time persuaded that it was our only means of preventing the barbarities of Ibrahim and effecting the objects of the Treaty. He said, No; that the suggestion arose out of our present conversation, and that if I approved of it, he was ready to join me in carrying it into execution at once. I pointed out to him

the possible consequences if the measure should be disapproved of by our Governments; warning him that though the principal portion of censure would fall upon me, he was sure to obtain his share from his own Government; adding, that I thought he had better go on board and sleep upon it before he entirely made up his mind. He said, No; it was not requisite; that he saw all the consequences, and was perfectly ready. He stayed with me about an hour; when, finding him apparently quite steady to his purpose, I said: 'If your mind is as made up as it appears to be, I will at once make the signal for Count Heiden and hear what he has to say about it.' To this he acceded; and upon the plan being communicated to the Count, he frankly signified his full approval, and his readiness to take whatever part I might point out. This determination being settled, I became strongly impressed with the great difficulty—in preparing for the contingency of a battle—in preventing the possible ill-effects of the jealousy evinced by my Allies towards each other, and the consequent liability to failure from want of union. I therefore resisted their desire that I should at once indicate to them the positions I intended them to take, begging them to return to their ships and to leave me to consider that matter undisturbed. My plan had been made at the time of the measure having first occurred to me, from a consideration of the position of the Ottoman fleet as pointed out in a sketch taken on board the 'Dartmouth' when I sent her in with Colonel Cradock. This plan I now determined to pursue; but I had some doubts how to make it palatable to my colleagues. As soon as they were gone—being left alone in my cabin with Colonel Cradock—I ejaculated: 'Now comes my difficulty! how am I to ensure the cordial co-operation of these two people; seeing that there is such a rooted jealousy between them that they would as lief be engaged with each other as with the Ottoman Forces?' Colonel Cradock then said to me: 'I think, sir, you said when you were looking over the plan made in the "Dartmouth," that you had made up your mind how the Allied fleets should be placed in the bay if such a measure should become necessary?' I said: 'Yes; and I see no reason for altering the opinion I then formed, now that the

determination is made. I should go in in the order of sailing, for two reasons—first, because we can be equally prepared for defence if attacked; and secondly, because it will remove all objection to my leading in in the "Asia," as I certainly shall do. My plan is, that De Rigny in his double frigate, followed by his three ships of the line, shall anchor abreast of the four Egyptian double frigates, which form the head of the principal Ottoman line on the right hand of the Bay; that the English squadron shall take station next to them, each of us having our own frigates abreast of us on the opposite line of the Ottoman fleet; and that the Russian squadron shall have the bight of the Bay to themselves; thus placing the English division in both lines between the French and Russian ships, so as to prevent any unpleasant occurrence taking place between them; but this gives two of the Ottoman ships of the line to the English division, and the remaining one to Count Heiden, whilst it gives the French division only the four double frigates; and this, I suspect, will excite jealousy on the part of De Rigny.' 'Sir,' said Cradock, 'as Admiral De Rigny by your desire has had a correspondence with the French officers employed in the Egyptian squadron, warning them of the contingency of their being opposed in battle to the French flag, and advising them to retire immediately—cannot you satisfy Admiral De Rigny by pointing out to him the probability of his ensuring their retirement by anchoring as you propose?—whereas, on the contrary, if any part of the Russian squadron were so placed, it would produce a contrary effect and secure to the Ottoman division the benefit of their assistance?' 'Thank ye,' said I, 'you have relieved me at once from my difficulty'—and I then drew out the order to my two colleagues, which was subsequently carried into execution.

Instructions as to the Manner of Placing the Combined Fleet in the Port of Navarin.

'Asia,' off Navarin: October 19, 1827.

It appears that the Egyptian ships in which the French officers are embarked, are those most to the south-east; it is,

therefore, my wish that his Excellency Rear-Admiral Chevalier de Rigny should place his squadron abreast of them. As the next in succession appears to be a ship of the line with a flag at the main, I propose placing the 'Asia' abreast of her, with the 'Genoa' and 'Albion' next to the 'Asia;' and I wish that his Excellency Rear-Admiral Count Heiden will have the goodness to place his squadron next in succession to the British ships of the line. The Russian frigates in this case can occupy the Turkish ships next in succession to the Russian ships of the line; the English frigates forming alongside such Turkish vessels as may be on the western side of the harbour abreast of the British ships of the line; and the French frigates forming in the same manner, so as to occupy the Turkish frigates, &c. abreast of the French ships of the line. If time permits, before any hostility is committed by the Turkish fleet, the ships are to moor with springs on the ring of each anchor. No gun is to be fired from the combined fleet without a signal being made for that purpose, unless shot be fired from any of the Turkish ships; in which case the ships so firing are to be destroyed immediately. The corvettes and the brigs are under the direction of Captain Fellowes of the 'Dartmouth,' to remove the fire-vessels into such a position as will prevent their being able to injure any of the combined fleet. In case of a regular battle ensuing and creating any of that confusion which must necessarily arise from it, it is to be observed, that, in the words of Lord Nelson, 'No captain can do very wrong who places his ship alongside that of an enemy.'

EDWD. CODRINGTON, Vice-Admiral.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 19, 7 P.M.

Well, this day has gone by with all preparation and no fight. The wind was not strong enough to carry us in, and we must now take the chance of what to-morrow produces. I have given out my Instructions, which seem to please my two colleagues, each being content with the part allotted to him, and my own squadron appear to be so perfectly up to the mark, that they will think it a pity if it all end in smoke.

Such is, however, my own expectation, although the Turks have apparently made every preparation to receive us. The French officers who were in the Egyptian ships have retired, according to De Rigny's advice, except Lettellier the chief, and are now embarked in an Austrian merchant brig. This Ibrahim, who boasted to us his humanity and complained of being called in the newspapers the 'Sanguinary Ibrahim,' is ravaging the whole country; and Hamilton, whom I sent to drive back his army near Kalamata, tells me that some of the poor houseless wretches in the country which he has desolated, are living upon boiled grass! God bless you and yours, say I; a sentiment I may I hope repeat and repeat again.

Yours, E. C.

The following day, however, did not go by with 'no fight'—the crisis had come, and the 20th of October was a day of fate to many: a full and complete detail of its circumstances and results is furnished by the following collection of official and private letters.

The OTTOMAN FORCE consisted of:—

3	line-of-battle ships.
4	double-banked frigates.
13	frigates.
30	corvettes.
28	brigs.
6	fire brigs.
5	schooners.
	(exclusive of 41 transports.)
89	

35,000 Egyptian troops in the Morea, 4,000 of whom came with the above ships, as stated by the Secretary to the Capitana Bey.

The ALLIED FORCE consisted of:—

ENGLISH.

3	line-of-battle ships.
4	frigates.
4	brigs.
1	cutter.

FRENCH.

3 line-of-battle ships.
1 double-banked frigate.
1 frigate.
2 cutters.

RUSSIAN.

4 line-of-battle ships.
4 frigates.

24 ships of war.

From Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

H.M.S 'Asia,' in the port of Navarin: October 21, 1827.

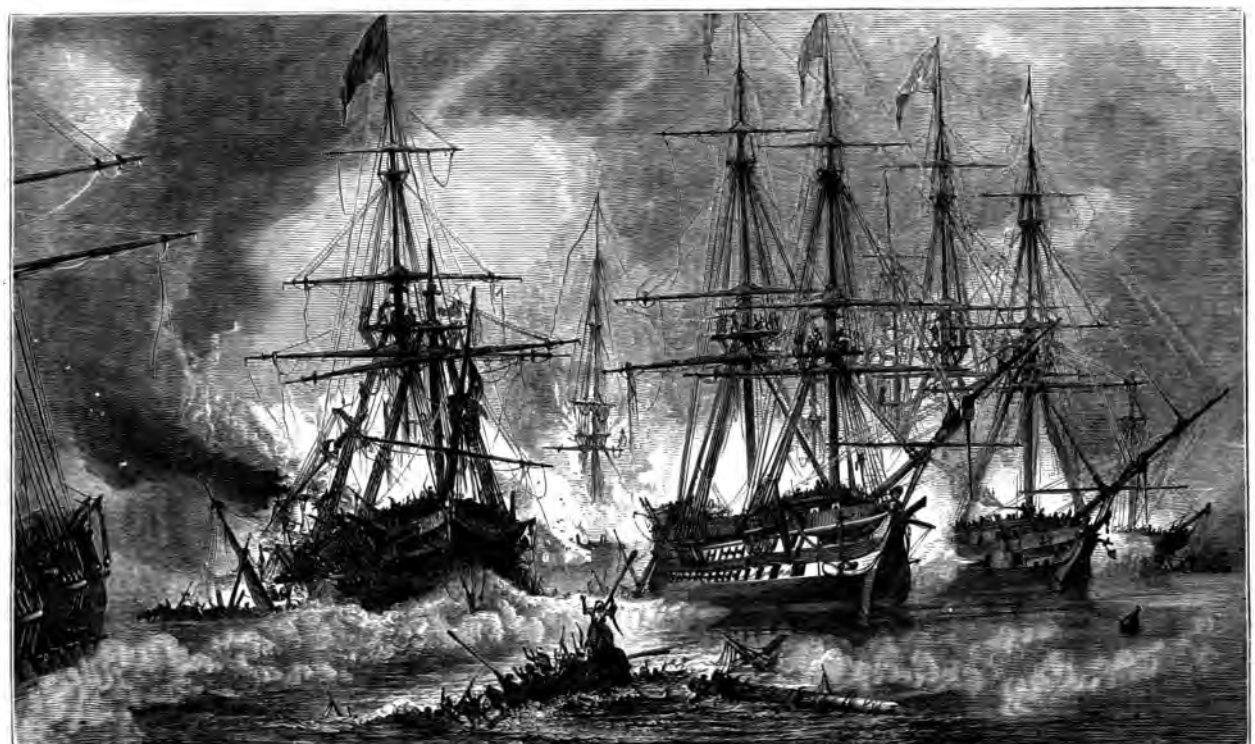
SIR,—I have the honour of informing his Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral that my colleagues, Count Heiden and the Chevalier de Rigny, having agreed with me that we should come into this port, in order to induce Ibrahim Pacha to discontinue the brutal war of extermination which he has been carrying on since his return here from his failure in the Gulf of Patras, the combined squadrons passed the batteries, in order to take up their anchorage, at about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The Turkish ships were moored in the form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, the larger ones presenting their broadsides towards the centre, the smaller ones, in succession, within them, filling up the intervals.

The combined fleet was formed in the order of sailing in two columns; the British and French forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russian the lee line.

The 'Asia' led in, followed by the 'Genoa' and 'Albion,' and anchored close alongside a ship of the line bearing the flag of the Capitana Bey, another ship of the line, and a large double-banked frigate; each thus having their proper opponent in the front line of the Turkish fleet. The four ships to windward, part of the Egyptian squadron, were allotted to the squadron of Rear-Admiral De Rigny; and those to leeward, in the bight of the crescent, were to mark the stations of the whole Russian squadron, the ships of their line closing those of the English line, and being followed up by their own frigates.

BATTLE OF NAVARIN, OCTOBER 20, 1827



Genoa, 74 | Capitan Bey's ship, 86 (Turkish Admiral) | Egyptian, 24 | Asia, 84 (Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington) | Hind, 6 | Moharem Bey's ship, 62 (Egyptian Admiral) | Egyptian, 26

The French frigate 'Armide' was directed to place herself alongside the outermost frigate on the left-hand entering the harbour; and the 'Cambrian,' 'Glasgow,' and 'Talbot' next to her, and abreast of the 'Asia,' 'Genoa,' and 'Albion.' The 'Dartmouth' and the 'Musquito,' the 'Rose,' the 'Brisk,' and the 'Philomel' were to look after six fire-vessels at the entrance of the harbour. I gave orders that no gun should be fired unless guns were first fired by the Turks; and those orders were strictly observed. The three English ships were accordingly permitted to pass the batteries and to moor, as they did with great rapidity, without any act of open hostility, although there was evident preparation for it in all the Turkish ships; but upon the 'Dartmouth' sending a boat to one of the fire-vessels, Lieutenant G. W. H. Fitz Roy and several of her crew were shot with musketry. This produced a defensive fire of musketry from the 'Dartmouth' and 'la Syrène,' bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral De Rigny; that was succeeded by a cannon-shot at the Rear-Admiral from one of the Egyptian ships, which of course brought on a return; and thus very shortly afterwards the battle became general. The 'Asia,' although placed alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, was even nearer to that of Moharem Bey, the commander of the Egyptian ships; and since his ship did not fire at the 'Asia,' although the action was begun to windward, neither did the 'Asia' fire at her. The latter, indeed, sent a message 'that he would not fire at all,' and therefore no hostility took place betwixt our two ships for some time after the 'Asia' had returned the fire of the Capitana Bey. In the meantime, however, our excellent pilot, Mr. Peter Mitchell, who went to interpret to Moharem my desire to avoid bloodshed, was killed by his people in our boat alongside. Whether with or without his orders I know not, but his ship soon afterwards fired into the 'Asia,' and was consequently effectually destroyed by the 'Asia's' fire, sharing the same fate as his brother-admiral on the starboard side, and falling to leeward a mere wreck. These ships being out of the way, the 'Asia' became exposed to a raking fire from vessels in the second and third line, which carried away her mizenmast by the board, disabled some of her guns, and killed and wounded some of her crew. This narration

of the proceedings of the 'Asia' would probably be equally applicable to most of the other ships of the fleet. The manner in which the 'Genoa' and 'Albion' took their stations was beautiful; and the conduct of my brother-admirals, Count Heiden and the Chevalier de Rigny, throughout, was admirable and highly exemplary.

Captain Fellowes executed the part allotted to him perfectly; and with the able assistance of his little but brave detachment, saved the 'Syrène' from being burnt by the fire-vessels. And the 'Cambrian,' 'Glasgow,' and 'Talbot' following the fine example of Capitaine Hugon, of the 'Armide,' who was opposed to the leading frigate of that line, effectually destroyed their opponents, and also silenced the batteries. This bloody and destructive battle was continued with unabated fury for four hours, and the scene of wreck and devastation which presented itself at its termination was such as has been seldom before witnessed. As each ship of our opponents became effectually disabled, such of her crew as could escape from her endeavoured to set her on fire; and it is wonderful how we avoided the effects of their successive and awful explosions.

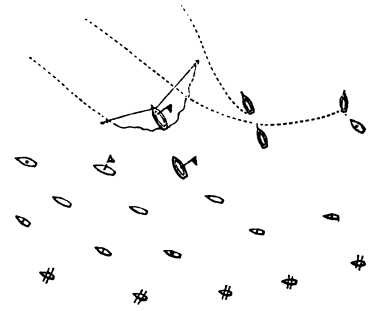
It is impossible for me to say too much for the able and zealous assistance which I derived from Captain Curzon throughout this long and arduous contest; nor can I say more than it deserves for the conduct of Commander Baynes and the officers and crew of the 'Asia' for the perfection with which the fire of their guns was directed; each vessel in turn to which her broadside was directed, became a complete wreck.

His Royal Highness will be aware that so complete a victory by a few, however perfect, against an excessive number, however individually inferior, cannot be acquired but at a considerable sacrifice of life. . . . . But I will beg permission to refer his Royal Highness for further particulars of this sort to the details of the killed and wounded; a subject which it is painful for me to dwell upon when I contemplate, as I do with extreme sorrow, the extent of our loss. I console myself with the reflection that the measure which produced the battle was absolutely necessary for obtaining the results con-

templated by the Treaty, and that it was brought on entirely by our opponents.

When I found that the boasted Ottoman's word of honour was made a sacrifice to wanton, savage devastation; and that a base advantage was taken of our reliance upon Ibrahim's good faith, I own I felt a desire to punish the offenders. But it was my duty to refrain, and refrain I did; and I can assure his Royal Highness that I would still have avoided this disastrous extremity if other means had been open to me. . . . . The loss of men in the Turco-Egyptian ships must have been immense, as his Royal Highness will see by the accompanying list obtained from the secretary of the Capitana Bey, which includes that of two out of the three ships to which the English division was opposed. . . .

DIAGRAMS OF SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS OF THE 'ASIA.'



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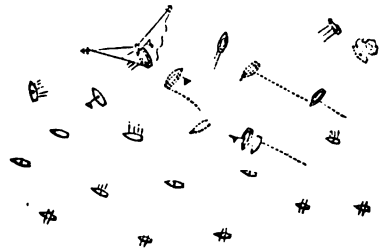

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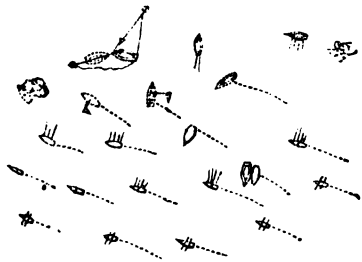


No. 4.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

October 20, 10 P.M.

Well, my dear, the Turks have fought, and fought well too; and we have annihilated their fleet. But it has cost us dear. We have lost poor Smith, Captain Bell (R.M.), and many good men. I was *slued round* more than once, and Harry has a slight wound which will ensure him his promotion directly he has served his time. He wants to write to you himself, but I wish to keep him quiet that he may not get the least fever, and I do not think I shall let him. He was sound asleep when I went down to see him, in one of the cockpit cabins, where he is better off until I can get something like a cabin. Little Hanmer Bunbury has lost an arm, but will do well. Harry told me a delightful anecdote of him: he had

some water given him, and hearing a poor sufferer call anxiously for water, he gave it to him directly. Now, my dear, don't fancy anything more than I tell you. *I* am entirely unhurt; but the 'Asia' is quite a wreck, having had her full allowance of the work. Our men fired beautifully; my two colleagues and the brave men they commanded behaved admirably; and nothing could exceed the style in which my own ships went into action. I went to see poor Bathurst just now, and take leave of him, for he cannot live! The delight of the poor fellow upon my telling him that his ship took up her station as well as a ship could do, was gratifying to me. I have yet no list of the killed and wounded, but I fear it is considerable, and that there will be some difficulty in obtaining it, without delaying the despatch for England.

October 21, 1827.

I will not pass this anniversary, my dear Jane, without assuring you that your dear Harry is as well as it is possible to be. He is such a favourite that he never wants a friend to talk with him; and he seems to have spun a very long yarn for you into the bargain. He laments being kept down below and losing the magnificent explosions to which these Turks are constantly treating us, by blowing up all their crippled ships in succession: but he is so well as he is, that I will not let him be moved until I can have a berth in my cabin for him. . . . . As I was in too excited a state to profit by lying down last night, I must quit my pen for my pillow; where my heart will equally say, as my pen does, may God bless you and yours!—E. C.

October 23, 1 P.M.

Our dear boy is doing quite well. His good temper would assuage a fever if he had one—but he has not the least: he reads whenever he is not, Pacha-like, giving audience. It is worth such a wound to have been in such a glorious battle. Write a line to W. by Ingestrie, if he is able to see you on his way. The 'Dartmouth,' which takes him to Ancona, will wait and bring you back from thence.

God bless you, again!

E. C.

From Lady C. to Sir E. C.

Florence: November 6.

God bless you! and God bless our dear boy! I will write to-morrow; at present I only add this line to Jane's letter to let you see I have survived the joy and pride your noble and gallant conduct and, above all, your safety, has given. I hope and believe from all you say that our dear Hal. is going on well. Once more, God bless you both!

From Lady C. to Sir E. C.

Florence: November 12.

Now that the first and indescribable sensations on reading your account of the battle you have passed through have a little subsided, I must try to write to you in a little more collected manner than I could have done before. That we are all full of *joy* and *pride* and *thankfulness* you may well suppose; but I believe the *latter* predominates in *me*, who am more given to fear than to hope for those dear to me, under such appalling circumstances! How is it possible that for *four* hours you should have been exposed to so tremendous a fire (as Lord Ingestrie writes to me) on the poop and yet be untouched. And shall I not be grateful to that Power who has protected you through such imminent danger? I am, indeed, both for that and the narrower escape of our dear Harry. Alas, I grieve that he has been wounded at all; but when I think how very near he was to destruction, how many there are who, although spared the extremest evil, are yet much more severe sufferers than he is, I am *full of thankfulness* for that blessing too. All other joys appear to me dull and insipid compared to the grateful happiness arising from the safety of two such valued beings after such terrific scenes of destruction as you were surrounded by. Once more let me relieve my still overflowing heart by devoutly thanking God for your preservation.

It was, I think, on the 5th November that the news of the Battle of Navarin reached Florence; and it was

towards evening that we saw the Ambassador's carriage drive quickly across the large open space of Santa Maria and stop at our door. Having lately had the news of the encounter at Patras, we were strung up to anxious expectation as to what might come next. But when we found he had, on getting out, sent his carriage away, fear took the upper hand, and with it the foreboding that he was come to comfort us under evil tidings. My mother and I stood transfixed with suspense till Lord Burghersh entered with his beaming, kindly face, exclaiming, 'I have the best possible news for you!' He spent two hours with us, eagerly conning over all the details in the letters; and it was not till he left us that my mother found relief in tears, and in the burst of gratitude that sent her on her knees to pour out her fervent thanksgiving.— J. B.

From Lord Burghersh, Ambassador at Florence, to Sir E. C.

November 6, 1827.

My Dear Sir Edward,—I give you my most hearty congratulations on your triumphant exploits. I admire you beyond measure; you have achieved one of the great things in the annals of our country. Immediately upon the receipt of your letter I went to Lady Codrington, and I did my best to break the news of your son's wound, and to diminish the alarms she would feel at the first mention of such an event. I hope I in some measure succeeded; but it is impossible to describe the scene, between the joy at your triumphs and your escape, and yet the feel of the danger both yourself and the darling boy had been exposed to. I wish you had Force sufficient to appear immediately off the Dardanelles, if it were only to send a *friendly message*. When I was with Duckworth, if instead of going to the islands of Prota we had gone to within gun-shot of the seraglio, we should have made peace by the alarm created, without further expenditure of powder.

Yours most sincerely,

Burghersh.

No more private letters passed at this time. The 'Dartmouth' took the despatches announcing the battle to Ancona, from whence Lord Ingestrie carried them overland to England. Lady Codrington and her three daughters left Florence; and after a severe journey, crossing the snow-covered Apennines, they sailed in the 'Dartmouth' from Ancona on the 19th; a very trying passage of nine days, with every variety of foul wind, head sea, and dead calm, to aggravate and prolong their anxiety, brought them to Malta at last on the 28th November. On entering the harbour Lady C. saw there the Navarin ships, and among them the 'Asia,' with nothing above her deck, the wounded masts having been removed, and the Admiral's blue flag flying on a boat's mast.

In the Admiral's house she found her son going about on crutches, and her husband just recovered from a sharp attack of illness that had followed upon the anxious days spent on the coast and inside the Bay of Navarin.

On the 20th October Sir Edward Codrington had taken up his station on the poop, which afforded him a commanding position for watching all the parts of the battle; he only left it once, and it was to go forward and endeavour to get a view, round the smoke, of some portion of Capitana Bey's ship, so as to see whether she was still in the same position, and the 'Asia's' fire rightly directed to her. It was while standing at the knight-head that Mr. Lewis, the boatswain, to whom he was speaking, was killed close beside him. Indeed, as he afterwards said, it seemed as if every man he spoke to was to be killed before him. On the poop, Mr. Smith, the master, was in conversation with him when struck down and killed by a shot; and a shot shattered the head of Capt. Bell, of the marines, while standing very near him on the quarter-deck. Towards the close of the battle he went below for a few minutes to see his wounded boy. He had not seen

him disabled, and when he first missed him from his station, he was afraid to ask what had become of him—whether he was alive, or not? He himself, though a tall man standing in that exposed position, and remaining at one time the only individual on deck, all others having been either disabled or sent below by him with orders,—was never wounded; but he had several wonderfully narrow escapes. He was of course in uniform, but wearing instead of his cocked hat a round hat which afforded better shade to his eyes; this hat was pierced right through the upper part of both sides, by a bullet which left two distinct holes, but did not actually touch his head. The same thing happened to his coat sleeve, which he habitually wore rather loose, and which, just above the wrist, had two holes from a bullet which pierced it without wounding his arm. On one occasion his watch was the means of saving his life: he wore it, not in the waistcoat pocket as at the present day, but according to the custom of his own day, in a fob, with a broad ribbon and one seal depending from it. A ball struck the watch in his fob, indented its gold sides and broke its works, and *left him uninjured!* Indeed, he seemed to bear a charmed life, for Tahir Pacha afterwards told Mr. Kerigan and others on board His Majesty's ship 'Blonde,' that he had himself during the battle directed a company of riflemen to take aim at the English Admiral and shoot him if they could. During the latter part of the battle, after the 'Asia' had conquered her chief opponent, and suffered much herself from others while doing so, he continued walking up and down on the poop from side to side of the ship.[1] The 'Asia's' mizen-mast, which had been badly wounded, fell with all the wreck of sails and rigging hanging about it, right aft over the poop; and the Admiral in his short turns up and down had only just

[1] On stooping his head under the awning rolled up, a shot passed through its folds.

passed from the spot where it fell, in time to save him from being crushed under it in its fall.

From Sir E. C. to Admiral De Rigny.

Navarin: October 23, 1827.

SIR,—When Your Excellency did me the honour of voluntarily placing yourself and the French squadron under my command, you gave me a right to judge, in that situation, by making me, in a great degree, responsible for it. I take advantage, then, of that right to say that I contemplated your way of leading your squadron into battle on the 20th, with the greatest pleasure; that nothing can exceed the good management of the ships under your especial direction; and that my having had you under my orders in that bloody and destructive engagement will be one of the proudest events of my whole professional life. . . .

A letter was addressed by Sir Edward to the Russian Admiral in nearly similar terms.

Count Heiden having read the letter which Captain Maude gave him from the Admiral, expressed his highest satisfaction, and said that it was in itself a reward as great as any he could receive from his own sovereign.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

(Extract.)

'Azoff,' dans la baie de Valette, le 8 novembre 1827.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,— . . . . La lettre obligeante et trop flatteuse qu'elle a bien voulu m'adresser après le combat du $\frac{20}{8}$ octobre, est un document qui restera à jamais gravé dans mon cœur, et sera l'héritage de mes fils. Qui n'aurait pas fait son devoir, Monsieur l'Amiral, dans cette mémorable journée, ayant sous les yeux l'exemple de sang-froid et de bravoure déterminée offert par l'"Asie,' où flottait votre noble pavillon?

La journée la plus heureuse de ma vie a été celle ou j'ai

pu me montrer comme marin, scruté par un amiral anglais, —les héros de la mer, et les plus généreux des alliés comme des ennemis.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. Duke of Clarence.

(Extract.)

'Asia,' in Navarin: October 21, 1827.

SIR,— . . . Since we were unavoidably forced into collision with the Turkish fleet, Your Royal Highness may not object to receive my congratulations on the ships under my orders having done their duty admirably on the occasion. It would have done Your Royal Highness's heart good to have seen the tremendous effect of the 'Asia's' guns. They were worked with a precision which looked like mere exercise; and yet as the state of the ship and the casualties evince, there were causes to disturb men less trained than they are. The Capitana Bey's ship, according to his secretary's account, lost 650 men killed out of 850. Her hull had the appearance of being tasted by the adze preparatory to being docked. I really believe all the ships did their duty equally well. . . .

I have, &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

The 'Hind' cutter was tender to the 'Asia'; she was about 150 tons, and had a crew of about 30 men, and was commanded by Lieut. John Robb, detached from the 'Asia' for that purpose. Having been absent on a mission, she came in sight of the squadron just as they were running into the bay; and observing the firing begin, and being without any orders as to any particular position, her gallant commander placed her as near as he could on the inshore side of the flag-ship. In this central position, the cutter was exposed not only to the shot especially directed to her, but also to those which were fired at the 'Asia' herself with which she was in a line, from the inner and as yet unengaged lines of the double horseshoe. In the course of the battle the little

vessel was hit by twenty-three round shot,—no wonder she got the name in the fleet of 'His majesty's line-of-battle cutter!' Mr. Dumaresque and Mr. Lee, midshipmen, each lost a leg, and others were severely wounded. At one time, while the surgeon was below, about to perform an amputation, there was a call—'All hands to repel boarders'—and the surgeon had to leave his patients, and join the rest in 'repelling boarders.'

From Henry Codrington, Midshipman, to his brother, Captain William Codrington.

Malta: November.

. . . Next day (19th) the 'Dartmouth' came out, having made a sketch of the position of the Turks. It was certainly a very strong one indeed. It was executed by a renegade Frenchman by name Letellier, who had been in the French service. . . . He had persuaded Ibrahim that the French ships, knowing the French officers were in the fleet, would not fight against their countrymen, and that there would only be ourselves and the Russians to look after, and that he, Letellier, would place the Turkish fleet in a situation where they might easily destroy us. So he placed them in a long semicircle round the south end of the harbour in three lines. . . . Now the way he wanted us to go in was evidently to place ourselves in the centre of this sort of semicircle or circle I may say, for some brigs which were anchored in the entrance to the windward of the fleet, and of which about three were fire-brigs, nearly completed the round. He had judged, and correctly too, that the allied fleet would come in with a wind which would place them when anchored to leeward of the fire-brigs; and though he expected and wished us to anchor within his circle, yet he did not think we would have anchored so close to his own line as to render his position less formidable. I have no doubt that he intended us to collect in the focus of his circle and so be an easy prey to him. During the action a man (Arab) swam on board of the 'Philomel' from a fire-brig which she sank in two broadsides, and among other things said that it was quite a mistake the

action beginning then, for that it was to be put off to twelve at night, when the fire-brigs were to cut their cables and run down on fire among us (supposed in the focus) whilst the double line was peppering us. The truth of this I cannot swear to, but it looked very like it, for they were prepared for action, springs ready, tompions out, &c., yet let several ships anchor, when this mistake, as it is called, took place. Had we gone in as enemies, the best way would have been for us to anchor in line inside and along his line of corvettes or brigs on the east side, turning adrift or running down the transports and other small fry; then we should have had one side of the circle only to engage and our shot have reached the other. But in this meditating, peacemaking, diplomatique style we were obliged to go in as friends, and therefore the position to be taken up was this. The line-of-battle ships, counting the 'Syrène' 60, French Admiral, as one, were to anchor alongside of the line on the east side, while the frigates were to take the other side as per plan. By this means each ship of the circle being closely employed, the plan was rendered in a measure abortive.

The 'Asia' had 8 round shot in her bowsprit, 18 in foremast, 25 mainmast, mizen-mast dowsed, standing and running rigging cut to pieces, lower yards useless, &c., and 125 round shot in the hull, besides quantities of grape, canister, and musket shot, &c. I believe no round shot penetrated her side in the lower deck, and none through the main deck; there are several shot which have nearly penetrated and even pushed in the inner plank, but I think none got regularly through, except on the upper deck and through ports, &c. . . .

I had nearly forgotten to tell you how astonished I was at the coolness and intrepidity shown by all the men during the action; for my part I was hopping about here and there and everywhere, hurrying them on, for I had not that cool way at all; but devil a bit would they hurry, and they went on in a way that actually made me stare. My father says that he never saw any ship's fire equal to ours from our main and lower decks in precision and steadiness. As to the upper deck, the breachings of the carronades (42) stretched and the guns capsized, and the men, as I said above, were sent down to

work the main deck ones. Having never seen anything of the sort before,[1] I can make no comparisons; but I must say that the splinters, &c., in the cabin were quite wonderful: some of the bulkheads had been left up and the stern railing also, pieces of which the shot sent in in quantities, killing and wounding many men. Had all the cabin guns been mounted and manned, the slaughter would have been great; but four were not, as we had not men enough for them. Three of father's double-barrelled guns and my little single one, were lying lashed together under the sofa, and a shot came in and literally dashed them to pieces tearing even the double barrels into two: I mean dividing the barrels from each other, and, excepting one, breaking them to pieces. Some of the pieces went on to the poop—how, God knows. Altogether the crash was quite terrible in the cabin.

A piece of the small upright bars of the iron stern railing of the Admiral's cabin (which had by mistake been left up) was struck by a shot and sent edgeways quite through the calf of my right leg, as I was looking aft; it grazed the shin bone on the inside, and, turning clear of it, passed through, tearing a little of the muscle out; the iron must have been about an inch square. In the thigh of the same leg, a little above the knee, a musket ball or small canister of that size, went in and took a bend clear of the bone, and the deuce knows where it is gone. It must be in, but as it has given me no annoyance and has all but healed up, I am quite content. Then I had a splinter which struck my left collar-bone, and luckily, instead of breaking it, only dislocated it, making a yellow place as big as my two hands put together, but except the bruise, that gave me no pain, and is now all right. I was struck in several other places by splinters, but they were too small to hurt. I went down to the cockpit about the middle of the action. On going down the ladder (tarpaulin and grating being lifted) I found myself almost in the dark and in an atmosphere which was as hot, though not so pure, as many an oven. On the chests, &c., the men's mess tables had been

[1] He was just nineteen.

laid, and over them beds; on these lay the wounded, some too bad to speak, others groaning and crying out with the agony they were in. Some (generally the least hurt) calling out lustily for the doctor. 'Oh! doctor, my dear doctor, do come here, I'm bleeding to death,' &c., and some saying it was their turn, &c. I managed to feel my way to an unoccupied berth amidships, alongside a poor fellow who had been severely wounded, and I think we made a pretty quiet pair, except occasional, nay frequent, calls for water, of which, owing to my excessive thirst, I must have drunk a good deal, besides what I poured on the bandage which had just been put on my wound, which felt as if it was on fire and devilish uncomfortable: the water felt like ice to it, and relieved it a great deal.[1] When the doctor came to overhaul me he found the upper wound in my thigh, which I had not complained of before, thinking it only a scratch (not having cut off my trousers), for I found that the pain of the one diminished or concealed the pain of the other. The probing of the upper wound was not painful, but the ball had so buried itself with a turn that it could not be found. The lower one was very painful, for the finger being much more satisfactory than the probe, the doctor made his meet, thus satisfying himself that nothing was in. This did bring me to the 'vocative case.' I was then removed into a cockpit cabin, and remained there two or three days, during which time the inflammation was completely subdued by poultices, and I was comparatively easy. After I had found my berth and got my eyes accustomed to the light, or what little of it there was, I began to look around me, and a disagreeable sight it was. Had not I known that father was on deck and in such immediate danger, I might have given you some very fine reflections upon honour and glory, &c., well suited to time and place; but my thoughts were more on deck than below, and the only thought I had of that nature was that I had had quite enough of honour and glory

[1] Doctor Liddell, who was very fond of him (they had been together for three years in the 'Naiad'), seeing him there, asked what was the matter, and wanted to attend to him: he answered that it was not much, and he would rather wait and take his turn with others.

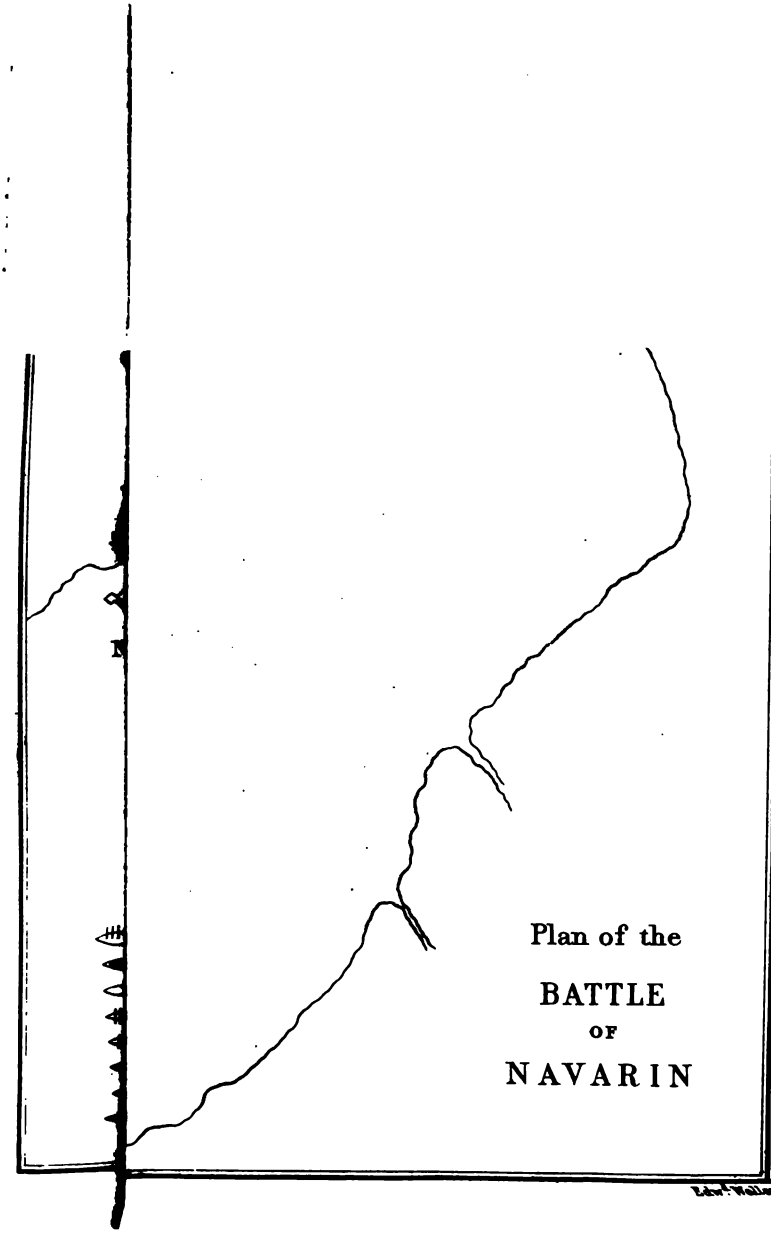
for the occasion, and would be an interesting object to boot! However, when all was over, I thought, and think now, that I was a very lucky fellow to get off as I did, taking everything into consideration.

General Order.

'Asia,' in the port of Navarin: October 24, 1827.

Before the united squadrons remove from the theatre in which they have gained so complete a victory, the Vice-Admiral Commander-in-Chief is desirous of making known to the whole of the officers, seamen, and marines, employed in them, the high sense which he has of their gallant and steady conduct on the 20th inst. He is persuaded that there is no instance of the fleet of any one country showing more complete union of spirit and of action than was exhibited by the squadrons of the three Allied Powers together in this bloody and destructive battle. He attributes to the bright example set by his gallant colleagues the Rear-Admirals, the able and cordial support which the ships of the several squadrons gave to each other during the heat and confusion of the battle. Such union of spirit and of purpose, such coolness and bravery under fire, and such consequent precision in the use of their guns, ensured a victory over the well-prepared arrangements of greatly superior numbers; and the whole of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets have paid the penalty of their treacherous breach of faith. The boasted Ibrahim Pacha promised not to quit Navarin or oppose the Allied Fleet, and basely broke his word. The Allied Commanders promised to destroy the Turkish and Egyptian fleets if a single gun was fired at either of their flags, and with the assistance of the brave men whom they had the satisfaction of commanding, they have performed their promise to the very letter. Out of a fleet composed of sixty men-of-war, there remain only one frigate, and fifteen smaller vessels in a state ever to be again put to sea.

Such a victory cannot be gained without a great sacrifice of life; and the Commander-in-Chief has to deplore the loss of many of the best and bravest men which the fleet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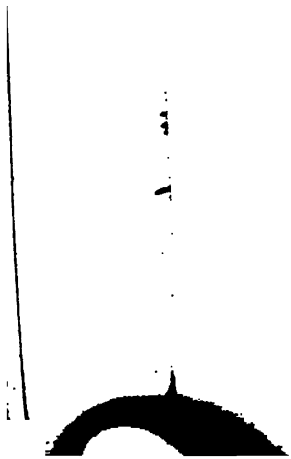


contained. The consolation is, that they died in the service of their country, and in the cause of suffering humanity.

The Commander-in-Chief returns his most cordial thanks to his noble colleagues, the two Rear-Admirals, for the able manner in which they directed the movements of their squadrons; and to the captains, commanders, officers, seamen, and royal marines, who so faithfully obeyed their orders, and so bravely completed the destruction of their opponents.

EDWARD CODRINGTON, Vice-Admiral.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE combined fleets left Navarin on the 25th October, and reached Malta on the 3rd November. It was a great relief to the Admiral when his disabled ships got safe past the forts at the mouth of the harbour; and the comparative rest of those few days' sail came to him as a needful benefit. The excitement, anxiety, and responsibility of the previous period had told upon him, and caused an attack of illness which lasted some days after his arrival at Malta. He did not, however, desist from work, even on the passage there, as the following letters will show.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

'Asia,' on her way from Navarin to Malta: October 26, 1827.

SIR,—I had the satisfaction of getting the whole fleet out of Navarin yesterday. The light air with which we started, and the uncertainty whether the batteries would attempt to impede us, upon being becalmed as we were between them, made it an anxious moment. The Turks saw that we were prepared for the worst, and did not attempt to interrupt the crippled ships or exchange a single shot with those which were directed to cover us by bringing up the rear; and by the assistance of such boats as could be collected by the fleet, we cleared the harbour and gained an offing before dark. With night came on lightning, and heavy squalls from all points of the compass, torrents of rain, &c., with a directly contrary wind. I was very apprehensive of the consequences to masts fished and rigged in such a scramble, but I do not

observe a difference in any of the ships of either squadron this morning. Thus, Sir, Your Royal Highness has a detail up to the time I am now writing, according to the principle which has and will continue to guide me—to tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' And now that the excitement arising from the 'rage of battle' has somewhat subsided; now that the ambition which covets distinction is lulled into quiescence, and now that those feelings of poignant regret for the brave companions who have suffered or are still suffering, are assuaged by the calm reflection that they are a sacrifice to the good of their country, we may reasonably hope that our judgment will not be warped in reviewing the battle of the 20th and contemplating its consequences. Having proved this base and boasting Ibrahim to be wanting in courage as well as in honour, I was certainly disposed to doubt a resistance by the fleet at Navarin. . . . .

Then follow some details which have been already given.

. . . . Till now,[1] neither Captain Curzon nor I could tell where the shot which most injured us came from. But as these two front line ships were cleared away, we found that some corvettes and brigs had been all the while raking us through the intervals; and I verily believe they did us more mischief than any of our more regular opponents. All these, however, like their predecessors, quitted their positions either by design or by their cables being shot through, and added to the mass that ran aground abreast of us. Although the firing had now nearly ceased in our neighbourhood—nearly 6 o'clock—we found a new and an awful danger in the surrounding vessels on fire. The burning fragments of the double frigate on the other side of Moharem Bey's ship, still at her anchorage about a cable's length from us when she exploded, fell all about us; but we had already wetted the decks and booms, and we escaped without taking fire. If Moharem had begun to fire earlier, we should have been put to great difficulty, for we had quite as much to do as could

[1] After the destruction of Moharem Bey's ship.

be performed by our numbers in keeping the guns on one side constantly at work, firing occasionally some of the opposite ones, and veering either cable, and hauling in either spring as most wanted to defend us against other ships. For this purpose I was obliged to send marines and everybody else, even from the carronades in the cabin, to assist on the main and lower deck; and I can assure Your Royal Highness I had a strong practical example of that deficiency of numbers for such an occasion which I mentioned in a former letter. It is quite impossible for me to say too much in favour of the conduct of both officers and men under such circumstances. I do not, however, doubt that all the other ships which had the opportunity of taking up the stations allotted to them, had quite as much to do and did it quite as well. And if all, not only of the English but of the Allied ships also, had been able to place themselves as we did, there would still have been a full allowance of opponent guns for each—since, according to Mons. Bompard, one of the French officers who had retired at Admiral de Rigny's summons, there were in all 81 vessels in the Turkish fleet carrying guns and pendants or flags, whereas our number was only 23, besides the 'Hind' tender and two similar-sized French tenders, which would have been more useful if they had remained outside. The fact is, Sir, that after the battle was fairly begun, the wind fell so light and the smoke became so dense, that neither of the French ships of the line could close with the ships between the 'Syrène' and the 'Asia,' the 'Scipion' having been set on fire by one of the Turkish fire-vessels in the attempt; and that all the Russian ships, except the 'Azoff,' carrying Count Heiden's flag, were thrown into the same difficulty.

'L'Armide,' French frigate, and our little 'Talbot,' coming in early, were enabled to choose, as they did highly to their honour. The 'Cambrian' and the 'Glasgow' were delayed by the latter being sent to meet Captain Hamilton with the orders, on his way from the pass of Amyro, near Kalamata, where I had sent him to check the brutalities of Ibrahim's army; and it is much to their credit that they could get in in time to silence the batteries and relieve their friends already

requiring their assistance. I may mention to Your Royal Highness that Captain Hamilton's appearance at Amyro checked the advance of the 5,000 of Ibrahim's army destined to ravage Maina, thus breaking in a second instance his agreement with us; and that upon hearing the cannonade the whole returned towards Navarin. If I did not know the interest which Your Royal Highness takes in all naval operations, I should fear tiring you with this detail. . . . Two Greeks swam on board the 'Asia' with manacles on their legs; others have been found chained to floating pieces of wreck; and we hear of numbers being purposely left with the dead and the dying, previously to the whole being blown up together. I should observe, Sir, that these poor wretches were kept as galley slaves, and not as prisoners of war. We have also received some Englishmen and some Americans, *who say* that they were seduced to go on board the Turkish ships to work in fitting them, and at last were put in irons and forced to come to sea in them. *They say* they were put in the tops during the action; that there are no surgeons in the Turkish ships, and that if a man be wounded they let him alone to bleed to death.

Before I close this letter I wish to explain to Your Royal Highness one part of the manœuvre on bearing up for our stations, which may seem to require elucidation. The Egyptian ships, which formed the head of the principal line, had had French officers in them, who, it was presumed, would not act in opposition to Admiral De Rigny; and I therefore placed the French squadron as their opponents in the line, whilst by this means I gained the superior flag and the largest ships for the English squadron. The Rear-Admiral observed and joked me upon this, but I claimed it as my right. It would have been more regular under these circumstances to have allowed him to lead in; but I am sure Your Royal Highness will not disapprove of my having sacrificed a little simplicity in the evolution for the sake of giving to myself, to Captains Bathurst and Ommaney, the opportunity of showing conspicuously how the ships should take their stations, an opportunity which was admirably embraced by both those gallant officers.

By giving the above reason for this arrangement, I escaped the appearance of giving either of my colleagues that superiority over the other, which, with all my attention to it, I could never catch a symptom of either of them seeming to feel or to acknowledge, ready as they both showed themselves to put themselves and their squadrons under my command. I take the liberty of enclosing a plan, giving more correctly the form of the Harbour of Navarin, done by my son whilst sitting up in his cot, for his amusement.

I have, &c.,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir Frederick Adam.

Corfù: October 30, 1827.

MY DEAR CODRINGTON,—I congratulate you with all my heart on your glorious achievement, which has indeed finished your operations in a way not to 'disparage their commencement.' That you should have been forced to come to this extremity is to be regretted, but the way in which you have conducted it fully comes up to my anticipations of what you would do if obliged to act. Your official letter is admirable in its way, as your conduct has been as a naval commander; and you may rely on my sincerity and truth when I tell you that I look upon your whole arrangements and conduct with the sincerest admiration.

Poor Lady Codrington will suffer the misery of suspense where those so dear to her were involved in so much peril. I envy her, however, all her brighter feelings, when she knows the truth. Well may she be proud of you, my good and gallant and able friend.

I am delighted to find that both your colleagues have behaved so admirably. De Rigny seems to have been most brilliant, as well as the 'Armide.' Lord Ingestrie gave me a sketch of the action. The stubborn fellows (the Turks) seem to have shown great courage.

Mehemet Ali, on the 1st of November, said to Captain Peter Richards, of H.M.S. 'Pelorus,' at Alexandria,—

'The Sultan has ordered Ibrahim to put out and attack Hydra in spite of your admiral. He will not move however till I write to him, which will be in a few days;' and added, with a laugh, 'there must be an engagement at sea, but it will be nothing; a few of the first will be destroyed, and the others will turn back: this is necessary to convince every one you are in earnest.'[1]

From Sir Frederick Adam to Sir E. C.

Corfù: November 28, 1827.

Lord Granville, in his last letter to me, says, in answer to one of mine of 14th October:—

'Sir E. Codrington has acted[2] with a decision and firmness most creditable to him, and well calculated to impress not only on those who were the immediate objects of coercion, but upon the Divan also and upon the Pacha of Egypt, that we are in earnest in the prosecution of our object. The French Ministers are highly satisfied with our Admiral's energetic conduct, and only regret that Admiral De Rigny had not the opportunity of co-operating in the vigorous measures of Sir E. Codrington.' Now your measures on the *4th October* might have brought on an action—they are approved of; and it was no more your conduct on the *20th* that did bring on an action than the same conduct *might* have done so earlier.

The following anecdotes relating to the Battle of Navarin were written down by me at a later period, from my father's dictation.—J. B.

At the time that the 'Asia's' mizen-mast was shot away, which I think was entirely done by the corvettes and brigs which formed a sort of third line or division, I happened fortunately to be walking forward, by which means I escaped being touched by either the ropes or spars. Of the two men then in the top one was considerably hurt, and they both fell overboard, but both scrambled in again by means of the

[1] This must have been before the Pacha knew of the event of October 20.—Note by Sir E. C., on Capt. Richards' memorandum.

[2] At Patras.

rigging. The vessels of this third line did us considerable mischief whilst we were occupied by the other two sets of larger vessels to which we were exposed. It was just about the time when we were employed springing the ship's broadside towards them; for which purpose, and to avoid their being unnecessarily exposed, I had sent down both Captain Curzon and Commander Baynes to direct the use of the springs upon the lower deck, being then myself the only person remaining upon either the poop or quarter-deck. Seeing that the object of getting the starboard broadside to bear was not likely to be successful, and wanting some person to carry a message down to Captain Curzon on the subject, I was calling out in great anxiety, 'Is there no one within hearing of me that can carry a message?' when a person, with whose figure I was not acquainted, and whose face was all over blood, came limping towards me, saying, 'He could.' I explained to him what I wanted done with the springs, asking him if he fully understood and could carry that message to Captain Curzon; he answered quickly in the affirmative, and away he went with great alacrity. He returned speedily, and asked me if I had any further commands; upon which I again sent him with a similar message respecting veering the cable, which he delivered with the same intelligence and alacrity. Upon observing to Captain Curzon, the following morning, that I had fallen in with important assistance at a time of great need from a person with whom I was perfectly unacquainted, he explained to me that the man was his new clerk, Cyrus Wakeham, upon which I begged he might be sent to me that I might thank him for his conduct.

. . . Returning from that episode to the period when we had just succeeded in destroying the corvettes and brigs which formed our third batch of opponents, an alarm was given that one of the Egyptian frigates right ahead, and then on fire, was coming right down upon us. It was a question whether it was most safe to slip from our anchors and expose ourselves to a similar danger elsewhere, or to remain where we were. We were so completely enveloped in smoke from this frigate, that to De Rigny, who was to windward of us, and to Heiden, who was down to leeward, and indeed to the whole of

the ships of our line, the 'Asia' appeared to have taken fire. This caused a cessation of firing in those parts where the battle still raged, and an endeavour to get boats to send to our assistance;—when by the sudden explosion of the frigate, which proved to have still remained at her anchors, and by the blaze by which it was accompanied, the 'Asia' was discovered to be clear of that immediate danger. Upon this a cheering along the line took place, followed by a renewal of the action by those ships whose firing had only for the moment been checked by a contemplation of the 'Asia's' imminent peril.

At the time when the Egyptian frigate above mentioned as being on fire appeared to be fast approaching us—an appearance created by the rapidly increasing smoke—I had placed myself at the fore part of the poop, anxiously watching the space of water between us, and steadily resisting Captain Curzon's urgent desire to slip the cables, until the diminution of that space should make the danger of collision too imminent for longer delaying that measure, for which immediate preparation had been arranged. I myself, in common with Captain Curzon and others, believed the frigate on fire to be adrift from her anchors; but I relied upon the 'Asia,' having still the foremast, mainmast, and all the gear standing, driving out of her way whenever the diminution of that space should in my judgment render the slipping the cables a preferable expedient. Captain Curzon had also urged my quitting the position I had taken, that I might not be exposed to the pieces of falling timber the explosion would occasion, which I had resisted on account of not losing my watchfulness of the space of water by which the two vessels were separated, which was to be the guide for my decision. At this moment, the explosion taking place, showed the expediency of his precautionary advice, from the firebrands and other pieces of wood, and even of men, which fell on different parts of the deck. It was for the double purpose of seeing the situation of the conflicting squadrons, and showing that I myself remained in a condition to continue the duties of my office, that I then placed myself conspicuously on a cuddy which had been erected on the after part of the poop, when the cheering before mentioned immediately took place.

The fire was so thick upon the 'Asia' in the early part of the action, that Captain Curzon was under the impression that we were fired upon by friends as well as foes. Our position certainly exposed us to this, by the contiguity of the two parts of the horseshoe form in which the two squadrons were anchored, and the different positions in which the broadsides of the different ships in those lines were directed. The smoke at this time being so thick that the people at the guns could no longer see our immediate opponents, their fire being rightly directed to the position of our opponents was only known by my seeing their mastheads, and confidence was placed in this proper direction of our fire, from the guns being run out in the same position in which they had been placed in the beginning of the battle. At length, upon the masts of the Turkish Admiral's ship falling, and his fire ceasing, in my anxiety to ascertain that we were not firing into each other, I tried to make the general signal to cease firing; but as fast as the flags could be attempted to be shown, either the men hoisting them were killed, or the means by which the signals were to be displayed were shot away. I then tried to despatch a boat with this object, when it was found that we had no boat that would swim; an attempt by hailing to get one from the 'Genoa' was equally unsuccessful, and I was obliged to give up the attempt and leave things to take their course.

My first visitor at the close of the action was Count Heiden. After our mutual congratulations, he expressed the great desire he had felt to lose no time in making known to me the gallant conduct of Captain La Bretonnière, in placing the 'Breslau' so as to relieve the 'Azoff' from a considerable portion of the enemy's fire, by which she was entirely surrounded. This was highly creditable to the feelings of the Count, considering the jealousy between the men of those two nations. When I expressed a wish to see Captain La Bretonnière to thank him, I was told that he was too severely wounded to be able to come.

The next person that came on board was Count de Rigny, who said he had hurried on board under great anxiety to express the satisfaction he felt in reporting to me that not only his own ship, but also the 'Scipion,' had been saved from being

burnt by the able and gallant conduct of Captain Davies of the 'Rose,' and the boats of the English squadron. The next was Captain Spencer, who had come on board to describe to me how much he owed to Le Capitaine Hugon of 'l'Armide,' for having placed his ship between the 'Talbot' and an Ottoman frigate that was raking her (the 'Talbot' being engaged at the time with a double frigate on her broadside); adding, that upon the before-mentioned frigate striking her colours to 'l'Armide,' Capitaine Hugon hoisted the French and English colours jointly over the Turkish, showing the English the higher of the two. I begged Captain Spencer would immediately bring Capitaine Hugon to me, that I might thank him for his conduct. He had hardly, however, got into his boat before Hugon himself appeared. He expressed himself highly gratified by the terms in which I had spoken of the conduct of 'l'Armide;' and said that without reference to his own proceedings, he was coming on board to describe to me the admirable conduct of Captain Davies, who, after saving the other ships by towing off the fire-vessels, had moved the 'Rose' from the position in which she had first anchored, and placed her between 'l'Armide' and another Ottoman frigate, by which she had been exposed to a raking fire similar to that from which 'l'Armide' had relieved the 'Talbot.' These circumstances induced me to prefer Captain Davies to the rank of Post-Captain in the vacancy made by Commodore Bathurst, who died about 3 A.M. the following morning.[1]

On the evening of the battle I had a visit from Tahir Pacha, the Commander of the Turkish division, the immediate object of which I have never clearly understood; it probably was to lead me to apprehend that being under Ibrahim's orders he had no choice but to act as he did, and to make the best excuse for his having done so, in order to prevent further ill-consequences. Our interpreter being a very inferior one, made the difficulty of explanation so much the greater. I told him that I had taken sufficient satisfaction for the insult

[1] Le Baron Milius, captain of 'le Scipion,' also came on board the 'Asia' after the battle of Navarin, and said to Sir E. C., 'Je viens faire mon compliment au brave des braves. Ah! que cela a été beau! Si jamais je dois encore combattre, j'espère que ce sera sous vos ordres pour bien apprendre à faire mon devoir.'

offered to the Allied flags, and that if they were contented with the result, I was. . . . . I told him that the letter I was then writing was intended to warn Ibrahim that if he attempted anything further against the shipping, I should consider it as a declaration of war on his part; that I should open a fire upon his camp immediately, and destroy as many of the Ottoman people and the Ottoman vessels as I possibly could. . . . . I expressed a wish that he himself would take this letter in, that I might be sure of its being delivered, by which means all further bloodshed might be prevented. He repeated that he was not upon terms to have any personal communication with Ibrahim, but that he should certainly hold himself bound to deliver the letter if I desired him to do so; and he took charge of it accordingly. During the time of his short visit, I remarked three explosions of the Ottoman vessels, and I asked him what it meant—repeating that having sufficiently avenged the insult offered, it was not our doing, and that it must be the act of some of the Ottoman people, and that I wished he would take measures to prevent it. Upon this point he did not seem willing to give a candid explanation, and I was therefore led to believe that it was an act done by his order, or at all events with his sanction.

. . . . We supposed him not to understand any language but his own, and spoke of him and his visit openly upon that supposition. But Captain Curzon, who attended him out of the ship, having observed aloud 'that he appeared to be a very fine fellow, and that he pitied him from his heart,' was surprised by his saying in return, 'I thank you.'

Although I thought that the chastisement that Ibrahim had brought upon his fleet, and the warning I had sent him through Tahir Pacha, would prevent any further act of hostility on his part, it was advisable to prepare for the worst. I therefore placed the 'Cambrian' and 'Glasgow' frigates with the 'Trident' and 'Provence' French ships of the line which remained uninjured, opposite Ibrahim's camp, with orders to open their fire upon it in case of any gun being fired from the forts upon the crippled ships whilst quitting the harbour. When we first weighed anchor we had a light favourable breeze, which diminished to almost a calm with light flaws of wind in a contrary direction at the moment when the whole

of us were passing the narrows. This occasioned considerable confusion by obliging the ships to risk their getting aground on either side, which probably would have taken place but for the assistance of the boats of the squadron to those who were most in want of it. The extraordinary appearance of the ships under their jury rigging, contrived according to their different necessities and the means they had of providing for their sea voyage—all heaped together in the very entrance of the harbour—and the anxiety lest the forts should open their fire upon them in that condition, made it a moment of extreme anxiety which will not easily be erased from my memory; but it would form a beautiful subject for such a painter as Vandervelde.

This chivalrous zeal to afford help to each other—and chivalrous eagerness in each to give public acknowledgment of the help received from another—was one of the most unalloyed pleasures attending this day of trial and danger. It showed how fortunate the Commander-in-chief was in the instruments placed within his hands to work with. Even his own captains were most of them unknown to him before he came to his command; but he was not unknown to them by character, and his frank and loyal bearing had quickly won their confidence.

Whatever might be the reciprocal prejudices of the two Rear-Admirals, both the Russians and the French had confidence in the English; and all combined to support their leader with heart and hand. English, French, and Russian ships came to each other's assistance as circumstances called for it; and brave men who had done their own duty nobly, delighted to proclaim the merits of their companions in arms, and the aid they had received from them. It was a happy contrast in that respect to the difficulties Lord Howe had to contend with in *his* day of glory and of trial; and forcibly recalled the words written by Sir E. C. to his wife on the 1st June, 1812:—

'Here is the anniversary of the glorious and ever-memorable 1st June. Eighteen years have elapsed since the day of that grand battle. And if the captains of that day *had done their duty as they do now*, it would still keep its pre-eminence over all the subsequent victories of Nelson himself, because there was no Cadiz to take shelter in, and the whole might probably have entered Spithead together, captors and captured forming one grand spectacle.'

From Mr. T. Kerigan (of H.M.S. 'Blonde') to Sir E. C.

March 26, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I feel much pleasure in giving you the substance of the conversation which took place at the gun-room table of the 'Blonde,' shortly after our arrival at Constantinople in June, 1829.

Tahir Pacha, the Turkish Vice-Admiral, and the *second* in command, came on board the 'Blonde,' attended by several officers, and took a minute survey of the ship. . . . . After completing the object of his mission he came into the gun-room, and took a seat at our table; he was very communicative, and entered largely into the particulars relating to the Battle of Navarin . . . . He then talked of the battle, and of the distinguished prowess of the English Admiral, who, *tall as a mast*, was conspicuous in all parts of his flag-ship, directing the operations of the most sanguinary and destructive battle that had taken place for *many ages* between two hostile fleets. At one time, as the English Admiral stood upon the poop, taller than the mizen-mast (I use the very words as reduced to English by our interpreter), I directed a company of riflemen to take a deliberate aim at him, and put an end to the dreadful conflict by shooting him through the head or heart, telling them that it was the only hope of salvation which was open to us. 'Destroy the English Admiral and the day is ours; for when he falls his ships will surrender and not fire another gun.' Well, my riflemen fired at the English Admiral; they took a deliberate aim at him, the same as if they were only firing at a target; but, like a target, a pillar, he stood firm and untouched; and, though taller than the mizen-mast,

noble, goodly, and erect,—a fine man (here the Pacha raised his hand high above his head), the best marksmen in the fleet were not able to strike him; he was proof against all their shots. But it was the will of God that he should be saved from my sharp-shooters; it was God alone that saved him; and shortly after I was a prisoner on board his flag-ship. But he appeared so mild and benignant, so calm, cool, and collected, that in his presence I forgot the enemy, and looked upon him at once as my conqueror and my friend. He is *not* the enemy of our country, though he destroyed twenty-eight of our ships, and sacrificed nearly 11,000 of our best seamen. But the English Admiral is not to be blamed for all this destructive waste and slaughter; he is a great and good man; it was the will of God that we should suffer a grievous loss; he was favoured by Heaven, and God armed his hands for battle, and prepared his heart for a great victory over the fleets of Turkey and Egypt.

The above is a *verbatim* statement of what Tahir Pacha said relative to you and to the ever-memorable Battle of Navarin. THOMAS KERIGAN.

The following notes, though twelve years out of date, will not, I think, be considered out of place, from the interesting account they give of one of the prominent actors in the Battle of Navarin.

Notes written by Captain Henry Codrington of his meeting with Tahir Pacha in 1838–9.

H.M.S. 'Talbot,' at Smyrna.

I was present at an entertainment given in honour of Tahir Pacha, then on his way through Smyrna from Constantinople to take possession of his Government of the Pachalic of Aidin to which he had just been appointed. (Smyrna is in the Pachalic of Aidin.) One of the bystanders informed him of my name, upon which he desired me to be sent for from the other side of the room and presented to him. He received me with great kindness and cordiality of manner, asked me if I was the son of Sir Edward Codrington,

and on my saying that I was, he replied that he always considered him as one of his greatest friends to whom he was under great obligation. He then took me by the hand, saying, 'Come and sit down with me, we must have some conversation together:' he then led me out of that crowded room into the next, which happening to be equally full, he led me on to a third room which was more quiet and with several vacant sofas. Taking possession of one, he made me sit down alongside him, his friend and man of business (Mr. Kune I think is his name) being also close to us, and occasionally joining in conversation, and explaining when our deficient Italian put us at fault. He understood Italian very well, and spoke it passably himself.

English and French, he did not speak, and professed not to understand. He enquired much after my father, asked how and where he was, and what he was doing now, &c., &c.; he spoke of his kindness to him on board the 'Asia' after the battle of Navarin, and said how greatly he considered himself indebted to him, and how much he admired his character. . . . . The conversation continued for some time on various topics, old Tahir expressing himself (for a Turk) rather freely, as if conscious of being individually in a position sufficiently secure, and in times improved enough, to allow of his doing so. Besides natural shrewdness and habit of observation, his remarks showed considerable acquaintance with the men and names of the day, and the changes consequent on the modification of the old *régime* that was going on. He evidently had a good head, and, for a Turk, was a man of business; but there was a coldness in his grey eye, and an expression of decision and hardness of character in his countenance, which, in spite of all his kindness to me personally, gave me the idea that there might be some foundation for the prevailing reports of his sternness and occasional violence and cruelty. On my rising to take leave of him, I said something civil about not wishing to obtrude longer upon him, or take up more of his time from others whom he might wish to see; and I thanked him for the kindness with which he had received me. Before I had quite finished, he interrupted me, and taking my hand in one of his, he patted me on the shoulder with the other,

saying, 'Figlio di Codrington figlio mio.' One or two days afterwards he went on to Aidin. I was much pleased with his manner and kindness to me as my father's son; and having, luckily, a print of my father, I sent it to Tahir as a souvenir of one who had always had a very high esteem for him, Tahir. In the meantime, for I don't exactly know which was done first, he had ordered his man of business to present me a horse,—a very nice little Turkish horse that had belonged to himself, as a mark of his friendship for me. He also, after receiving the print, wrote a kind letter of thanks to me.

In the winter of 1840, when the 'Talbot' was at Constantinople, I again met old Tahir, and several times called on him in his own house at Balta Liman. He was now out of office, but as stately in person and as vigorous in mind as ever. He subsequently visited me on board the 'Talbot,' but declined all salutes or honours. On my first visit to his house, while we were sitting with pipes and coffee in his morning room, he suddenly rose, and taking me by the hand, led me through one or two rooms till he came to one which, with other European furniture, had pictures hung up round it; then leading me up to one, he pointed it out to my notice. It was a picture in oils of the Battle of Navarin!!! I was astonished at this; for it seemed extraordinary that he, one of the commanders of a beaten fleet, beaten too in the act of their dirty work, should thus seek to perpetuate the glory of his opponents, and thus keep before his own eyes such a record of the disgrace and humiliation of his country's arms. The explanation is, perhaps, that these people do not feel the bond of nationality as we do. The personal character of an individual, with them, as with us, is of great consequence to himself, or may be so, as it materially affects his prospects in life besides touching his personal honour; but if there is in their imagination such a thing as a national character, it has no connection with the individual personally.

Tahir was not implicated in the Turkish breach of faith which preceded the battle, nor responsible for the mismanagement by which they brought it on; but he felt that like a brave man he had done his duty, and fought with courage and honour in the greatest battle that had occurred for years; and

that in fact the Battle of Navarin did him, Tahir, personally much credit. . . . .

I also saw in Tahir's house prints of several other national engagements, including the First of June, Lord Howe's victory: one of those of the First of June was a rare one that I had not seen before. At Smyrna he had his young son with him, a nice-looking, modest lad (he was not allowed to sit in his father's presence), and he seemed pleased when at Constantinople I asked for him again, and I saw him. Old Tahir can make a joke now and then. One day, standing together by the block of stone placed near the Giant's Landing-place (or landing-place of the Giant's Mountain) where the Russian auxiliary army had been encamped, he pointed to it and said, 'You, England and France, placed that mountain there.' Not imagining a joke in his grave eye and face, I replied that I had heard the Russians had placed it there. 'Well,' said he, 'was it not the conduct of England and France that brought the Russians here?' I felt that I could not say it really was not. He was then, in 1840, still an active, energetic man; and one day in his garden, after a cup of coffee, he suddenly called for his horses, and starting off at full speed, he led me a very sharp burst as hard as we could go, galloping by winding narrow paths up the face of the steep hills that overhung his house. I was glad, and the horses too, when we reached his farm at the top. The character attributed to him at Constantinople is that of a good, active officer, but too harsh and severe for the present day.

H. J. CODRINGTON.

The letters of hearty congratulation received by Sir E. C. on the victory of Navarin are far too numerous for insertion; they came from admirals, generals, and other friends well capable of forming a judgment on the subject, and were much valued by him. I have inserted a very few of these cordial and gratifying testimonials; and have refrained from adding more for fear of overburdening the text with them.

From Admiral Sir John Gore to Sir E. C.

November 12, 1827.

My dear Codrington,—I must leave you to the dictates of your own feelings to render justice to ours towards you and yours upon the first intimation of your great and most unparalleled victory over the Turco-Egyptian fleet in Navarin harbour. To say that we congratulate you, however sincere, sounds *cold*, and not to convey an iota of our sentiments. . . . We rejoice with *you* and we unite in the national exultation that the navy should have clearly manifested being in its full vigour after thirteen years of peace. There can be but one sentiment on such an event, and *we* all feel proud that our friend has achieved it. May you live long in happiness to enjoy the honours so nobly won! Your official letter is perfect—you have left nothing unsaid nor anything to unsay. . . . Dear Lady C., how anxious I am to hear of her after this excitement of her noble soul. Her proud feeling that her husband has won the day, and under circumstances so peculiarly novel —a British Admiral leading a confederated fleet of Russians, French, and English against Turks and Egyptians, to victory so entirely perfect! . . .

Believe me your faithfully-attached friend,

John Gore.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Admiralty: November 19, 1827.

Dear Sir,—In the first place, I am to congratulate you on the splendid victory you have obtained, and rejoice you are quite well. I admire your perfect conduct on the day of battle, and most highly appreciate the exertions of all ranks under your orders. . . .

Ever believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

William.

P.S.—By the mail coach of this evening I send down to Captain Bridgeman, of the 'Rattlesnake,' your Insignia of the

Bath, and the crosses of the C. B.'s for the various Captains and Commanders who had the honour and happiness of serving under, and sharing with you the glory of the 20th of October last.

By the same conveyance I venture to send a sword from myself, which I trust you will accept as a small token of my admiration of your conduct in Navarin Bay.

The Grand Cross of the Bath was given to Sir Edward Codrington; and the Companionship of the Bath was given to

Captains John Ackworth Ommanney.
„ the Hon. J. A. Maude.
„ the Hon. Frederick Spencer.
„ Edward Curzon.
Commanders John Norman Campbell.
„ Richard Dickinson.
„ George Bohun Martin.
„ Lewis Davies.
„ the Hon. William Anson.
„ the Lord Viscount Ingestrie.
„ Robert Lambert Baynes.

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Bushy House: December 2, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—I am to acknowledge yours of 9th August at Vourla, &c. . . . You were perfectly right in proceeding off Navarin with the squadron. I make no doubt you will always do your duty. . . . Having now answered all your letters except that which relates to your Action, I now enter on this interesting and glorious event. . . . Not being in the Cabinet, I can only look at the business as a sea officer, and I do therefore, *from the bottom of my heart*, congratulate you on the event. The 'Asia's' fire speaks for itself—the Capitana Bey's ship a perfect wreck with 650 killed out of 850! I rejoice *all* did their duty. . . .

I rejoice your colleagues have so well done their duty.

Capitaine Hugon in 'L'Armide' has eminently shone. Your gallant son has been most seriously wounded, but I trust in God by this time he is quite well again. You must have had plenty to do to refit the ships so far as to return to Malta, where, thank God, we know they are safe arrived. I understand from Lord Ingestrie the Turkish, Egyptian, and Tunisian squadrons hardly exist.[1] . . . .

For the present, adieu, and ever believe me,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM.

From Sir John Gore to Sir E. C.

November 14, 1827.

MY DEAR CODRINGTON,—In my letter of Monday I purposed to make my bow of congratulation to the Lord High Admiral upon your brilliant victory under his Royal Highness's administration. I did so yesterday, and was well received. . . .

'As I have nothing to do with political considerations, and only look to the conduct of the navy, when I sent Codrington's despatches to the King I requested that the Grand Cross of the Bath should be sent to him at once; and as the case is entirely novel, and sloops of war have fought with ships of the line, I have promoted all the commanders, the senior officer of each rank in every ship, and, contrary to the routine, I have given the vacancies in the Marines to the officers on the spot. But, to effect this, I have been obliged to fight a battle to overcome the obstinate prejudices which exist in that Boardroom of which you can form no idea— . . . but I conquered, and will again, in order to do justice.'

'. . . The consequences of this victory to the navy must be most beneficial and lasting, and it is my duty to see justice done to all who aided in its achievement.'

'Your Royal Highness has enhanced the value of your approbation by the promptness of the rewards.'

'Yes, in that consists the advantage of my not being a Cabinet Minister. I, like the Duke of York, have only to

[1] See Appendix.

look to my own duty, without waiting the cold calculation of political considerations. Ministers would gladly shelter themselves from the odium of the nation by throwing the blame on Codrington; but he has done his duty nobly. I will uphold him. And he has placed himself above their disapprobation by linking Count Heiden and Admiral de Rigny to his car.'

This is the substance (if not verbatim) of our conversation on the subject.

From Sir Isambard Brunel to Captain W. Codrington.

November 17, 1827.

One of the most extraordinary circumstances of the late achievement of your worthy father is that of his being the first British commander who has commanded a French fleet, and where the French have shown a cordiality and devotedness which reflects the highest credit on both; most particularly on your father for having directed everything with so much regard towards the different parties.

That he is safe and well after this, is for his friends a most delightful reflection, and in this feeling no one is more sincere than

Yours truly,

M. I. BRUNEL.

On the Allied fleets separating for repair and refit after the battle of Navarin, it was arranged with Admiral de Rigny, who was to remain at Smyrna, that he should undertake the duties in the Archipelago, and especially the watching the ports of Navarin, Modon, &c., in the Morea.

The refittal of the Russian squadron occupied the main attention and resources of Malta Dockyard; the English squadron, which reached that port on the 3rd November, was afterwards sent to England, as the quickest means of refit and return.

There remained at Malta no disposable vessel for the Admiral's flag, which was temporarily hoisted on board a 28-gun frigate then under repair.

But, although at Malta, this was no idle time for Sir E. Codrington. All available vessels had been dispersed for the protection of British subjects in the Ottoman ports against possible fanatical outbreaks; and Greek piracy required immediate and decided measures for its suppression, with or without the consent of Count Capo d'Istrias, the President of Greece, who was on the point of arrival.

From Sir E. C. to Earl Dudley.

'Asia,' in Malta harbour: November 8, 1827.

Your private letter of October 16th[1] proved excellent medicine to me, my good friend, early this morning in my sick bed. I knocked up just before our arrival here on the 3rd. You will find that we maritime diplomatists are rather rapid in our proceedings, and that we have already advanced in anticipation of your instructions as well as those which we get from Constantinople. Thus it is, you will say, with people whose only dragoman are cannon shot; and I will say, this is the way with people who have confidence in the due support of their employers, and who see the advantage of their boldly undertaking at once that which they feel must be done eventually. Had we waited in a blockade for further instructions, the base and brutal Ibrahim would have devastated the Morea whilst we were looking on. He cannot do more; and if he should, it will be at his own eventual cost. . . . I am sanguine enough to think that the victory of October 20th, instead of creating a war, will prove the only means of preserving peace. Here again you will smile at my maritime diplomacy. First, the Turk will succumb and accede to the Treaty: secondly, the Russians will have no excuse for not stopping their meditated march on Constantinople, which

[1] See page 301.

I imagine them to be now actually beginning, and submitting to the silken bonds by which that Treaty has so ably tied them down; and thirdly, the Greeks will, by our present power to watch them, be obliged to act on their own coast, and enter into some sort of trade instead of living by piracy; and during this process a better class of men will probably come forward.

CHAPTER XVII.

At this period of difficulty, the English Admiral was left by his Government without further information or instructions than could be obtained from a despatch containing 'Queries' as to the cause of the Battle of Navarin.

On the 4th December, 1827, a small merchant brig under sail was seen trying to reach the Island of Malta, and attempting a well-known signal of 'wishing to speak the Admiral;' and when, after some difficulty, she had gained the anchorage, Vice-Admiral Sir John Gore, an old and intimate friend of Sir E. Codrington, who had been sent by the Government through France, and had embarked in this brig at Marseilles, placed a despatch in the hands of Sir E. C. containing Lord Dudley's 'Queries.'[1]

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

Malta: December 18, 1827.

Sir,—Although I think my letter replying to the queries contained in the letter of Lord Dudley will be sufficient to remove any idea of my not having conducted myself according to my instructions, I take the liberty of addressing to Your Royal Highness some further observations arising from the communications made to me. . . . The report made by Captain Fellowes will remove all doubts as to how the battle was brought on. . . . It will be evident to Your Royal Highness that if I had intended to begin hostilities I should not have done so with musketry, but by firing our broadsides into those fire-vessels as we proceeded towards our anchorage. It is equally evident, that instead of placing the Allied fleets

[1] The 'Queries' and Sir E. Codrington's replies to them are given at length in the larger edition of the Memoir.

where I did, exposed to the fire of both the principal lines of the Ottoman fleet, and to the fire-vessels also, I should have passed betwixt the Egyptian division and the shore, and have attacked them on that side, on which they were probably unprepared. But I sacrificed this advantage to give proof of my desire to preserve peace at all hazards; and I objected to Count Heiden's wish to have a cable out of the 'Azoff's' stern, as I did to Captain Curzon's wish of hauling up the 'Asia's' lower-deck ports beyond their level, as indicative of hostile intentions. In fact, so little did I expect a battle, that after the 'Asia' was moored and the sails furled, the watch had been piped to secure yards, and the band was mustering on the poop, when the firing at the 'Dartmouth's' boat took place; and then the drum was again beat to quarters.

Men without professional knowledge may consider our going in prepared for battle as evidence of hostile intention. . . . But a very sufficient reply to such a supposition will be found in the Instructions to Captains, page 79, article 17; which says: 'In time of peace he is not to approach a ship of war of any foreign power without having the ship so far prepared for battle, that in case of aggression he may be immediately ready to defend himself,' &c. . . . With respect to my desiring that the fire-vessels should be removed, I consider that measure as a precaution under any circumstances indispensably necessary for the safety of the fleet, and as a probable means of preventing the execution of hostility previously concerted, had there been sufficient time to effect it; for, according to the concurrent testimony of several Greeks and English who were forcibly detained in the Ottoman fleet, as well as that of a Turk saved from the fire-vessel which was sunk by the 'Philomel,' the setting fire to those vessels at midnight and dropping them down upon the Allied fleet was the meditated signal for a general attack.

As to my designating the Turks 'enemies,' Your Royal Highness will excuse my observing on the inconsistency of those who object to that single word at the end of a sentence —and quoted from Lord Nelson—and who pass over the early part of the sentence, which runs 'in case of a regular battle ensuing,' &c. I am almost ashamed to have addressed answers to such observations as the above to Your Royal Highness

personally, who have been pleased to view my conduct in the late important battle with so much favour and so much generosity. . . . But my character is no longer merely my own. I feel now bound to prove that I am not unworthy the spontaneous, the generous patronage which his Majesty and your Royal Highness have given me. I hope, therefore, I may be excused for having entered more into detail upon the subject of my own conduct, than I should otherwise have considered necessary.

It may have been right to ask for full explanation from Sir E. Codrington of the cause of the battle, and to send for that purpose a distinguished naval officer and intimate friend. Yet these official queries, and the doubts thus thrown on the conduct of the English Admiral, left the future in uncertainty, both as to the Treaty itself and the measures to be taken under it. The English Government—Lord Goderich being Prime Minister—surprised by a hostile result for which they ought to have prepared themselves by their knowledge of the affair of Patras, and the country by the publication of it, was weak in nerve, weak in Parliament, and was in face of a strong Opposition, particularly in regard to the foreign policy of their late chief, Mr. Canning. This Ministry resigned in December, 1827, before the meeting of Parliament, and was succeeded by that of the Duke of Wellington.—W. J. C.

Sir E. Codrington had received from his own sovereign the Grand Cross of the Bath; and there was no hesitation in France and Russia as to the approval of the sovereigns of those countries. The King of France conferred upon Sir E. C. the Grand Cross of the Military Order of St. Louis; and he had the rare honour of wearing the second class of the Military Order of St. George, conferred upon him by an autograph letter from the Emperor Nicholas: Count Heiden was also desired, if an English ship were not available, to offer any Russian line-of-battle ship for the flag of the English Commander-in-Chief. 'Vous mettriez à sa disposition tous ceux de votre escadre, et

vous l'assureriez que l'Empereur regarderait sa présence sur un de nos bâtimens comme un véritable honneur pour la marine russe.'

Sir E. C. said to Count Heiden: 'I can never forget the rare compliment of offering me permission to hoist my flag in one of the Russian ships.'

From the Emperor of Russia.

St. Pétersbourg, le 8 novembre 1827.

MONSIEUR LE VICE-AMIRAL CODRINGTON,—Vous venez de remporter une victoire dont l'Europe civilisée doit vous être doublement reconnaissante. La mémorable bataille de Navarin et les manœuvres hardies qui l'ont précédée, ne donnent pas seulement au monde la mesure du zèle de trois grandes Puissances pour une cause dont leur désintéressement relève encore le noble caractère; elles prouvent aussi ce que peut la fermeté contre le nombre, et une valeur habilement dirigée contre un courage aveugle, quelles que soient les forces dont il s'appuye. Votre nom appartient désormais à la postérité. Je croirais affaiblir par des éloges la gloire qui l'environne, mais j'éprouve le besoin de vous offrir une marque éclatante de la gratitude et de l'estime que vous inspirez à la Russie. C'est dans cette vue que je vous envoye ci-joint l'ordre militaire de St. George.

La marine russe s'honore d'avoir obtenu votre suffrage devant Navarin, et pour moi j'ai le plus vif plaisir à vous assurer des sentimens de considération que je vous porte.

NICHOLAS.

À M. le Vice-Amiral Codrington.

To this gracious kindness Sir E. C. returned a grateful and suitable answer.

Sir E. C. to Sir Frederick Adam.

(Extract.)

December 22, 1827.

I have endeavoured all along, my dear Adam, to keep you apprised, not only of my conduct, but of the motives by which that conduct was guided; because I considered you a sound judge in your public capacity of what that conduct ought to be, and in your private situation as a friend who would give

me your opinion candidly, whether I performed my task right or wrong. Your commendation, my good friend, is almost too strong for me to speak of it in such terms as my heart inclines; but I may assure you, at all events, of that heart being fully sensible of the value of such commendation coming from such a quarter. . . . The fact is, that though outwardly I am required to answer the 'Queries' merely to give information, I know, confidentially, that the question of recalling me *was agitated.* The confidence I have of my having done right, would have made me indifferent to this, as I am to what has passed openly. But I never can be indifferent to the manly conduct of the Duke of Clarence, in deciding at once as he judged right; nor to the promptness of the King in giving, at his brother's request, joint proofs to the country of their unqualified approbation. When I add to these, my dear Adam, the encomiums of most of my distinguished brother officers, of which some of my *family secretaries* are now writing for you two or three specimens; and when I add to them the opinions of yourself, Ponsonby, and Stovin, jointly with those of my coadjutors on the 20th October, I feel that I am fully rewarded for a whole life of such anxiety as I have been undergoing for some few months.

From Sir Frederick Adam to Sir E. C.

Corfù: January 8, 1828.

I return your answers to the queries. They are perfectly satisfactory to me, and I have not a doubt the event will prove them equally so to the Ministers, who had better have shown no diffidence, as they *must* defend you, and their sending out Sir John Gore only tends to embarrass *their* defence—it strengthens yours. . . .

From General Sir Frederick Ponsonby.

1828.

My dear Admiral,—I have had a letter from Lord Bathurst, in which are these words:—'I see nothing in what Sir E. Codrington has done at Navarin which the July Treaty does not warrant. I know not how a hostile Treaty can be executed without committing acts of hostility. It is they who framed the Treaty, and not they who execute it, are responsible.'

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

Vourla, 21 décembre, 1827.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,— . . . Un de nos officiers, *prize-master* d'un brick pirate, a été forcé par le mauvais tems de relâcher à *Nauplia*, et avait dix-neuf matelots avec lui: ils ont été attaqué par quatre barques portant plus de 190 hommes. Neuf Français ont été tué en se défendant: l'officier, quoique grièvement blessé, s'est traîné jusqu'à la cabine où il avait préparé les poudres; il cria alors aux Français qui pouvaient se jeter à la mer, de le faire; et se fit sauter, lui et plus de 80 Grecs qui étaient à bord. Quatre Français se sont échappés, l'un avec les deux jambes cassées, les autres plus ou moins meurtris. Ce qu'il y a de remarquable, c'est que le lieutenant avait concerté ce plan avec son *quartier-maître*, et que celui-ci avait juré de l'exécuter, s'il était le survivant: il ne voulait point se sauver et sauta; c'est lui qui eut les jambes fracassées. It est arrivé à terre sans savoir comment: les trois autres s'étaient jetés à l'eau quand on le leur avait commandé. C'est un trait hautement recommandable.

On a trouvé 71 cadavres grecs le lendemain matin sur le rivage. Tous étaient des Candiotes étrangers à l'île, dont les habitans se sont au contraire bien comportés vers les Français. . . .

It is with much pleasure that I insert the following spontaneous expression of Admiral De Rigny's manly determination to stand by his leader and colleague. In behalf of his friend he certainly shows no hesitation, no vacillation of purpose; and the absence of all parade about it enhances the value of the act itself.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.[1]

(Extract.)

'Trident,' ce 9 janvier 1828.

La même gazette dit que vous êtes rappelé à Londres. S'il en était ainsi, je demanderais mon rappel, et j'irais aussi à Londres partager avec vous une responsabilité commune. Je

[1] Received February 18, sent to Admiralty February 20.

prépare, en attendant, quelques pages à ce sujet, et que je vous communiquerais d'avance, si l'occasion venait de les publier.

Agréez la nouvelle assurance de mes sentimens très-dévoués, et mes vœux pour cette nouvelle année.

H. De Rigny.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Trident,' à Milo, 1er avril 1828.

Monsieur l'Amiral,—J'ai reçu la copie confidentielle que vous avez bien voulu me transmettre, de votre dépêche du 10 décembre à S. A. R. le Lord Haut-Amiral.[1]

Si les explications claires et positives que vous donnez sur les démarches des escadres alliées avaient besoin d'être renforcées de mon propre témoignage, je n'hésite pas à dire, Monsieur l'Amiral, qu'ayant participé à ces démarches depuis le 21 septembre, que je vous rejoignis devant Navarin, jusqu'au 25 octobre, que nous nous sommes séparés en quittant ce port, j'adhère complètement aux éclaircissemens que vous donnez sur les points en question. Nous avons été conduits, par le traité même, à adopter la mesure d'entrer à Navarin comme la plus propre au but de réduire à l'inaction la flotte et les troupes d'Ibrahim; car pendant que par un blocus qui devait être souvent interrompu, nous laissions l'une en liberté, les autres pouvaient à leur aise, sans aucune contrainte, ravager le Péloponnèse.

Je déclare hautement que tous les rapports que j'ai faits à mon propre gouvernement sont entièrement conformes aux explications que vous avez rédigées; et que je suis préparé à lui adresser tout les détails dont la conformité et la concordance démontreraient, si cela était nécessaire, que la mesure d'entrer à Navarin était plus propre qu'aucune autre à atteindre le but du traité, quoi qu'il ait pu en résulter un conflit qui deviendrait inévitable dans la rencontre des flottes en dehors.

En vous adressant cette lettre je n'ai pas la présomption d'ajouter plus de poids aux vérités que vous avez exprimées; mais j'ai pensé qu'ayant délibéré avec vous,—ayant agi avec vous,—je devais à mon propre caractère de me lier à toutes

[1] Sir E. C.'s reply to the 'Queries.'

les conséquences qui peuvent résulter des actes publics auxquels je m'honore d'avoir pris part de concert avec Votre Excellence.

Je suis avec la plus haute considération,
Monsieur l'Amiral,
Votre très-humble et obéissant serviteur,
Le Vice-Amiral H. De Rigny.

Amongst the papers of Sir Edward Codrington relating to this period, there is a mass of correspondence, private and public, with England, with Admiral De Rigny, and with naval officers detached to the various Mediterranean ports.

Unfortunately the letters of Sir E. C. to his intimate friend Sir John Gore in England, have been destroyed; some letters from Sir John Gore are therefore inserted [1] as giving details of interest closely connected with the position of Sir E. C. in the Mediterranean.

These, and the publication of the Duke of Wellington's Memoranda and Despatches, vol. iv.—1871, bring into distinct light the difficulties under which the duty of naval Commander-in-Chief was carried on, affected as his position was, by the absence of all professional and personal consideration, and by political hostility to the Treaty.

Sir E. C. might well expect those fresh instructions which (as now seen by the Wellington Memoranda) were under preparation and discussion by the Government at home. But no communication as to the line of policy to be adopted, no assistance, no information was given to Sir E. Codrington consequent upon the altered circumstances of the execution of the Treaty.—W. J. C.

Sir E. Codrington had at this time a heavy weight of work thrown upon him by a voluminous correspondence upon a variety of important subjects. It had been severely aggravated in December by the 'Queries' from the Admiralty, which forced upon him the referring to a

[1] In the larger edition of the memoir.

great multitude of letters and documents in preparing his replies to them.

And now, while recording these matters, I look back to those days of early youth with wonder, to think how quietly all this labour was got through, and how little all these troubles and perturbations were allowed to darken our daily life. My father's custom was to work steadily all the morning in his office-room; and when he came among us in the latter hours of the day, it was apparently with a mind disengaged from care and ready to enter into the enjoyment of the hour, whatever it happened to be. His habits of regularity were a great help to him: I never in my life remember to have seen him either sitting unemployed, or doing anything *in a hurry*. The one was the consequence of the other.—JANE B.

From Sir John Gore to Sir E. C.

January 6, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . . I saw them (the Ministers) again yesterday; the same objections and queries—the same question—except that Lord D. asked me 'why you did not anchor further off from the Turks?' 'Because, my lord, the water is too deep, and if Sir E. C. had taken a distant position, not only the Turks, but the French and Russians, and many of his own people would have thought he was afraid. Rest assured, Lord D., that he could do no otherwise than he did, and that the more it is investigated, the clearer it will prove. Respecting Col. Cradock's not delivering the letter to the dragoman on the 18th, he and every one else was convinced that Ibrahim was on the spot, and that the cause of his absence was subterfuge to gain time, he being well aware that at that advanced season the fleets were likely to be dispersed and would not rejoin.' . . . I wish, my dear C., I could fancy as much *good will* to do honour to the gallantry and conduct you have displayed, as there is to cavil at the latter. If they could they would throw you overboard, and save themselves; but you are above their reach. . . . I am advised to be silent—

but I will not—and your friends shall know how to defend you, and those who are not so shall be ignorant for me.

On January 14, 1828, the strong but necessary measure for suppressing piracy was adopted by orders from home of preventing any armed vessel bearing the Greek flag from putting to sea, except those belonging to the Government of Greece. About the same time Count Capodistrias arrived at Malta, on his way to assume the Government of Greece as 'President.'

Memorandum by Sir E. C., written at Malta.

January, 1828.

I was ordered to send a vessel to bring Count Capodistrias from Ancona; and concluding by this that it was the object of the English Government to establish an English influence over him, I devoted the 'Warspite,' 74, to this service, directing Captain Parker to bring him to Malta, at which place I considered myself bound to await fresh orders from home consequent on the battle of Navarin. Upon the Count's arrival, and our meeting at the Admiralty House, I asked him as a preliminary to anything further, 'how long he proposed to stay at Malta;' to which he answered with a particular expression, which gave me to understand that he came there against his will instead of going direct to Greece—'I came here by your Excellency's command, and am entirely at your Excellency's mercy.' I said, 'Your Excellency is very anxious, no doubt, to get to Greece?' He replied, 'Most certainly, having come for that sole purpose.' I then said I was as anxious to get him to Greece as he was to find himself there; and in his presence asked Captain Parker how soon the 'Warspite' could be got ready to take him; to which Captain P. answered that he feared the ship could not be ready that evening, but she would by ten o'clock the next morning. I immediately told Count C. that at ten o'clock the following morning the 'Warspite' would be entirely at his disposal; and 'I now beg leave to repeat my question, how long your Excellency pro-

poses staying at Malta?' He seemed very much taken by surprise, and said he hoped I should not think two or three days too long. Upon this I explained that being myself tied down to Malta, and considering it material that we should have a personal intercourse in preference to a long epistolary correspondence, in order to understand each other, I had thought it absolutely necessary to bring him to Malta in the first instance, though not with any wish to delay his ultimate destination; that, as he had decided not to go away immediately, I would request him to dine with me that evening and become acquainted with my family, and that I hoped he would give me as much of his company as he could during his stay; and we would begin our business to-morrow morning. He showed himself full of anecdote and information, and made himself extremely agreeable to the whole of the party assembled to meet him, with all of whom he left the impression of his being a complete man of the world, very clever, and very entertaining. On the following morning the Count came to the Admiralty House to talk over with me the affairs of Greece according to appointment. I said I was ready to listen to anything he had to propose; to which he replied that as I had brought him there he expected to hear what I had to say first. I then said: 'I will be quite plain with you, in order that no misunderstanding may arise between us. I am no philanthropist, nor am I the least of a Philhellenist; I set no particular value upon either Greeks or Turks, and have no personal feeling towards either. I am guided solely by my duty as an English officer; and my duty in this case is pointed out by the Treaty of London and my instructions emanating from it, which I am determined to fulfil to the utmost: which instructions lead me to lean towards the Greeks and from the Turks under present circumstances. So long as your Excellency acts according to that Treaty I am your warmest and sincerest friend; from the moment that you swerve from it I am your bitterest enemy.' 'Well,' said the Count, 'that is quite candid, and I will act towards you in the same manner, with equal desire to fulfil the object of the Treaty, which, as you know, has brought me to this country.'

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Admiralty: February 5, 1828.

DEAR SIR,— . . . I conceive the King's Speech, which I enclose, the complete and manly declaration of the Duke of Wellington, the perfect concurrence in your conduct from the Marquis of Lansdowne and Viscount Goderich, and the unqualified approbation in the House of Commons, will entirely satisfy your mind. The letter from the Emperor of Russia, together with the honours conferred on you by the King of France and his Russian Imperial Majesty, must convince you of the opinion of the Allied Powers. . . .

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM.

Extract from the King's Speech, January 29, 1828.

'In the course of the measures adopted with a view to carry into effect the object of the Treaty, a collision, wholly unexpected by his Majesty, took place in the port of Navarin, between the fleets of the Contracting Powers and that of the Ottoman Porte. Notwithstanding the valour displayed by the combined fleet, his Majesty laments that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of an ancient ally: but he still entertains a confident hope, that this untoward event will not be followed by further hostilities, and will not impede that amicable adjustment of the existing differences between the Porte and the Greeks, to which it is so manifestly their common interest to accede.'

Duke of Wellington:—

'There is one other subject to which, with your lordships' permission, I shall briefly address myself; I mean the sense in which the word "untoward" has been used. It was intended by "untoward" to convey, that the event referred to was unexpected—was unfortunate. The sense in which the word was used was this: in the treaty, which is not yet before the House, and which cannot, therefore, regularly come under discussion, though all of us have read it, it is mentioned as one

stipulation, that the execution of it, if possible, shall not lead to hostilities: and, therefore, when the execution of it *did* lead to hostilities, it was a consequence which the Government did not anticipate, and which it has, therefore, a right to call "untoward." But, in making this statement, do I make the slightest charge, do I cast the least imputation upon the gallant officer who commanded at Navarin? Certainly not. That gallant officer, in doing as he has done, discharged what he felt to be his duty to his country. His Majesty's Government have taken that gallant officer's conduct into consideration, and have acquitted him of all blame: and, therefore, it would ill become me to cast the slightest imputation on the distinguished action he performed. My Lords, it should be recollected, that the gallant Admiral was placed in a situation of great delicacy as well as difficulty. He was placed in the command of a combined squadron, in conjunction with two foreign Admirals: and his conduct was such, that they placed the most implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to lead them to victory. My Lords, I should feel myself unworthy of the situation which I hold in His Majesty's councils, if I thought myself capable of uttering a syllable against the gallant Admiral, admiring as I do the intrepid bravery with which he conducted himself in a moment of much danger and difficulty.'

Marquis of Lansdowne:—

'All I feel it necessary to declare at the present moment is, that if blame attaches anywhere it does not rest with Sir Edward Codrington. I concur with the noble Duke, and with other noble Lords who have spoken on the subject, that the battle of Navarin was an unfortunate circumstance, as every circumstance must be considered which is attended by great destruction of human life. But, my Lords, I am not ashamed to say, it would be quite absurd and childish to expect that an armed interference could take place without some risk of war—without some chance of those hostilities which I entirely agree with the noble Duke in thinking it would be the wish of every man to avoid if possible. But, my Lords, let me repeat that if blame rests anywhere, it will be very easy to satisfy your

Lordships and the country, that it does not rest with the gallant Admiral whose name has been so frequently mentioned this evening—but not mentioned without deserved praise and honour—but with those who concluded the treaties which placed him in a situation in which, I contend, he exercised a sound discretion as to what was due to his country, and who risked his life in maintaining untarnished the honour of her flag. My Lords, I agree with my noble friend in regretting the unlucky selection of the word "untoward;" and much as I was desirous that the Address should pass unanimously, I should have felt it my duty to oppose it, if the gallant Duke had not declared that, in the sense in which it was used, there was not even a remote hint of disapprobation intended against the gallant officer.' . . .

House of Commons, Jan. 29, 1828. Lord Palmerston:—

'It was therefore a collision entirely unexpected by this Government. The expressions so employed have not been meant as any reflection on the conduct of the English Admiral who commanded in that engagement.'

'It is impossible to deny that in that sense of the word, the battle of Navarin was an "untoward event." But as far as relates to the character of the country, and to the reputation and fame of its arms, no human being can suppose that the epithet "untoward" was applied in that sense in His Majesty's Speech. In no fair construction of the passage does it imply any censure on the gallant Admiral who commanded the Allied fleet on that day of arduous but splendid success.'

Lord John Russell:—

'With respect to the affairs of Greece and Turkey, I was glad to hear the noble Lord opposite make the declaration he did, because it relieves me from the apprehension that any blame was intended to attach to the excellent Admiral who fought the glorious battle of Navarin. But I must add that if no blame was intended to attach, the words chosen in allusion to him are the most unfortunate I ever heard. It is my decided opinion that that glorious victory was a necessary

consequence of the Treaty of London; and it is also my opinion that it was as honest a victory as was ever gained by the arms of any Power from the beginning of the world.'

From H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence to Sir E. C.

Admiralty: February 17, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—I say nothing more on the subject of Navarin, because I conceive the public mind here for ever at rest. You ought, with your friends, to be most perfectly satisfied; and *I* once more repeat you were *fully* authorised by your instructions to strike the blow you did in Navarin, and the *whole of Europe* has *amply* and *honourably* done you justice.

God bless you, and ever believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

WILLIAM.[1]

[1] NOTE BY SIR E. C. UPON THE LETTER.—'His Royal Highness told Sir John Gore he objected strongly to the word "untoward."—E. C.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON, in H.M.'s ship 'Cambrian,' was on his way to England after an arduous service of six years on the coasts of Greece and in the Levant. He had orders to call at Carabusa[1] for the purpose of assisting in the attack and destruction of the pirate vessels. These vessels at anchor could be reached by the fire of ships passing along the outer side of the dangerous reef of rocks forming the small harbour. The 'Isis' and 'Cambrian' therefore stood in under sail, giving their fire as they passed; but on tacking to stand out, the two ships ran foul of each other: the 'Cambrian' was thus thrown upon the reef. Every effort was made to move her, but without success; she went to pieces on the rocks, and it may well be said that the 'Cambrian' died in the service of that country which had so long benefited by the humanity, the energy, and the discretion of her commander, Capt. Gawen Hamilton.—W. J. C.

From Captain Gawen Hamilton to Sir E. C.

Malta: February 12, 1828.[2]

DEAR SIR,—I had little idea, when I wrote to you from Cerigo, that my next letter was to be from a strange ship, with the painful intelligence of the total loss of the 'Cambrian' off Grabusa. I was to have left the station that night, and indeed went on board the Commodore (Staines) to take leave, when he informed me that it was his intention to pass along

[1] Carabusa or Grabusa. Eleven pirate vessels were destroyed.
[2] Received same day at Malta.

the reef in succession, and fire on the shipping. I had longed, with presentiment of misfortune, to leave the Archipelago; but the less I agreed with the opinion of my superior, the more I felt it a duty to second by every means whatever he thought proper to do. . . .

Nothing could be finer than the conduct of my ship's company. They worked as silently, as well, in a ship beating heavily on a rock and every instant in expectation of her going over, in a dark and tempestuous night, as they ever did in presence of an admiral. The squadron did all they could for us; Bridgman ran down on our weather beam, and brought up in a dangerous situation with two anchors. He then came to me; nor could I by entreaties or orders engage him to leave the ship until my simple duty was performed. No lives were lost; for which I am most thankful to God. The masts went in time to prevent the ship from going further than her beam. . . .

From Sir E. C. to His Excellency Count Capodistrias, President of Greece, &c., &c.

Malta: March 15, 1828.

M. LE COMTE,—I beg leave to congratulate your Excellency upon the successful termination of the affair of Carabusa, and the breaking up of that horde of pirates who would have impeded the progress of your Excellency's measures for establishing order and regularity in Greece, more than all her open enemies. . . . I am sure your Excellency will feel, as I do, the importance of inflicting condign punishment upon the principals in this horrid system, who have been taken at Carabusa. I am equally confident you will agree with me in the advantage of having that punishment inflicted on them contiguous to the Greek Islands, by a tribunal of their own countrymen; and under this impression I have directed Sir Thomas Staines to place them at your disposal, with such proofs of their delinquency as he may have collected.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

Malta: February 28, 1828.

SIR,— . . . I have been wrong in my expectation that the Porte would succumb after the battle of Navarin; but I certainly reckoned on some decisive measures being adopted to enforce it. I should inform your Royal Highness that Mr. S. Canning told Captain Hamilton that the battle made no difference as to the Ambassadors leaving Constantinople; on the contrary, that their observations were never so well attended to as after that news was received. I was not aware, moreover, until lately, of a religious feeling in the Turks against surrendering any part of their possessions. Their Koran seems only to admit of their having it taken from them by force. In fact, I believe that to this day they carry on the farce of *permitting Christian governments to perform their functions, as a mere indulgence of their Sultan.* And when certain British senators are dwelling upon the destruction of human life by the battle of Navarin, and lauding the tender government of this said Sultan, they should be reminded of his having ordered the massacre of 150,000 of his subjects whom he thought liable to oppose his new system, besides the cold-blooded destruction of 30,000 at Scio. I enclose an account of the forces under Ibrahim Pacha, procured by Captain Hamilton; but I cannot rely upon its correctness. There cannot be a greater instance of cruelty than sending the ship of the line to founder with such a load of wounded, &c., on board.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON,

Extrait d'un rapport du Capn. Lieut. Kadian, commandant le brick russe,

'l'Ousferdie,' Rhodes, le $\frac{28 \text{ Février}}{12 \text{ Mars}}$, 1828.

'Dans le second port se trouvait une frégate turque venue de Navarin. Ce fut le hasard ou plutôt la Providence qui l'avait portée ici, car elle avait été quelque tems à la mercie des vents et des flots—sans une once de pain à bord, et le corps du bâtiment dans un état pitoyable ainsi que le grée-

ment. Elle avait déjà perdu la moitié de son équipage, et le restant était composé de blessés et de malades : personne n'osait s'en approcher, de peur d'être infecté. Cette frégate est pour Rhodes une triste trophée de Navarin.'

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

(Extract.)

Malta: January 18, 1828.

SIR,— . . . The 'Brisk' has brought me information from Alexandria of the arrival there on the 27th and 28th of December, of the fleet collected at Navarin, including all those which have arrived from different places up to the 19th December. Captain Keith writes, on the 7th of January, that the line-of-battle ship, full of sick and wounded, which left Navarin with the others, parted company two days afterwards in a gale of wind, and has not been since heard of, and it is supposed she foundered, as many of her shot-holes were merely covered with canvas.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c., &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From the Duke of Portland to Sir E. C.

Nice: March 4, 1828.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—As I am no longer a member of the Government, and am therefore at liberty to speak my own individual sentiments, I hope our long acquaintance, which began in the Mediterranean, may serve as an apology for troubling you with this letter to express the great gratification with which I learned the events of Navarin as far as they concerned yourself. As a mere naval achievement, it is not too much to say of it that it has been surpassed in brilliancy by none (even of those in the glory of which you have shared) which have preceded it. But it has always appeared to me that there belongs to it a praise, if I may be allowed to say so to an Admiral, of a higher kind. It is impossible for a moment to have doubted, that perhaps no Commander ever was placed in a more difficult or delicate situation; and that the

decision to which you came was beset with dangers and a responsibility, to which few persons would have had the resolution and nerve to expose themselves. It would have been so easy to have found good, and very good, reasons rather to have taken the chance of being blown off the coast than of being blamed for the possible consequences of the bolder and more decisive step which you have adopted. . . . I am persuaded the time will come when no reasons of State will exist to prevent the performance of that public act of justice (the vote of thanks by Parliament), and when everybody will be as anxious as I am to pay their tribute of respect and gratitude for the most eminent service performed, because under the most difficult circumstances. . . .

Dear Sir Edward, ever yours sincerely,

SCOTT PORTLAND.

From Sir F. Adam to Sir E. C.

(Extract.)

March 14, 1828.

As to difficulties, I hold that few men in command ever were placed in a situation of more extreme difficulty than yours—difficulties of every kind, and many of them quite out of the line of professional occurrence. The difficulties cannot be appreciated by the public, who are only half informed.

From Admiral De Rigny.[1]

Milo, 1er avril, 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Je suis, comme vous, sans aucune nouvelle instruction de mon gouvernement; mais je suis d'opinion qu'on a pu s'exagérer l'effet du Hati Scheriff, car il ne fait aucune sensation chez les Turcs. Je pense qu'il en fera davantage *en Russie*. . . . .

. . . . . .

Je suis pressé de repasser à Égine; de là j'irai à Smyrne. . . . . Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire jusqu'à ce qu'on sache ce qu'on veut; car enfin, aujourd'hui, si la Porte ne cède pas un peu, il faut la guerre, qu'on veut éviter. Guerre *directe*,

[1] Received April 12.

ou *indirecte*; directe en la poussant nous-mêmes et les Russes; *indirecte* en la bornant à la Morée et à fournir des secours à Capodistrias. C'est en ce sens que j'en ai écrit à nos ministres, qui sont bien embarrassés d'autre chose.

Vous devez penser que j'ai vivement ressenti la peine que vous avez dû éprouver en lisant le discours du Roi d'Angleterre. Il a pour effet de faire tourner la tête aux Turcs, et à nos marchands, et s'il y a guerre, peut-être le *mot* (untoward) en sera-t-il cause. Quoique vous n'ayez pas reçu les remercimens du Parlement en cette occasion, vous n'en êtes peut-être que placé plus haut dans l'estime publique. . . . .

Je suis et serai toujours, mon cher Amiral,

. . Votre très-dévoué,

H. DE RIGNY.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

(Extract.)

6 Avril, 1828.

J'ai lu avec bien du plaisir ce qu'a dit au Parlement le Marquis de Lansdowne: toutes ces intrigues ministérielles ont dû vous donner beaucoup d'ennuis; mais je pense qu'elles sont jugées à leur valeur, et qu'il vous est facille, avec l'appui du Duc de Clarence et de vos amis au Parlement, de ne plus vous en inquiéter. Je regrette quelque fois qu'on ne m'ait pas attaqué dans nos chambres, pour que nous puissions combattre encore ensemble. . . .

Je suis votre très-dévoué,

DE RIGNY.

Extracts from letters written by W. J. C. to his uncle, Mr. Bethell, while accompanying Col. Cradock on a mission to Mehemet Ali, after a similar mission of Sir Frederick Adam to Ibrahim Pacha.

. . . . January 28, 1828.

. . . . On the 25th we were off Navarin—to me, and many others, of course, a most interesting place. A boat was sent in, in which I was a passenger. We passed the forts, which we found all ready with their ramrods and sponges out, &c.

. . . . Ibrahim was at Modon with the troops, which seem all to have left Navarin. There is an old line-of-battle ship, the 'Asia's' opponent, brought up near the town, and forming a kind of floating battery close to the others. She is tremendously knocked about, with a large hole amidships, and her bows riddled, with no masts standing. An Austrian merchant schooner, a corvette, ashore, wreck from the action, and a Turkish brig at the entrance of the harbour, with several Ionian vessels, small craft, was all that was to be seen, except now and then a mast sticking up out of the water. The said Navarin is, however, a most magnificent harbour and bay, with room enough for any number of fleets, and capable of being made very strong. . . . Sir Frederick Adam is expected every hour; and I hope we all go together to Ibrahim at Modon. . . . Ibrahim seems to have turned civil to us. The packet boat to Cerigo was taken by a vessel from Modon, and plundered. Ibrahim, on hearing of its being our boat, sent for the plunderer, caused him to give up everything, and then had the fellow's head cut off. The army of the Turks is certainly supplied with provisions by the Ionian boats from Zante, Cefalonia, Corfu, &c. A great profit to the islands, and consequently winked at by their Governments.

Modon: February 2, 1828.

. . . . We got to this place the day before yesterday, sent a message requesting an interview with Ibrahim, which was appointed for ten o'clock yesterday. . . . We were all introduced to Ibrahim; I was not by name, but as aide-de-camp to Sir F. A. There was nothing in the room but a sofa on which he sat on his velvet carpet, apparently with no legs; a butcher-like fellow with a red cap on, very much marked with the small-pox, with a cunning look about his eye, but of the most ordinary appearance altogether. He was, as he always is, very plainly dressed. . . . Sir Frederick's object was to persuade him to evacuate the Morea, or at all events to be willing to do so. Ibrahim at first said that he was merely, as his father, a general in the service of the Porte; but after a long conversation of two hours, the result was that he would obey any order that he might receive from his father Mehemet Ali at

Alexandria. This is something, though I am afraid not much, gained. He sends a letter to his father by us to-day, which most probably contains the contrary of what he has said to Sir F. There is no actual want in the camp here; we saw geese and turkeys going about; these might be Ibrahim's, but there were also plenty of dogs and some horses, which shows they are not actually starving. In the morning there was a grand review (Friday being their Sunday) on the beach; we could see it pretty well though some way off, from the ships. Having found out when on shore that *all* the troops he had in his camp at Modon were out, we made their numbers amount to between 5,000 and 7,000 men. They have all musquets, and are drilled in the European way. They formed columns and lines; and if things are to be taken by comparison, they are beautiful compared to any regular force that the Greeks have; but if compared to any European nation, very lamentable by way of troops. . . . The Pacha of Modon is a good-looking man, who was also very civil to us. His was much the most pleasing expression of any we saw there. . . . Sir Frederick Adam had some private information of Ibrahim wishing to leave the Morea, which was the cause of orders from home to have the interview. I believe the best foundation for this idea is that he has sent his *harem* to Egypt. Yours,

W. J. CODRINGTON.

Alexandria: February 12, 1828.

DEAR UNCLE,—Cradock had his conference yesterday morning with the Pacha of Egypt. The result is he must wait until he hears from Constantinople the determination of the Porte with regard to the proposed neutrality on his part. He said that he could not possibly take such a step without the permission of the Porte: it would be an actual declaration of independence. . . . I was introduced to Mehemet Ali as the son of the Admiral; he had known of our coming and was not at all surprised, and perfectly gentleman-like. He is fifty-seven years old, with rather an agreeable countenance, and a quick intelligent eye. . . .

Malta (in quarantine): April 8, 1828.

MY DEAR UNCLE,— . . . The answer of the Pasha to Cradock's mission is nothing decided, as indeed might be easily foreseen. A kind of temptation to independence is offered to a governor by wishing him to do an act of disobedience to his Government; no guarantee is held out in case he draws upon himself the anger of the Porte, but plenty of threats, unsupported by any appearance of force, are loaded upon him to oblige him to commit the said act of rebellion; how could anyone think the Pacha fool enough to do what was desired of him now, when he knows that it would always be time enough when those threats of blockade, &c., were being put into execution? . . . . The Pacha is no fool; he has also the fate of Ali Pacha before him. The Sultan's declaration of a man being a traitor, has the Pope's power of excommunication of olden time against a Catholic; it then becomes a duty in any good Mussulman to do all he can to destroy him, and in Egypt such people would not be found wanting, nor others who would be glad of it to try for his place. . . . I think he would take any opportunity of making the *amende* rather than be declared a rebel. Besides, he has actually all the independence he can wish, everything except the name. . . . When anything disagreeable comes to him he refers to his being dependent on the Porte, &c., &c.; but when he chooses does what he likes. In commercial treaties the same; the Porte is the *scapegoat* for disagreeable arrangements, and he either grants them or refuses them at his own convenience in this manner. . . .

Yours, W. J. CODRINGTON.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

Malta: March 6, 1828.

SIR,—The packet yesterday brought me your Royal Highness's letter of February 5. I have not only to thank Your Royal Highness for the King's Speech, which it contained, but for the kind observations which you have been pleased to add as to the effect of the Duke of Wellington's and other speeches to which it gave rise. . . .

I have documents which show that the Porte had always expected and was fully prepared for a battle: and that under those preparations, aided by an endeavour to catch us off our guard, they were confident of success. The words of the Kiahya Bey, one of the oldest and highest esteemed members of the Divan, in conversation with a person whom he termed his friend, were: 'Nous aurons la guerre, vous le croyez, et je le crois de même. *A l'heure qu'il est elle est peut-être déjà commencée!*'

This conversation took place on October 20, at the time the battle was actually raging. But the rest of his observations were so interesting, as showing that predetermination on the part of the Turks which has been unjustly attributed to me, in defiance of my assertion, that I will trouble your Royal Highness with a little more of it. The Bey continued: 'Mais sachez en toute vérité, que depuis près de deux ans nous avons prévu cet événement, et nous l'attendrons sans aucune inquiétude. Le mal tombera sur ses auteurs. Nous sommes décidés à courir toutes les chances. Jamais, au grand jamais, nous n'admettrons la moindre ingérance étrangère dans nos affaires internes, etc.' . . . .

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. Codrington was still obliged to remain at Malta, awaiting the fresh instructions from home which he had so repeatedly asked for and had so much reason to expect,—and his friend Admiral Heiden was about to return to the Eastward, having completed the repairs of his squadron. Sir E. C. therefore would no longer delay his friendly offering to his colleagues.

Sir E. C. to Vice-Admiral Count de Heiden.

Malta: April 13, 1828.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE AND COMPANION IN ARMS,—I will not let you quit Malta without expressing the pleasure that I have had in your society, and in the cordial regard which mutual esteem, founded on mutual exertion in obeying the

orders of our Allied Sovereigns, has cemented between us. I had great satisfaction in accepting your friendly offering of the star, appropriate to the very distinguished order of St. George, with which your august Emperor has honoured me. Prompted by the same feeling, I was prepared by the first private information of both you and our colleague, De Rigny, being named Commanders of the Bath, to make you an offer of the star which I have often worn. I am confident you will not value it the less for having decorated the breast which a time of severe trial has warmed with a sincere regard for you. I have delayed my offering thus long, in daily expectation of the official notification of the honour intended you, and which, I trust, I shall have very shortly to send after you. I hope it will not be long before I receive orders from England which will enable us to rejoin our squadrons, that we may again serve together, and again support each other cordially and successfully through whatever difficulties we may be destined to encounter.

Believe me, my dear Admiral,
Your sincere and faithful friend,
. . . . EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

'Azoff:' le $\frac{3}{15}$ avril 1828.

MON CHER ET DIGNE AMIRAL,—Votre aimable billet d'hier, et le précieux don que vous y avez joint, me pénètrent d'une reconnaissance qu'aucune expression ne saurait bien rendre. Heureux de votre amitié, fier de votre estime, j'en recueille toutes les preuves et les conserve dans mon cœur. Vous m'associez, mon cher Amiral, d'une manière généreuse et cordiale à votre gloire militaire en m'offrant cette même étoile devant laquelle le Croissant a pâli.

J'en décorerai ma poitrine avec orgueil le jour où il plaira à votre auguste Souverain de m'accorder une distinction si flatteuse. . . . .

Votre plus dévoué ami et serviteur,
LE COMTE L. DE HEIDEN.

Sir E. C. to Vice-Admiral Count De Rigny.

Malta: April 14, 1828.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE AND COMPANION IN ARMS,—There cannot be any doubt of the intention of my Sovereign to confer on you and our colleague, De Heiden, the Commandership of the Bath. . . . . and I will no longer withhold my request that you will do me the kindness of accepting from me the accompanying Star of the Order. There are no bounds to my satisfaction in reflecting that I have been the fortunate medium of a cordiality between our professions, which we may hope, according to the wish of our august Sovereigns, by whose example we have been guided, will extend and become permanent throughout our two nations. Nothing of the character of my little offering is necessary to remind you of this great national blessing which the Treaty of London has originated. But I trust it will be received by you as a small token of the respect and regard with which I am inspired by the counsel and support which I have received from you during the most trying period of my professional life.

Believe me, my dear Admiral,

Your sincere and faithful friend,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Conquérant:' ce 1er juin 1828.

MON CHER ET DIGNE AMIRAL,—Après l'honneur d'être admis dans l'Ordre du Bain, ce que je pourrais désirer de mieux c'est de porter l'étoile donnée par votre main. Je l'accepte et la reçois comme un gage durable de votre estime. J'ai l'espoir que vous dans votre pays, comme moi dans le mien, nous serons élevés à quelque considération pour avoir été les premiers et les heureux instrumens d'une alliance que je désire voir durer autant que dureront mon respect et mon amitié pour vous.

Votre très-dévoué,

H. DE RIGNY.

Admiral Heiden and his Russian ships went to Malta after the battle of Navarin, to undergo their repairs in the English dockyard. This detained them there throughout the winter, during which time we had frequent intercourse with the Admiral, whose spirited character, and frank, open, hearty manners were so winning that we all became cordially attached to him. Admiral de Rigny shifted his flag into a fresh ship, and remained in the Archipelago carrying on the service there, while the disabled French ships of course went to their own French ports for their repairs after the battle, and did not go to Malta at all; so that we had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the French Admiral, as we were with his colleague. In fact, we saw him for the first time at Paris in 1831.—J. B.

Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

Malta: April 19, 1828.

SIR,— . . . . . .

We have various reports of the intentions of Russia, of which your Royal Highness is better informed than I can be. . . . It is, however, impossible, I think, that Russia should continue passive under a delay, by which she is suffering so much more than either of her Allies, however ready she may have been to confine herself to the terms of the Treaty, so long as she had hopes of its being carried into full execution. . . . I look with great anxiety for the arrival of the 'Asia,' and the receipt of your Royal Highness' further orders.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sir E. C. to Sir Frederick Adam at Corfù.

Malta: May 12, 1828.

My dear Adam,— . . . . Complication seems to succeed complication; and I fear the half-measure system which we seem to have decided on pursuing will eventually fulfil the prophecies of those who have foretold a war either with Russia or the Porte before the affairs of the Levant are settled. . . . I have been long expecting the 'Asia,' the delay in the return of which is unaccountable and rather mysterious. I am, however, obliged to hamper my friend Campbell with my flag, in consequence of the proceedings of the French off Navarin and Modon, in letting vessels into those ports which Parker had turned away. It will be quite impossible to bring them and the Russians to act together again with any cordiality. Indeed, De Heiden thinks them playing the game of Ibrahim against us. The conduct of the Albanians seems to have depended upon the money which the French allowed to enter Modon. If the 'Asia' were here I should enter at once upon my quarantine campaign. . . .

Yours with great regard,

Edwd. Codrington.

One of the great difficulties of Sir Edward Codrington's position was the having to keep up harmony (where harmonious action was indispensable) between two coadjutors so unsympathetic—so antagonistic to each other in national feelings and interests as the French and Russian Admirals.

That he did succeed in it was most fortunate for the service in which they were jointly engaged: and it was owing to the power he acquired over them both, by the

influence of his own character, and the warm regard towards himself with which that character had inspired them.

As time and intercourse changed the tone of correspondence from the expression of esteem into that of friendship and intimacy, the private letters of Admiral Heiden became more and more informal, until they reached that familiar style of freshness and originality which gave them so much zest—passing (as in his conversation) from one language to the other, according as he found in each the words best suited to express his thought. The following is a specimen of these hearty and amusing letters :—

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

'Azoff,' at Sea before Modon: April $\frac{12}{24}$ 1828.

Dear Admiral,—We arrived before Navarin three days ago, and found here coming the French squadron, the 'Trident,' 'Iphigénie,' with two bricks, some Greek bricks, and the 'Rifleman.' Captain Mitchell was so kind as to join me as soon as he saw me. By that occasion we saw the superior sailing of that vessel, and as I suppose the 'Pelican' her equal, no trial is necessary to be convinced that she sails better than any of our squadron; et donc, point de pari,—je baisse pavillon. Avant d'aller plus loin je vous prierai, Mons. l'Amiral, de faire savoir à tous vos bâtimens qui pourraient me recontrer, qui si je hisse *le Jack on the main-top* I wish to speak that vessel; de cette manière j'aurai occasion de vous écrire plus souvent. C'est dommage que nous n'avons pas vos signaux,—on ne peut rien se dire que de vive voix. Je désirerais beaucoup que vous eussiez une croisière dans ces parages. Le 'Warspite' y a fait beaucoup de bien, tandis que mes chers Frenchmen they seem to be the allies of Ibrahim against us; they have every day parlementaire with him, as they say pour le persuader d'évacuer la Morée. L'amiral de Rigny lui a fait dire que la Russie avait déclaré la guerre à la Turquie, et, chose incroyable, a donné des instructions au

capitaine du 'Trident' de faire entrer des bâtimens de guerre à Modon, pourvu que, s'ils viennent avec des provisions ou de l'argent, ils doivent jeter cela à la mer, et ensuite ils peuvent y entrer. Unfortunately, I caught them en flagrant délit, car à mon arrivée devant Modon, je vis l'escadre française au vent de moi, ayant avec elle une corvette turque; j'envoyai sur-le-champ ma frégate pour savoir ce que c'était et me l'amener, ce qui ne plaisait pas à monsieur le commandant, qui l'avait depuis dix jours près de soi. Cette corvette avait été ici du tems du 'Warspite,' qui la renvoya jusqu'en Candie. Je priai le commandant français de la renvoyer de suite, d'après nos instructions communes, que je lui lus moi-même. C'est alors qu'il me communiqua ses ordres, en me priant d'envoyer la corvette à Modon, après l'avoir strictement visitée, ayant donné sa parole d'honneur à Ibrahim de la faire entrer. Réponse: 'Monsieur, si vous avez donné votre parole d'honheur en opposition directe des instructions du protocole que nous connaissons, vous devez avoir vos raisons, et donc je laisse cette corvette à votre responsabilité. Mais comme maintenant je suis ici le plus ancien, je vous prie de vouloir bien ne pas permettre à quelque bâtiment que ce soit d'entrer à Modon ou Navarin;' ce qu'il m'a promis. J'y ai ajouté que dès que je verrais M. de Rigny je me faisais fort de lui faire avoir ce même ordre. Il m'assure qu'il est en pourparler avec Ibrahim pour l'évacuation de la Morée; but it is all stuff. Je lui ai dit, 'N'en croyez rien, il vous trompe, c'est un homme sans foi ni loi, et vous devez le savoir, monsieur, par ce qui est arrivé l'année passée.' Another brig of war, Turkish, came in yesterday morning under their nose, and they speak with the captain, who had a little fight with two Greek brigs. So the commandant told me. Unfortunately we were on the west side of Modon, and the brig came from the east. Of course I turned myself to the eastward, and am, with a fresh breeze from the S.E., at this hour, on the east side of Modon, and don't care much about them. Nous prendrons soin de prévenir Mr., I don't know his name. He is gone again to Ibrahim, as I suppose, to tell him all the news he heard from me; and to console him, for by their former news, I believe, Ibrahim was expecting me to attack him. Two days ago he

left old Navarin, and concentrated all his forces in Modon and Navarin. In Coron the Albanians, who are the strongest, are in rebellion for not having received their pay. But I suppose the French Commodore will send the money from the corvette, if she has any, to him. It is a pity the 'Warspite' is gone! As soon as the weather will permit, I will go to Coron to know myself what they are about. My intention is to leave the 'Ezekiel' and the 'Castor' (when she joins) here, mais n'ayant rien de commun avec les Français, puisque ses instructions sont diamétralement opposées aux nôtres, c'est-à-dire des trois amiraux. Nous aurons une petite guerre avec le cher Rigny; mais je vous avoue que maintenant je suis surpris, car nous avons les faits et les documens en main. Je voudrais vous voir arriver.

Votre très-dévoué serviteur et ami,

HEIDEN.

Sir E. C. to Count de Heiden.

'Ocean,' at Sea: May 14, 1828.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I received your letter of April $\frac{12}{24}$, by the 'Rifleman' before I left Malta. I will begin by referring to the part of it that is the most important, that is the conduct of the French Commodore and the orders of your colleague. The line of proceeding adopted by them is certainly one of which I cannot approve, although I think it admits of some palliation. The French having lost the trade of Smyrna, which was very extensive, have been doing their utmost to secure that of Alexandria. Their intercourse with the Viceroy, and the greater confidence he had in them, arose out of this; and although De Rigny is as much alive to Ibrahim's deceptions as we are, he finds it right, on account of the people of Marseilles, to keep up as well as he can that friendly communication which will facilitate a renewal of mutual confidence. This, I have no doubt, led to his late letter to Ibrahim; and was also the occasion of his strengthening his advice by statements which have given you offence, and which exceed the bounds of prudence. *I* most certainly would not have so written, or have so acted; but I will not undertake to say I might not have done so if I had been in his peculiar situation.

That he has been guided by the best motives, I have no doubt. He, like us, is anxious to induce Ibrahim to retire to Egypt; and he probably thinks that if *he* could effect it after our failure, he would eventually receive a return from the benefit which Egypt would derive from it. Besides being led by this feeling to strengthen his reasoning with Ibrahim, I have no doubt but the same consideration induced him to permit that partial supply which *we* cannot but disapprove. I hope the view which I have thus taken of this affair, will diminish your discontent with our colleague and those of his nation; and that instead of suffering it to interfere with the harmony which is so necessary to the final success of our mutual object, you will only join with me to counteract by a more sharp look-out any little ill-effect of this narrow policy. Henceforward I shall most likely have some older officer off the Morea, with orders to enforce the blockade more strictly; and I expect that Ibrahim will by this means be soon brought to make proposals to us. This is my policy, instead of making proposals to him. Nothing but necessity will induce him to retire in opposition to the orders of the Sultan, however much he may wish himself at home again. Aided by the Greek blockade, we can soon put him to that necessity. If then we induce him to make proposals to us, we who are *not strong* can exact from him the condition of his restoring not only all the Greeks lately carried to Alexandria, but others who have been seized by him and made slaves since the war, as the price of our assistance. The attack on Samos, which I find by a letter from Admiral de Rigny the Turks are preparing to make, must decide us on including it under our protection as much as Hydra or any other island near the Greek coast. I shall write to De Rigny to this effect, and I hope you will take the same view of it. Indeed, you have now a much more straightforward game to play than we have; you can take a lead in any suit, and can play out trumps with impunity; whilst I require the eyes of an Argus, and could not with impunity go half the length which our colleague has latterly done.

Towards the middle of May, 1828, when the measures adopted by the allied Admirals were leading to decisive

results, Sir Edward Codrington left Malta in H.M.S. 'Ocean,' as his own flag-ship, the 'Asia,' had not arrived. . . . He had thus been deprived of any proper ship in which to go to sea with his flag, for a period of seven months. He returned to Malta 30th May to meet the 'Asia.'

The imminence of war being declared between Turkey and Russia—the latter power being a party to the Treaty—now became an additional element of difficulty. Count Heiden received the Declaration of War on the 29th May; but he had orders to keep his character as a belligerent in abeyance when acting in concert with the Allied squadrons.

Sir E. C. left Malta in the 'Asia' on the 13th June, in order to meet his brother admirals and Mr. Stratford Canning at Corfù, and concert measures with them; it was there, on the 21st June, that he received Lord Aberdeen's letters of recall.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

On board H.M.S. 'Ocean': May 17, 1828.

I could not have made a better hit, if trespass I must upon any captain of twenty-eight years' standing; for my friend Campbell[1] goes on steadily in his own quiet way, without seeming to be in the least put out by me. His ship is a more roomy 'Asia'; and as I have a large slice of the after-cabin allotted to me (as you may have observed it when you were on board), I have more swinging-room than I have in the 'Asia.' We are still above 100 miles from Navarin.

Sunday, 18.

Sapienza in sight, some forty miles off. . . . There are two erroneous impressions that possessed my mind at an early period certainly. But even now that I have had reason to dispel them, I cannot find fault with myself for having enter-

[1] Commodore Patrick Campbell.

tained them. The first is the insincerity of De Rigny, and the second the disposition of the Viceroy of Egypt to obey the wish of the Allies. Now, as you know, aye, and even in spite of H.'s late letter, I am confident of De Rigny meaning to act honestly and correctly according to the Treaty; and not less so of the Viceroy intending to retain his allegiance to the Sultan, because he thinks it will better suit his ambitious views so to do. He has certainly been cajoling us, and I suspect the Sultan has all along been cajoling him, without the least intention of giving him either Syria or Damascus, which he so much covets. God bless you all, says

Your ever affectionate
EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Sir Edward Codrington having been for some time placed in direct communication with the Secretary of State, some of his official letters were addressed to Earl Dudley, to Mr. Huskisson, and subsequently to the Earl of Aberdeen.

From Sir E. C. to Mr. Huskisson.

(Extract.)

'Ocean,' in the Gulf of Coron: May 21, 1828.

. . . . I am aware that I have entered into particulars that may appear to be merely professional, which may possibly be considered as beyond the line prescribed for me by your letter of March 23. It is therefore due to myself to assure you that, in giving this detail, and submitting opinions which are not officially called for, I have no other motive than a desire to submit to the Government all the information which local knowledge affords to a person in my situation. I do not assume that my opinions have any superior value; and I confidently refer to all my professional conduct for my disposition to obey zealously and cheerfully whatever instructions I may receive, whether accordant with, or opposed to those opinions. I ask only, with submission, that they may be such as will not admit of any misconception.

I have, &c.,
EDWARD CODRINGTON.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

Milo: 20 $\frac{21 \text{ avril}}{3 \text{ mai}}$ 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Je vous envoie officiellement la copie des instructions que je viens de recevoir; vous y verrez que la guerre n'est pas encore déclarée, mais que j'en attends la nouvelle à chaque instant—et cela tout seul. Cela me chagrine beaucoup; ma position et la vôtre deviennent très-délicates; mais j'espère que nous nous entendrons de manière à remplir nos devoirs sans nous montrer les dents ou causer plus de refroidissement entre nos deux Gouvernemens; et en même tems contribuer au grand ouvrage, quoique je ne vois pas comment il pourra s'accomplir, car il paraît que le Gouvernement anglais ne se soucie plus du tout de la Grèce. Pour la France, il paraît qu'elle ne sait pas trop ce qu'elle veut, et se réglera d'après le vent qui souffle. En attendant ma position est très-désagréable et me dégoûte: j'en suis vraiment tout-à-fait chagrin et abattu. Je continuerai cependant à agir avec vous avec toute la franchise que mes devoirs me permettront, et j'espère que nous pourrons rester en harmonie comme par le passé. . . . J'ai vu notre ami l'amiral Rigny. Je lui ai fait part de ce que j'ai vu à Navarin: il m'a montré ses instructions au capitaine de l'*'Iphigénie,'* qui sont diamétralement opposées à ce que m'a dit le capitaine: il a convenu avec moi que ce dernier a été mis dedans par Ibrahim. Ma foi! je n'ai jamais vu des étourdis pareils, et ne sais qu'en penser. En attendant je laisserai une frégate et un brick pour serrer de plus près Ibrahim, et verrai ce que je pourrai faire. Mons^{r} le capitaine Mitchel vous aura mis au fait de tout ce qu'il a vu: je ne puis que me louer de ce dernier, qui me paraît un officier de beaucoup de mérite et d'activité. C'est bien malheureux que nos rapports avec tous ces excellens officiers doivent devenir plus resserrés et moins sincères; car, malheureusement, à la moindre chose entre les Cabinets, commence le refroidissement, ensuite méfiance, puis bouderie, et finit souvent par brouillerie ouverte. Vous connaissez mes sentimens, Mons^{r} l'Amiral,—j'irai toujours le chemin droit, et agirai franchement. Après cela, ma conscience tranquille, arrive que pourra.

Dans le moment Rigny m'a montré une lettre qu'il a écrite à Ibrahim, et que D'Arnous lui a remis la veille de notre arrivée, dans laquelle il l'engage d'évacuer la Morée en lui disant que la Russie venait de déclarer la guerre. Je ne conçois pas pourquoi il lui a fait dire une chose qu'il ne savait pas être vraie: il pouvait la supposer, mais il ne pouvait la savoir, puisque moi je ne la sais pas, et je viens de recevoir un courrier en droiture de Pétersbourg. I confess I don't understand that politick, but it explains to me the poor Captain Arnous thought I was going to take the corvette, and therefore wished to save her from the hands of the barbarians; but I proposed to convey her to Milo to Admiral De Rigny, and to leave it to his decision what to do with her; but then he told me of his engaging his word of honour, &c. I dined to-day with Admiral De Rigny, and it is all well again; but c'est un brouillon, the good man; and it shows again, my dear Admiral, that a Frenchman, sans y entendre malice, cannot live without a little intrigue, pour passer le tems. . . . Je pars demain pour Naples de Roumanie pour voir le pauvre Comte Capodistrias, et je resterai près de lui je ne sais jusqu'à quand, mais en tout cas pour attendre Rigny, qui va à Vourla pour huit jours, to repair his capstan, which was rotten, and broke after he had lost his iron chain cable. From there I suppose and intend to go to have a look at our friend Ibrahim; and it is possible, after a time, I may go to Malta for provisions, or some other reason, if you will not shut your ports for us poor fellows, who have no other pied à terre in the whole Mediterranean.

Croyez-moi pour la vie, your most devoted

HEIDEN.

Sir E. C. to Count Heiden.

H.B.M. Ship 'Ocean,' off Coron: May 21, 1828.

Fear not, my dear Admiral, that anything which can arise out of the present state of affairs will diminish my regard for you. Although our duties under the altered circumstances you announce to me may differ, I do not see any grounds for the 'méfiance' and following consequences which you fore-

bode. Nor, even if we were not still bound together by the Treaty, need any diminution take place in the friendship which our previous intercourse has cemented. I hope shortly to assure you in person of these sentiments being engrafted into my system. My present object is to return to Malta as expeditiously as possible, to relieve my friend Commodore Campbell of my flag, and to return here in the 'Asia,' which is by this time, I imagine, arrived there. Let me induce you to continue to rely upon our colleague doing all that is right, in spite of any little difference in the manner of setting about it. He has given orders that nothing whatever shall be permitted to enter these ports, nor anything go out which has got in. I have done the same; and I shall inform Ibrahim of this, and warn him against ravaging the country, and sending away any of the Greeks as slaves. . . . I will conclude with assuring you of the unalterable regard of my family, as well as of your sincere friend,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

Égine: ce $\frac{5}{17}$ mai 1828.

MON CHER MONS. L'AMIRAL,—Church demande de l'argent, car ses troupes en demandent à grands cris, et mécontens. En Morée les Albanais sont mal avec Ibrahim, mais avec tout cela on n'entend rien d'évacuation. . . . Nous venons de recevoir de Modon la nouvelle qu'Ibrahim n'a plus que très-peu de provisions, et donc ou il devra partir par mer ou se faire jour pour aller en Roumélie pour faire des incursions et enlever les récoltes dans l'intérieur: c'est ce que je crois, et dans ce cas on tâchera de brûler les récoltes à son approche. . . . The situation of the poor Count (Capodistrias) is very unpleasant; without resources, without army, and, I believe, very few friends amongst the notables; for by the nation and common Greeks he is adored. To look at all we see here is very much like a comedy—people of all nations, all sort of dresses are to be found here. J'ai vu ——, qui me paraît un brave grenadier, mais une espèce de roi de théâtre. Quand on examine tout cela un peu philosophiquement, on se dit, que sont les hommes? et on a plus de pitié que de courroux pour eux! Nous voilà à

Égine, quatre bâtimens de guerre russes, trois français, un turc, une frégate américaine, et un vaisseau anglais. Il n'y manque que des autrichiens. Adieu, mon cher Amiral. Votre bien dévoué serviteur et ami,

HEIDEN.

On the 23rd May Sir E. Codrington wrote to Ibrahim Pacha a very earnest warning of the disastrous consequences he would entail on himself and his army if he should carry out his reported intention of again ravaging the Morea and repeating the conduct which had previously excited the indignation of Europe.

Extract of a letter from Count Capodistrias.

June 22.

Je ne saurois assez exprimer à V.E. la gratitude qu'inspirent à la nation grecque les nouveaux témoignages d'intérêt que vous vous plaisez, Monsieur l'Amiral, à lui donner par les mesures que vous venez de prendre. Elles semblent déjà avoir produit une impression salutaire sur l'esprit d'Ibrahim Pacha. Il paroît avoir modifié son système de conduite, attendu que l'expédition qu'il avoit adressée à Pyrgos, pour acheter du bétail et autres vivres, n'a commis aucun acte hostile, et que les chefs de cette expédition ont acheté argent comptant les vivres qu'ils ont pu se procurer.

Sir E. C. to Admiral De Rigny.

Off Navarin: May 24, 1828.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Your letter of April 6 reached me here from Malta. . . . I feel very sensibly, my good friend, the kind desire which your letters show to support me through all the unnecessary difficulties which are thrown in my way. I will not deny that the illiberal and unjust attacks which have been made on me for mere party purposes have been very teasing to me; because, besides the trouble I have had in writing home the facts, in order to prevent their injurious effects, they have called my attention from the public service by which alone it should be occupied. But I am, nevertheless, convinced that if those attacks had not been made upon me I should never have

received such commendations as I have from the most distinguished persons which my country boasts. I value such eulogies as these above all which Ministers could possibly have done for me, if they had had discernment enough to have found their true interest in considering the aggression of the Turks at Navarin a most fortunate instead of an untoward event. Had they taken that just view of it, the whole affair would by this time have been settled, and without a Russian war. I am now tormented by the Ministers imputing to me power and authority which they seem afraid to give me. But I have put to them the direct questions—Am I henceforth empowered to blockade? am I to allow any invalids to return to Egypt? and am I, in such a case, to search the vessels containing them for Greeks, and to take them out? In the meantime, I have taken upon myself to issue an order to let nothing go in or come out of the blockaded ports; and I find you have done the same. I hope your communication with De Heiden, personally, has removed the impression which was made on him by the commander of 'Le Trident.' Poor fellow, he is very unpleasantly situated, and is over anxious about the consequences of any separate operations he may be called upon to undertake. We must make great allowances for the susceptibility which arises from his more responsible situation. If he sends some of his ships to assist you in protecting Samos, it will be made more easy by the rupture between Russia and Turkey. . . .

I am in hopes that the candour of the Russian orders to De Heiden will facilitate restoration of peaceful intercourse. I think the Duke of Wellington knows Metternich too well to be cajoled by him in anything, more particularly into war, which it is his policy to avoid. . . .

Yours, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Sir John Gore to Lady C.[1]

April 25, 1828.

. . . You know how easy it is to find fault where ill will prompts it; and as fault was to attach somewhere, it has from the first arrival of the battle of Navarin been the desire to attach

[1] Received May 29th, 1828.

it to C. . . . But this subject is at rest; and that to be quieted is, why C. has continued at Malta? and why the Greeks are allowed to be carried to Egypt in slavery? Would the advocates of 'non-collision' and 'non-hostility' and the 'evacuation of the Morea by mild persuasion,' have had C. search the Turco-Egyptian fleet quitting Navarin on their way to Alexandria? Would *their* Admiral have permitted it? And had C. desired it, must not he have enforced that desire by '*cannon shot*'? Is not the evacuation of the Morea a primary object? and have you not offered aid and convoy to effect it? How then could C., had he been off the harbour with his whole force, have risked the interruption of so '*desirable*' an object? Such are the subjects of discussion; and so are words and meanings twisted to answer the feelings of unwilling minds. I will name no name; my wishes are at all times to preserve peace and amity, and not open a breach which I may not be able to refill. But it is most painful to me to see and to hear, that while a man of high mind and principle is doing all that mind and body can effect to fulfil a most arduous and unprecedented duty as becomes a British Admiral, *vile diplomacy* endeavours to cast a shadow over him, and obscure his conduct by directing it into the crooked ways of *that art*. I only hope and trust that C. will, in all his replies to his new master the Secretary of State, give the most ample detail of facts and information with all the caution he can observe; for he must now be aware that his *words and meanings are twisted*. I state facts; it is for him to attend to or pass them by: all that I press and most earnestly desire is, that he will preserve his high-minded spirit, and at the same time not suffer any strong expressions to escape him in word or writing; for I cannot tell you (and I repeat it) how quickly his words are put into circulation here! . . . . Peace, peace, and how to avoid hostilities, is now the cry: and the only apprehension is, according to Arthur Legge (who desires his kindest regards to you) that 'he knocked down the wrong man at Navarin.'

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

Ce $\frac{17}{29}$ mai.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Dans ce moment Mr Godefroy m'arrive avec la nouvelle de la déclaration de la guerre, et des

instructions que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer, Mr l'Amiral. Assurément vous y verrez que notre Souverain agit avec toute la modération possible, et que nos relations quant au blocus existeront tout comme auparavant; et je tâcherai de ne donner aucun sujet de jalousie ou de mécontentement aux bâtiments des nations alliées que bloquent les ports de la Morée conjointement avec nous. J'ai ordonné à Monsieur Swinkin de se concerter sur tout avec le capitaine Parker, qui, je suppose, commandera le blocus de votre part, et de suivre en tout ses désirs et ses ordres. J'espère, Monsieur l'Amiral, que vous m'approuverez. . . .

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Conquerant:' 1er juin.[1]

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Quoique depuis quatre mois je sois sans une seule lettre du Ministre de la Marine, je crois cependant être plus à l'aise vis-à-vis de nos Ministres, que vous ne l'êtes peut-être vis-à-vis des vôtres. Je crains que les tergiversations de votre Cabinet n'éloignent le but. Au reste, les Russes vont plus vite que la diplomatie. . . .

Je crains bien qu'il nous faille créer cette Grèce, car je ne sais où la trouver: et c'est un assez curieux ordre de choses que d'être obligé de payer ces gens-ci pour les faire se battre dans le propre cause, et de les payer encore pour qu'ils ne soient pas pirates. Voilà pourtant un coup-d'œil vrai du tableau, et peut-être le plus vrai.

Votre bien-dévoué,
H DE RIGNY.

Sir E. C. to Mr. Huskisson, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

'Asia,' Malta: June 3, 1828.

SIR,— . . (After stating that the typhus fever had diminished). . . I have sanctioned the calls which have been made on Captain Parker's humanity as to giving food to those who would have absolutely starved without it. Calls of this sort we shall still be subject to both on account of the fever now prevailing and the intention of Ibrahim to collect the harvest: for whether he be successful in this object or fail from its

[1] Received at Corfù, June 25, 1828.

being destroyed, the natives in those districts will be equally subject to the severest privation, owing to the pecuniary inability of the President to obtain for them a supply from other ports.

I am, &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Count Heiden.

Malta: June 3, 1828.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I found such a mass of documents upon my arrival here to occupy my attention, that I am tired to death of pens and ink. Since the date of your letter, I imagine you are become a regular belligerent, and therefore no longer require my opinion as to what you should do with the Turkish brig. . . . Arnous certainly misunderstood De Rigny's orders to him; but I hope we shall now do better. Ibrahim will certainly collect the corn, if the Greeks themselves don't burn it as soon as his people approach it. Money could not be employed more effectually than in buying and procuring from other parts as much corn as is so destroyed. Time will not admit of the process of sending to Mehemet Ali, and negotiating about it; and Ibrahim is too wily and too devoted to his object to be led away by such means. . . . All my family unite in kind regards to you. As to myself, my good friend, I am not to be changed by any change of policy in our Governments.

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

The pressure put upon Ibrahim by Sir E. C.'s warning letter and by the stringent blockade of the ports began to bear fruit by inducing in him a disposition to admit of negotiations respecting his departure from the Morea.

Sir E. C. to the French and Russian Admirals.

Malta: June 12, 1828.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUES,—I have directed that Captain Parker, of the 'Warspite,' who is so fully informed of all that has passed, and who is the depository of my sentiments on the

delicate subject which has lately occupied your deliberations, should again join you as my representative. He will state to you my opinion that the fittest way to negotiate with Ibrahim is to let him understand that no supplies whatever will be granted to him; and that if he attempt to ravage the country in order to prolong his power to hold his present position, he will suffer that starvation himself in common with his army, which he inflicts upon the Greek unoffending inhabitants. He has always said that he could yield to nothing but necessity. Be assured it is that alone which has now induced him to open the communication, and that if we stand firm to our purpose, he will give way at once. . . . *I* would not make any terms with him respecting the harvest, but would warn him of the peril of such a measure. If he ask what we would have him do to feed his army so blockaded, the answer is obvious: 'Return with it to Egypt.' If ever he should make his threatened attempt to collect the harvest, I am persuaded that the burning of one field of corn, as an earnest of what is intended, will deter him from proceeding. Now, having given you my opinion, I beg to assure you, that if you should still think the plan of sending to the Viceroy, mentioned in your letter as proposed by the President, the preferable mode of proceeding, Captain Parker will assist you to the utmost of his power in making your plan successful. I would gladly communicate with you, preferably personally, if I did not feel it so much more important to the object we have in view, to meet Mr. Stratford Canning and his colleagues at Corfù. I think we should all meet off Navarin, in readiness to carry into more speedy execution whatever arrangements may be agreed upon with Ibrahim Pacha. I shall go there, at all events, as soon as I have had the requisite communications with the Allied Ambassadors.

Believe me, &c.,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

The amount of business that devolved upon Sir E. Codrington at this time may be estimated by my stating that what is here published is only a very small portion selected from the mass of official despatches and semi-

official correspondence relating to this period. Most of this correspondence is of great interest; but the labour entailed by it was a severe addition to the weight of the anxious service which had thus to be carried out.

Sir E. Codrington sailed for Navarin and Corfù on June 13, 1828.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

'Asia,' at sea: June 14, 1828.

Relaxation of some sort is absolutely necessary, to enable one to stand the intense anxiety which I sometimes feel for a good result to my labours. It is not, in truth, that I have any doubts about it, other than those arising from the want of firmness and decision which my masters evince in their communications to me, 'letting I dare not wait upon I would;' but this desired result does not advance in pace with my wishes, for I am by nature very impatient; and the endurance which I have had to undergo, and must still be subject to, before my whole conduct is placed before the public, absolutely wears me. You have certainly lightened this burden, and at the same time have given me increased strength to support the weight remaining; but I fear it has been to the severe cost of your own shoulders, in even greater proportion than in the relief which you have afforded mine. However, if you will but sacrifice to the preservation of your health, as I mean to do for the security of mine, be assured we shall have the sweet reward of the unqualified approbation of all those whom we hold dear, to the discomfiture of the envious, the jealous, and the malignant. When I ask myself why there should be any of the latter, I can hardly account for the fact, since even political ambition scarcely deserves to be charged with such a feeling. To be sure, the worst passions of the human heart are liable to be engendered in the exposed failure of an unworthy purpose.

The excellent breeze with which we started, after having disposed by signal of the Navarin detachment, carried us some eighty miles before 8 P.M., when, like the rest of us, it died away into sleep, until about 4 A.M. this day, when it again gave us a handsome lift.

Corfù: June 19.

We came to an anchor here Tuesday 17th, at 3 in the morning; the lights in the channel and at this place being excellent guides, under the directions given by our poor Smith [1] for avoiding the dangers. Our excellent friend Adam came off, breakfasted with me, and arranged for my being on shore at half-past 10. There I was met by Woodford and all the heads of departments, in their Bath as well as other Orders; guards of honour and a large concourse of people 'making a lane' for me to the palace, where I had to make my bow to the Senate before I went upstairs to Lady Adam. Then came a visit to Count Guilleminot, his return to me, and so forth. Nobody performs all this better than Adam; and therefore, under his guidance, these ceremonies, which I admit to be proper however disagreeable, lose much of their tiresomeness. The reception I have met with, wherever the task I have had to perform is known and the difficulties justly estimated, is flattering to a degree which might turn the head of a younger subject. I trust, however, I shall not be thrown off my guard by it; and that it will not in the smallest degree diminish my ardour in the performance of what is left to be done. The feeling which at present prevails in me is to be, if possible, more alert: first, that I may show I am not unworthy the confidence and the kindness which I have met with; and, secondly, that my detractors may be put to shame; in the prospect of which I own I have a somewhat malicious pleasure. I was glad to find here my friend De Rigny, although, poor fellow, in long quarantine. He will probably return off Navarin to wear out his time, and then come here in pratique.

Ibrahim is in a quandary. He tells me his Albanians are in revolt, and adds that, in making their progress towards Roumelia and their own country, they will commit excesses in spite of him. But as he has threatened to do the same himself, if forced to retire and join the Seraskier, I consider all this unworthy attention. If he finds that devastation will best suit his purpose, he will not be restrained by any conside-

[1] Smith was Master of H.M.S. 'Asia'; killed at Navarin.

rations of humanity; and therefore I am for distressing him all I can, and obliging him to resort to his final course as speedily as possible, be it what it may. He boasted to us last September of his *humanity* to the poor wretches of Tornese Castle, whom he permitted to live in Modon and Coron, but he forbade their moving out; and as the fathers or husbands disobeyed this order, the women and children were sold immediately to the highest bidder! My friend Parker cut up an Egyptian brig the other day which tried to force the blockade, so close to Navarin that it must have annoyed the Pacha extremely. Her masts and yards were much wounded, and four men were killed. Parker put her to rights for the voyage, and sent 'Rattlesnake' to take her back to Alexandria. The captain said he knew what he had to expect, but that his orders were positive to do his best to get in. . . .

Our drives in the evening in this beautiful country, on most excellent roads, give me a good sleep for my five hours; and I expect to continue in good health. I find the Emperor of Russia has sent me a very brilliant sword; but more of this when we have received it. . . .

And now, God bless you and yours.

E. C.

June 20.

This morning Adam received his *Galignanis* up to June 2, in which the Ministerial changes are described as being partly settled. I can have no objection to see Sir G. Murray Secretary for the Colonies, and even Lord Aberdeen, or anybody else, in the place of Earl Dudley; but I do not think such a merely military Ministry can stand. However, the most important information for me personally is, perhaps, the account Woodford has in a letter from his brother, of P. Malcolm having been *actually* at one time *named* to supersede me. I cannot believe it to have reached that length; because it could not have been done but by the Cabinet, and therefore could not have been again undone. Gore's conversation with the Premier, where he admitted that I could not have done my duty otherwise than by entering Navarin, would lead to his seeing my defence, which, by the expressions he then used, he

had not then seen. That would lead to his examining my subsequent communications; and thence he would be led to see that I had done my duty since. . . .

From Sir E. C. to Commodore Campbell.

(Extract.) Corfù: June 19, 1828.

. . . Last night Parker's letter to Adam of the 12th arrived. He judges everything very satisfactorily. If the sending Ibrahim's messenger and the conferences with the Albanians should enable the Greeks to secure any considerable part of their harvest, I shall be as well pleased as surprised. If we should be thus successful, it will be owing, I think, to Ibrahim's fears; for humanity is out of the question. It will show, too, that he never meditated going into Roumelia, from whence he would never, I think, have returned to Egypt. If any communications take place with you, it will be well to hint that you collect from what I have said, that his devastating the Morea would probably occasion a landing of the army here upon Tornese, and the passage of our ships into the gulf of Lepanto. In fact, this is what we *ought* to do at once; only our Governors don't think so. The non-hostility of not blockading by land whilst we do so by sea is somewhat unintelligible policy in my mind.

The whole vacillation and delay seem to be owing to our Ministers. The French see the necessity of settling the matter at once, to stop the proceedings of the Russians, who will, of course, go on until it is settled. But they, the French, cannot act on their own account without our joining in it. Thus time wears away, and thus we are in the state of protracted war which a proper execution of the Treaty would have prevented. I fancy if the smaller vessels should find themselves within Sapienza, it will not be amiss for somebody to ascend the height on the island nearest to Modon, and take the distance by a sextant. Besides the information we should thus gain, Ibrahim would begin to calculate on the possibility of our taking military possession of it. As our force now off Navarin is numerous, it is good to send a vessel now and then to see what is doing near Patras and Missolunghi. Spencer

is thereabout just now, finding out the condition of Church and his army, which we may find it requisite to take out of their difficulties. We must not let them starve or be cut to pieces.

Yours, &c.,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

From Admiral De Rigny.[1]

'Conquérant,' devant Modon: 10 juin 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,— . . . A Paris, je vois qu'on est disposé à attendre que la Russie aille au-delà de ce qu'elle a promis, avant de la blâmer; il me semble que votre Ministère est un peu plus inquiet; mais entre nous, il y a un peu de sa faute. Le mot *untoward* peut avoir de graves conséquences. D'Égypte, j'apprends que Mehemet Ali, qui s'était d'abord emporté sur des menaces de blocus, a mis de l'eau dans son vin; il laisse comprendre qu'il espère revoir bientôt son fils et qu'il rendra les Grecs.

J'ai rencontré hier la 'Diligente' venant de Toulon en 14 jours; elle porte d'Égine un agent français, qui doit déployer son caractère officiel quand le vôtre sera arrivé; mais qui porte aux Grecs quelque chose de mieux pour eux qu'un agent,—c'est de l'argent. Il paraît que votre Ministère trouve quelque difficulté à en faire autant, et en cela je le comprends bien; car, en définitive, je vois que tout cet argent pourra bien tourner en subside pour les Russes. Quant à celui qu'ils donnent, ils sauront bien dans leur Traité se le faire rendre par les Turcs; mais la philanthropie est si à la mode en France que nos Ministres ont été obligés de donner 500,000 francs pour qu'on ne les force pas de donner dix millions.

Votre bien dévoué,
H. DE RIGNY.

[1] Received June 25, at Corfù.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILST Sir E. Codrington was taking the energetic measures described in these letters, a blow was being struck against him in England, the real origin of which may have had many sources—either political, as against the Treaty, or personal, as shown in Mr. Huskisson's private letters (published in the 'Wellington Papers,' 1871), or professional, as shown by ample information against Sir E. C. being sent from the Admiralty to the Cabinet, but that which was in his favour being withheld by that Board;—for, the correction of the supposed fact quoted by the Duke of Wellington in his memorandum to the Cabinet as a ground for his recall, was acknowledged to have been received by the Admiralty sixteen days before that recall left England. Not only was the Cabinet allowed then to remain under error, but on a subsequent occasion (in 'Wellington Despatches,' page 36), Lord Aberdeen refers, on 19th August, 1828, to 'some papers from Codrington which have been at the Admiralty these ten days, but which we only received yesterday;' and he adds, 'up to this moment I have never seen any account of the conference of Ibrahim with the Admirals which has given rise to the expectation of the Morea being evacuated.'

Yet this conference with Ibrahim, sent home by Sir E. C., is acknowledged by the Admiralty on August 9, 1828. These dates tend to justify the opinion above given as to the hostile feeling against Sir E. C.

W. J. C.

Upon May 3, 1828, the Duke of Wellington quoted, in a memorandum to his Cabinet, the circumstance mentioned in a letter from Captain Parker of 'a Turkish fleet being seen to enter Navarin,' as the ground for recalling Sir E. Codrington from his command, and the despatch of the Cabinet thus recalling him is dated May 18 and June 4, 1828.

Yet on *May 7th* there was at the Admiralty (the receipt of it acknowledged) another letter from Captain Parker correcting this, his own erroneous information, and stating that the supposed Turkish fleet was 'a *French convoy from Alexandria accidentally carried in this direction by contrary winds.*' If this correction had been sent to the Duke of Wellington the commonest sense of justice would have prevented use being made of the original error when the correction of it was known. But, nevertheless, the erroneous information was used—from some unjust or discreditable omission—as the ground for the recall of Sir Edward Codrington.—W. J. C.

From the Wellington Papers, Vol. IV., Page 423.

Memorandum: The time has come for the Cabinet to deliberate whether Sir Edward Codrington shall or shall not be recalled.

May 3, 1828.

I have just read despatches from Sir Edward Codrington, in which he reports that an Egyptian fleet had found its way into Navarino. He sends the report on the subject from Captain Parker, of the 'Warspite,' who received the information from certain Greeks who saw the fleet enter the port from the hills.

WELLINGTON.

From Captain Martin, H.M.S. 'Musquito,' to Sir E. C.

Zante: March 8, 1828.

SIR,— . . . . . .

I proceeded to Navarin, and having yesterday morning fallen in with the French frigate 'Iphigénie,' I send the captain's

report for your information. He states that he has been cruising off that port for the last seven days; that he had reconnoitred the port on the afternoon of the 8th and three days prior; that in Navarin there was only *one* line-of-battle ship (dismasted and entirely unfit for sea) and a brig; that in Modon there were only two vessels having the appearance of men of war, and the rest small craft, most probably coasters. That the 'Émulation,' French corvette, had arrived from Alexandria with a convoy of fourteen vessels, and in passing Navarin had informed him that a squadron of Turkish ships, amounting to forty ships, sailed from Alexandria on February 15; that in the squadron there were *two large frigates, ten other men of war, corvettes, and brigs*, the rest transports or merchantmen; that the *French representative* at Alexandria had received the most *positive assurances from Mehemet Ali* that the squadron was destined *for Candia* (as was publicly made known at Alexandria), and that there was *no intention whatever of sending it to the Morea.* It may not be unlikely that the intelligence Captain Parker received of fifteen vessels having been seen to enter Navarin, arose from the circumstance of the French convoy amounting to *exactly that number*, being *off the port.* . . .

I have, &c.,
G. Byam Martin.

From Captain Parker, H.M.S. 'Warspite,' to Sir E. C.[1]

Off Navarin: March 17, 1828.

Sir,—The 'Warspite' arrived off Navarin on the 12th inst., when I learnt from the captain of the French frigate 'Iphigénie,' cruising here, that the vessels reported at Napoli to have been seen off this Port on the 1st inst., were a *French convoy from Alexandria accidentally carried in this direction by contrary winds.*

. . . . I have determined to remain with the 'Warspite' on this rendezvous in company with the 'Iphigénie,' until I ascertain positively that the provisions, &c., have been *landed* at Candia,[2] and the ships of war gone to Alexandria.

[1] Sent to Admiralty April 11, 1828; receipt acknowledged May 7, 1828.
[2] Candia was excluded from the operations of the Allies.

From Captain Parker, H.M.S. 'Warspite,' to Sir E. C.

Off Modon: March 30, 1828.

SIR,— . . . . . .

The 'Armide' French frigate returned yesterday from Milo, and I have positive information from Captain Hugon that after landing provisions at Candia, the whole convoy and ships of war had returned to Alexandria.[1]

The letter of recall from Lord Aberdeen to Sir Edward Codrington was dated at the beginning 'Foreign Office, May, 1828.' It was an elaborate document of twenty paragraphs containing manifold charges of misconception and disobedience of his instructions from those of 16th October, 1827, to the present time; and ending, 'H.M. Government have found themselves under the necessity of requesting R.H.H. the L.H. Admiral to relieve you in the command of the squadron in the Mediterranean.'

The Postscript, dated June 4, 1828, contained additional blame to the same purport, and ended by repeating the sentence of recall. The letter is too long for insertion here, but is given at full length in the larger edition of this memoir. Its tone of cavil is in accordance with the proceedings stated in the two last pages.

Sir E. Codrington received this despatch at Corfù on the 21st June, and answered it the next day, as follows:—

Sir E. Codrington to the Earl of Aberdeen.[2]

'Asia,' at Corfù: June 22, 1828.

MY LORD,—I have had the honour of receiving your Lordship's despatch, the first part of which bears the date of May 1828, and the second part that of June 4, 1828.

As I am supposed to have misinterpreted the Instructions sent to me from the office over which your Lordship now presides, and as my ambition to promote the good of my

[1] Sent to Admiralty April 11, 1828; receipt acknowledged May 7, 1828.
[2] Acknowledged July 8, 1828.

country has failed (according to your Lordship's despatch), by my not having rightly comprehended the tenor of those Instructions, I cannot lament that His Majesty's Government should have chosen some other officer for the arduous and important duties of this station, more competent to understand the language in which they are couched. There cannot be a period when it would be more essential to the success of whatever measures may be in contemplation, than at this moment when Ibrahim Pacha is pondering on his return to Egypt, that the wishes of His Majesty's Government should be clearly understood. I think it, therefore, the more unfortunate that your Lordship's despatch now before me should contain no reply to the direct questions contained in my despatch of April 7 last, and that it should still leave me at such a crisis in the same doubt (or error as your Lordship considers it) which appears to His Majesty's Government to have produced effects which have excited the most painful feelings throughout the country.

No doubt my successor will be better informed by your Lordship previous to his leaving England than it has fallen to my lot to be; and I therefore most earnestly hope that there will be as little delay as possible in his arrival. In the meantime, I beg your Lordship will rely upon my doing the best I can under these complicated circumstances; leaving my defence against the manifold charges which your Lordship's, and some preceding despatches have arrayed against me, for another and more suitable occasion, and begging to assure your Lordship that this determination on the part of His Majesty's Government excites in me no uneasiness whatever, and that I look forward with unbounded satisfaction to the opportunity of having subjected to the severest scrutiny of my country the whole of my conduct and the principles by which it was guided in the execution of my Instructions emanating from the Treaty of London.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

On the 24th June Sir C. C. wrote to the Admiralty a long letter in explanation and refutation of the errors

imputed to him by Lord Aberdeen; and at a later period, August 10, when a few days of comparative leisure at sea had enabled him to refer to and compare the many documents relating to all the circumstances in question, he wrote, through the Admiralty (a copy of which was sent by the Admiralty to the Foreign Office) a very full and detailed answer to each individual point of blame contained in Lord Aberdeen's letter. This reply is also too long for insertion here, but it is given at full length in the larger edition of this memoir. The close of it is as follows:—

'I can appeal to the manly avowal of my colleagues to show that they have always understood our joint instructions in the same sense as I have myself. I can appeal to facts to prove that every object embraced in those instructions has now been fulfilled; and, however unpleasant to speak of myself personally, I feel called upon to mention in recapitulation of those facts, that—

'By my resistance of the movements of Ibrahim Pacha and his four assisting Admirals off the Gulf of Lepanto, with only the 'Asia,' the 'Dartmouth,' and the 'Talbot' (the 'Zebra' being despatched for assistance), when opposed to 5 double 60-gun frigates, 5 single frigates, 13 corvettes, and 30 brigs and transports; and subsequently by entering the harbour of Navarin with the Allied squadron, all the hostile attacks were prevented for which that fleet was so industriously prepared, and a stop was put to the ravages under which Greece was till then suffering.

'By the measures adopted by my colleagues and myself, aided by the President Count Capodistrias at my instance, piracy is no longer heard of.

'No hostile operation whatever has taken place against Greece since I received instructions to prevent them.

'At my instance the Greek blockade of the Morea has been regularly established, and the means of subsistence for the Ottoman Army efficiently cut off.

'And to conclude—I have ratified a convention with the Pacha of Egypt for the evacuation of the Morea by his

troops, an event which it was the principal object of my instructions to accomplish, and which was considered as the first measure for giving a practical execution to the Treaty of London.

Extrait d'une Dépêche du Comte de la Ferronaye[1] *à M. l'Amiral de Rigny.*

Paris : 14 juin 1828.

Je regrette, Monsieur l'Amiral, d'avoir à ajouter à ces nouvelles celle du rappel de Monsieur l'Amiral Codrington, que l'on m'annonce avoir été arrêté dans le cabinet anglais. Nous pensons que cette disposition a pour but d'éloigner des principaux emplois les personnes regardées comme plus particulièrement attachées aux opinions de Monsieur Canning ; mais nous ne pouvons nous défendre d'exprimer les plus vifs regrets, en voyant écarter un homme aussi loyal, et dont nous avons eu tant à nous louer.

&c., &c.

Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

(Extract.)

Corfù : June 22, 1828.

. . . The despatch of Lord Aberdeen announcing my being to be superseded, reached me yesterday. The decision having been taken, it is not necessary that I should enter on my defence against the accusations on which it has been grounded, until a more leisure moment. But I will not lose the earliest opportunity of assuring your Royal Highness that I shall be able to repel all the charges which are contained in this remarkable document. Your Royal Highness will see at once that my original sin was the battle of Navarin; and that this predetermined mode of throwing upon me the natural, the inevitable consequences of the Treaty, though prevented heretofore by the kind protection of His Majesty and your Royal Highness, has been persevered in till a better opportunity has offered. So situated with respect to the Ministers under whose instructions I have to

[1] Minister for Foreign Affairs in France.

act; harassed by my anxiety to perform the service required of me; harassed still more by the impediments thrown in my way by instructions to which the compilers of them give a construction so different from the executors; your Royal Highness will readily believe that my supersession will not cause me much regret personally: and that I may well consider the power which it will afford me of explaining my whole conduct in the face of my accusers, a very satisfactory equivalent to a command so encumbered. . . . .

I have the honour, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Corfù: Sunday, June 22, 1828.

It is probable that duplicates of Lord Aberdeen's despatch have been received by Ponsonby and communicated by him to you. But lest they should not I send a copy. If I know myself, my dear Jane, the only, or at all events the principal, cause of my regretting this event, is that you will feel it strongly. Now, it is evident that this point has been determined on ever since the battle; and as they have done it on grounds to which I can reply satisfactorily, and with the support of my colleagues, we should be satisfied that it did not take effect at some future and more unguarded ('untoward') moment.

It is some fun to me that the authors of this determination are themselves superseded.[1] I have not another line from anybody.

I conclude they did not give the Duke of Clarence an opportunity of writing. It will be some occupation for you to prepare for old England. Can we not resume our Brighton house by six months' notice?

I shall not leave this at present, in hopes of meeting Mr. S. Canning, of whom, however, we know nothing more. And it is possible we may settle about Ibrahim's return to Egypt

[1] This refers to Lord Dudley and Mr. Huskisson. Sir E. C. was never aware that it was by the direction of the Duke of Wellington to his Cabinet, on May 3rd, that he was superseded; as shown in the Duke's papers published in 1871.

before my successor (who is said to be Malcolm) arrives. The Ministers themselves seem to be in a pretty mess.

We are very hot, and reducing in flesh, but all well. I hope you will soon contemplate, as I do, the pleasure of again finding myself freed from such anxiety as I have lately endured.

God bless you!

E. C.

Sir E. C. to Admirals Heiden and De Rigny on his Supersession.

'Asia,' at Corfù: June 23, 1828.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,—I have the honour of informing you that I have received a letter from the Earl of Aberdeen (who has succeeded Earl Dudley as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), stating that His Majesty's Government have decided on sending another admiral to supersede me in the Mediterranean command.

Having served together as we have served—having agreed together as we have agreed in the execution of the services in which we are allied—those services and that concord having united us in an intimacy and a confidence hardly before witnessed amongst officers of different nations—I feel it incumbent on me not merely to announce to you the simple fact, but the causes which appear to have led my Government to this decision.

Sir E. C. here recapitulates in their order the errors imputed to him in the letter of Lord Aberdeen of 'May' and June 4, as the grounds of his supersession; and he then continues:—

As we are supposed to be acting under the same orders and instructions, and as I am not aware of our having ever differed in opinion as to their meaning or the best mode of carrying them into execution, I have thought it necessary to inform you of the view taken of my conduct by my Government, in order that if I should have fallen into error you may be guarded against a similar misfortune.

It is, however, a duty to my own character, not less than

to the unbounded confidence with which you have honoured me in the execution of our joint services, that I should assure you I feel no doubt whatever of being able to refute all these charges and allegations, and of proving to my country that I am not unworthy of that confidence which you have placed in me, nor of the unqualified commendation and the distinguished honours which your Sovereign has so liberally bestowed upon me.

I have, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.[1]

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. Codrington.

(Translation.)[2]

'Conquérant': June 29, 1828.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,—I have just received the letter of June 23, which you have done me the honour of addressing to me.

It is no less my duty, than in accordance with my own feelings, that I should not lose a moment in testifying my strong and sincere regret at the cessation of that official intercourse which a common service had established between us.

But when I consider under what circumstances this separation takes place; when I consider the cause that has produced it; when I recall to my mind all the difficulties which we have only been able to surmount by our mutual confidence and the frankness of our proceedings; and when I re-examine with the most scrupulous attention the instructions given under the approbation of our respective Governments, I only feel a stronger disposition to regard the imputations thrown upon you as attaching equally to myself, and to share with you before the world that moral responsibility, which, among men of honour, is considered the most effective pledge that can be given.

In this view, and although I have hitherto received no mark of disapprobation from my own Government, it becomes no less my duty to join you in the position in which you are

[1] A similar letter to the above, dated the same day, was addressed to Vice-Admiral Le Chevalier de Rigny.

[2] This letter is given entire in the larger edition, p. 323, Vol. II.

placed, to enter into explanations which are now become necessary, and to strengthen, if possible, by my own evidence, the observations which you may have to submit either to the Government or to the public of your country. . . .

Admiral De Rigny then takes up in succession all the points of blame in Lord Aberdeen's letter, refuting and disproving them by close and conclusive reasoning, and continues:—

On leaving Navarin on October 26, the squadrons required refitting: one went to Toulon, the others to Malta. It was agreed that I should remain in the Archipelago with the 'Trident.'

I ought therefore to be considered as the admiral to whom the task of watching the Port of Navarin was allotted, and it is upon me that ought to be thrown the blame of not having prevented the deportation of Greek slaves to Egypt, a circumstance which seems to be the basis of all the accusation.

But, to such an accusation, were I the object of it on the part of my Government, I should answer in this manner; and I am confident that there is no person of experience in our profession who will not admit a part of what I shall now state.

It is with difficulty under any circumstances, and particularly in winter, that the entrance into and egress from such a port as Navarin can be prevented. Now, it was on the 19th of December that by means of a gale of wind from the north-east, Ibrahim sent away the remains of his fleet, having on board, besides the crews, some thousands of wounded, and six or seven thousand men belonging to his army.

At liberty to send them when he chose, it was evident that he awaited favourable circumstances, and these circumstances, according to the report of Captain Pujol, of H.M. brig 'la Flêche,' then lying at Modon with three anchors ahead, were such as to make it impossible for any vessel of that fleet to be visited.

As to preventing its return to Egypt, in the state in which it was, with the great quantity of wounded on board, I declare

that had I been in a situation by which I should have been enabled to do so, I should have considered the act by which any obstacle was thrown in its way as equally barbarous and cruel; and that I could not have found, either in the wording or the spirit of the instructions, one single word which, under circumstances so unforeseen, could refer to such a prohibition.

. . . I think it superfluous to enter into more details, though it might be done without difficulty.

In addressing them to you in this manner, Monsieur l'Amiral, I have wished to offer you a pledge which cannot be effaced, of the mutual responsibility which ought to exist in all the acts of the common service in which we have been engaged; and I trust that all the generous and enlightened men of our respective countries will think that we have done as much as possible towards its fulfilment.

Believe the sincere assurance of my constant esteem.

H. De Rigny.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

(Translation.)

'Azoff,' in the Gulf of Coron: $\frac{20\text{juin.}}{2\text{juillet,}}$ 1828.

Monsieur l'Amiral,—I have received with as much surprise as sorrow the letter with which your Excellency has honoured me to inform me of your recall to England.

My astonishment has been still greater in learning the motive upon which this determination is founded.

Our instructions having been similar, and all our operations planned by mutual agreement, your colleagues, who have as well as yourself, Monsieur l'Amiral, the conviction of having faithfully and strictly fulfilled their duties, take pleasure in considering themselves as involved in every responsibility which might result from an examination into their conduct.

Fortunately, the events are so well known, the facts so patent, the localities and even the dates so easy to make out, that every investigation of the possibility which Ibrahim may have found to get Christian captives conveyed to Egypt, would, in my view, have no other result but to prove to our respective Courts the inefficacy of a marine blockade in putting a stop to all the various horrors that are committed in those

countries. This inefficacy, which the Minister of the Emperor my master has more than once pointed out to the Cabinets of his august Allies, becomes daily more evident. Even at this moment, when the season and the assembling of our squadrons enable us to blockade and to observe closely the fortresses occupied by the Egyptian army, we all know that thousands of Greek slaves, mostly women and children, are confined in the casemates of Modon. It is true that Ibrahim can no longer send them to the slave market of Alexandria, but they remain to perish of plague and famine. If any responsibility results from the prolongation of this state of things, assuredly it cannot weigh upon us.

I cannot close my letter without repeating to you, Monsieur l'Amiral, the deep regret caused to me by your departure from these countries; and my ardent wish that the justice and the respect which are due to your eminent merits may be rendered to you everywhere and for ever.

I have to add my request that you will continue to me that cordial friendship with which you have honoured me, and to offer to you, Monsieur l'Amiral, the expression of my high esteem and inviolable attachment.

I have the honour to be, Monsieur l'Amiral,
Your humble and obedient servant,
LE COMTE L. DE HEIDEN.

From Commander Peter Richards to Adm. Sir E. Codrington.

'Pelorus,' Alexandria: August 11, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—Whatever you may have heard as to the condition in which the shattered remnant of the Turco-Egyptian fleet arrived here from Navarin in December last, I can scarcely believe it equal to their wretched and truly pitiable plight. With those who witnessed it the matter of astonishment was how ships in such a state could have been kept afloat even under the circumstances which attended their passage. It appears the wind was fair during their voyage, and yet on their arrival here they had no longer even a morsel of provisions left—the truth of which is placed beyond a doubt by supplies being instantly despatched to those who

could only gain Aboukir, and of whose starving condition no secret was made.

But whatever risk they ran of suffering the extremity of want had the wind been less favourable, it could only be exceeded by that of destruction by sinking, by the greater part of five frigates and four corvettes, which appeared to have taken part in the battle of Navarin. Their shot holes, sufficiently numerous, were principally stopped with patches of tarred canvas, and some even without the canvas being tarred. This novel mode of stopping shot holes for a winter voyage is still visible in those ships in the harbour, which it is found impossible to repair. One corvette arrived off the reef after dark so nearly foundering, that it was thought preferable by those on board to risk the passage of the reef, in a windy night, than to attempt the more hopeless task of endeavouring to keep her afloat till daylight. She succeeded in passing the reef, and the crew were saved by running her on shore in the harbour, when she had so far settled in the water that her scuppers were below the surface of it. The hazard of entering the harbour of Alexandria in the night is so great, that it is never attempted by the pilots even in the finest weather. The jury masts of these ships also were of the most miserable kind, and their capability of doing anything, had they met with contrary winds, may in some measure be estimated by the fact, that one of the frigates was nearly lost on the reef here from the extreme difficulty of getting her head off shore. Not fetching sufficiently to windward for the passage, she attempted to tack, and five trials at tacking and wearing were successively made ere they were enabled to get her head from the land. In short, not to be tedious with the details of their wretchedness, nothing but a total ignorance of the hazards to which they exposed themselves, during even so short a run, could ever have allowed any people to have put to sea in the disabled part of the fleet, which, had the circumstances of their passage been less favourable, must inevitably have perished. The line-of-battle ship which reached Candia was, if possible, in a state even worse than the ship that arrived here.

I have read with astonishment in the English newspapers

most exaggerated accounts of the Greek slaves and captives brought over in this squadron. No attempt was made at concealing these unfortunates, and from my own observations and enquiries at the time of their arrival as well as since, I can by no means think the number of children, as stated at 600 in my letter of January 20 last, in any way underrated, and supposing the men and women to amount to as many more will, I am convinced, place the total number sufficiently high.

Very truly your obedient humble servant,

PETER RICHARDS, Commander.

From Count Capodistrias to Sir E. C.

(Translation—Extracts.)

On board H.M.S. 'Warspite': $\frac{\text{June 25.}}{\text{July 7.}}$ 1828.

Your Excellency leaves us; but wherever you may be, Mons. l'Amiral, you will not refuse to take an interest in that Greece which you have saved. . . . Rest assured, Mons. l'Amiral, of the sincere gratitude of the nation which has confided to me its interests. That nation accompanies you with its benediction and its good wishes: your name occupies its place in the hearts of the Greeks, and it will also occupy that which they reserve to it in the port of Navarin, when this port shall belong to Greece.

It is shown by letters from the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Huskisson,[1] that fresh instructions were contemplated and were considered necessary, though they were not sent. They were not framed for delivery till July, 1828, when they were received by Sir E. Codrington's successor in the command, but never by Sir E. C. himself; and they are described by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs as 'being the same which were prepared in the month of March last, and this date had been retained upon them.'

Yet in the despatch of Lord Aberdeen recalling Sir E. Codrington from his command, it is written, 'It was

[1] Wellington Papers, vol. iv. p. 337, February and April, 1828, quoted in the larger edition of this memoir, vol. ii. p. 239.

not deemed necessary to send you other instructions after the battle of Navarin was known in this country, as that event occasioned no variation in the principle upon which the Allies had acted for the attainment of the objects of the Treaty of July.'—W. J. C.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Corfù: June 29, 1828.

I hear no more of Mr. S. Canning's coming, of which we may reasonably doubt in consequence of the changes, and therefore, to-morrow, I shall leave this for Navarin. Count Guilleminot and his secretary agree with Adam in taking the same view as I have done of my instructions, and my conduct in consequence. . . .

Count G. has stated his sentiments upon this and upon the whole despatch of Lord Aberdeen, to Paris. There must be some secret motive in all this treatment of me, beyond any reference to me personally.

. . . I shall not be surprised if an alliance be concocted between us and Austria against Russia. In such a case I should not be a fit admiral for the occasion. In fact I shall, I think, be well out of a difficulty by being superseded; for under any circumstances I could not serve with any confidence, nor would the Ministers put any confidence in me after having instilled into me doubts of our each having the same understanding of common English phrases.

Wednesday, July 2.

Now, that I see by your letter of the 10th of last month, that you take my supersession as you ought, philosophically, I am quite easy, my dearest Jane, as to all the rest.

The poor wife put on, for her husband's sake, a 'philosophy' that was not natural to her anxious mind. I was with her at the time at Malta, and well remember the distress occasioned to her by the news of my father's recall. She was, in truth, deeply wounded at what she felt to be the undeserved treatment of him of whom she was so justly proud.

(*Letter continued.*)

I shall be an instance, no doubt, of that sort of honour-seeking persons who are said to have honours forced upon them. For I shall be dragged into publicity eventually which I should have gladly avoided. . . . The approval of my countrymen comprises the honours I covet, and next to that the approval of others; and if the stars and ribbons which have been so bountifully given me are not evidence of that feeling, they become the mere gew-gaws which might ornament any Court sycophant of any monarchy. . . .

. . . I will trust none of the politicians with my character whilst I have myself the power to preserve it unsullied. For my country I am ready to make any sacrifice, because my character can never be required to be included; but for a party, and such a party, no. Preserve the serenity, my dearest Jane, which you justly desire to see in me, and be assured all will go right and well. As to my talking about it, why, all France is talking about it, to better purpose than I could do myself; and all here echo the sentiment, because they see that mischief must arise from it. As to court-martial, it is out of the question. Again, my dear Jane, let me entreat you, as you love my peace, to diminish that excess of anxiety which diminishes your power of judging correctly; for it is material to me that you should feel as I do in all this matter. I see my way clearly, and am confident of a good result by pursuing my own line firmly; and I rely upon your agreeing with me in this when we meet and can talk the matter over coolly. What is one to think of Ministers who can give one reason to the Lord High Admiral and others to me? . . .

As to Ibrahim, he is now either feigning, or about to punish exemplarily the 5,000 Albanians who, according to a letter *to us from him*, have marched to Patras. . . . And now, once more, God bless you.

E. C.

Sir E. C. to Count de Heiden.

Off Corfù: July 4, 1828.

I fear, my good friend, that owing to your being subject to long quarantine, in consequence of having had communications with the main land, I shall not be able to have that personal intercourse with you which would be consistent with our mutual regard. I therefore have taken up my pen to tell you some of my present feelings on the subject of my supersession. It is evident that our men in office have sought means for disgusting me ever since the battle of Navarin, in order to make me resign my command; and that the approbation of the King and the Lord High Admiral prevented their recalling me immediately. But finding that I was determined not to resign, they at length made their determination. . . . I know it will be satisfactory to you, my good friend, and I would fain hope that your good and august Emperor will also feel pleased with it,—to be assured that I can repel all the imputations and surmises which any man may venture to give utterance to, as to my not having clearly understood and fully executed my orders. . . .

I should not, however, have entered so much into this subject, but for the intimate friendship which has arisen out of our late intercourse, and the anxiety which I know you will feel about it. For myself, personally, I have nothing to regret, except the not finishing jointly with my colleagues the great work in which we have been so cordially engaged. . . . I look forward with cheerfulness to my return to that domestic life which you, my good friend, know is competent to afford happiness to one of my turn of mind. In that retirement we shall not forget you. . . . I will not quit this subject without begging you to rely upon the upright intentions of our colleague De Rigny, and not allow the little mistakes which your very different nations are liable to in so very complicated a service, to interfere in any way with the success of that service, and with the satisfaction of carrying it harmoniously into execution. . . . I will only add that, wherever I may be, I shall always feel towards you that warm and friendly regard which has been happily cemented by

mutual approbation in fulfilling our joint services on a very interesting as well as important occasion.

Your sincere and faithful friend,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Private letters from his friend Sir John Gore, dated June 4 and 7, show conclusively how the Duke of Clarence and other friends of Sir E. Codrington were purposely kept in the dark as to the charges which had already been made the ground of his supersession.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.

'Asia,' off St. Maura: July 5, 1828.

SIR,—I did not receive Sir John Gore's letter of the 7th of last month until after I had replied to Lord Aberdeen's despatch, and had also addressed your Royal Highness upon the subject of my supersession, by my letter of the 24th. I judge, by what Sir J. Gore tells me, that your Royal Highness was not then aware of the blame which the above despatch contains, and of the very different grounds therein mentioned as having brought the Government to such a decision, from those which I understand to have been given to your Royal Highness. . . . The time allowed for my writing those replies was shorter than such a subject demanded, but it seemed to me very necessary that your Royal Highness should be informed without loss of time, that the conduct of an officer who had received such substantial marks of your good opinion had not fallen off during an interval in which it had been withdrawn, as it were, from your inspection in a somewhat mysterious manner. . . . I find myself at liberty to defy all the charges that can be arrayed against me, in a full conviction of my being able to repel them by a plain exposure of all my proceedings. I only ask for publicity and truth; and under such circumstances no one can refuse my claim. Let me further assure your Royal Highness, in allusion to an expression in my friend Gore's letter, that 'irritated feelings' I have none. I feel that I stand upon too high and too solid ground to subject me to such excitement. That I have possessed the ambition to be distinguished even among

the distinguished men of which our profession may well be proud, I am ready to acknowledge. But I have never felt the mean desire to receive unmerited applause; and I therefore trust I may with the greater propriety defend myself against unmerited censure. . . .

I have, &c.,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Zante: July 9, 1828.

Well! things become more and more complicated every day. It is quite impossible to guess even how Ibrahim will act. It would be a pretty moment for Malcolm to begin his command, and I wish he could have been present at a three hours' communication which I have just had with Capodistrias, de Heiden, and Parker.

10 P.M.

We are again at sea, working up to Corfù to have a consultation with such of the principals as I may find there. At the conference with Ibrahim lately, he mentioned his knowing of my recall; upon which Heiden said, 'Yes, but do you know what it is for? not for the battle of Navarin, but for not having prevented you sending over the Greek slaves!' . . .

July 11.

We have not yet passed Cephalonia, but are working hard for it against a foul wind, the quantity of which makes the air very agreeable, although the thermometer stands at 81. Adam has gone through my public and private letter books, which increases his interest in my concerns. W. and I have been working on with such fresh materials as have reached me; and I verily believe I have as strong a case as was ever exhibited. I really begin already to rejoice in my supersession; from a conviction that whilst it relieves me from a load which I could hardly hope to bear much longer with impunity, it will at the same time occasion me more credit in the end than if I had continued in the command under such masters. Nothing can be more satisfactory to me personally than the sensation made by my recall, and the evident sorrow

of those under my command; and this notwithstanding that my successor is a popular commander.

. . . It is curious, that whilst De Rigny's little inconsistencies lead not only the Russians, but all our people to suspect him of playing a double game, he is actually as much bent upon getting Ibrahim out for the sake of me personally as for the good of the cause; and I believe Guilleminot partakes warmly of his feeling. All this adds to the singularity of my situation; that I should be so approved of by not only all the English in these parts who know what is passing, but by all the foreigners not only here, but in their own countries; and that a line adopted in common by my colleagues under the sanction of their Instructors, which is fully approved of in them, is to be the occasion of my being superseded. What better could I have under the circumstances? . . .

July 18.

The first part of this letter about De Rigny is, as you will see, directly contrary to this latter part; and you will also see that it is his own fault that these different impressions are received. I do not believe those under him fully comprehend what they have to do, because whilst some of them excite suspicion, others appear to act in harmony with our plans of operation. I had to undergo the same suspicion of him myself until we came to the time of trial, after which I told him he need never thenceforward make himself uneasy on account of any reports of difference betwixt him and me. . . . Mr. S. C. writes to his attaché here, that he does not expect to remain here many days. I conclude they are all going on to Constantinople again, and to tell the Sultan that the offending admiral is disgraced; and if they should have to add to my charge the retirement of Ibrahim against his sovereign's orders, they will have a nice message of it.

There was truth in this supposition, though not on the grounds which Sir E. Codrington imagined. The Government of England thought it worth while to employ a foreign ambassador for this their 'commission,' which was estimated at its full value by the amusing incredulity of the Reis Effendi!

Lord Aberdeen, writing to the Duke of Wellington on August 26, 1828, says, 'Monsieur de Zuylen appears to have *executed our commission* perfectly well in informing the Reis Effendi of the cause of Sir E. Codrington's recall,' and—

'The Reis Effendi had the utmost difficulty to comprehend the business at all; and the notion that the Admiral had been remiss in the execution of measures of severity, seemed to him incredible. On the whole it made a very unfavourable impression at the time.'[1]

W. J. C.

Sir E. C. to Lady C. (letter continued).

Corfù: July 19.

Yesterday evening I got the letters by the 'Racer,' and late at night those by the 'Alexander Newsky.' I cannot describe the pain which it gives me to find you taking so much to heart an event which I am persuaded will eventually be beneficial to me, and consequently to us all. Nothing but a bad cause could justify your admitting such feelings as your letters betray. I well know the sense of justice and the warm affection, my dear Jane, in which those feelings originate; and I well know that I have much to endure before I can fully overcome such a power as that to which I am unwillingly opposed. But as truth and publicity are the only supporters I require; and as the choice of time, if left to my own judgment or the chance of a favourable opportunity over which I have no immediate control, are all the contingencies necessary to consider, I feel as fully confident of victory, if life be left to me or mine, as if I had again to deal with the Turks at Navarin. In the meantime, there is no great suffering or merit in this *endurance* as I have termed it; for, whilst I contemplate the exposure of false friends and accusers, I not only prove real friends who do honour to that title, but am making more and more friends every day. In short, my dear, over-anxious Jane, I am gaining 'golden opinions from all sorts of men;' and what would you wish for more?

[1] See Wellington Papers, vol. iv.

Why, the interest which this business has excited in such people as the Ponsonbys and Bathurst at Malta, and Adam here, is a balance for any loss that falls upon me in quitting my command; and yet we have a catalogue to add which may well excite the envy of the most fortunate. Again, then, my dearest Jane, let me urge you to resume your natural firmness, and to show by your usual serenity and cheerfulness your reliance on a good cause. For myself, my only fear is that I shall become as proud as Lucifer, and look down upon other Secretaries of State as I do upon —— and —— and ——. As to your coming here, it is now too late, certainly, much as it would have gratified me and my ever dear friend Adam. I have kept my mind to the one point—my duty—and it is no fault of mine that it unexpectedly led me back to this place, instead of going to Navarin from Patras.

Ponsonby, or you, will have my secret order to Campbell, which will let you know what we are at, and by what my movements have been guided. Upon being joined by Malcolm, &c., I am to shift my flag into the 'Warspite;' and I propose sending the 'Warspite' to Malta to clear off her quarantine, continuing out myself in execution of the measures arranged. Malcolm will either send or come to me. The worst he can do will be turning me out of the 'Asia' at sea,[1] which will be a harsh proceeding that will hurt him more than me. . . . .

[1] This was done at Zante.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE increasing difficulties of Ibrahim's position in the Morea led him to open a communication with the Allied squadrons, which resulted in a Conference at Modon, July 6, 1828.

On the 'Rifleman' bringing from Alexandria the answer to the despatch sent by Ibrahim to his father on June 12, Admirals Heiden and De Rigny and Commodore Campbell, on the part of Sir E. C., requested an interview in order to learn the Viceroy's answer, and a conference was held with the Pacha.

H.H. was asked if the answer was satisfactory and decisive. After some evasions the Pacha owned that it was such that if the means of transport came to him he would embark at once with his troops and return to Egypt. That was his father's order. If the fleet were to arrive to-day, was he ready to embark? 'Instantly,' he answered.

At this moment Col. Seve (five of his colonels had insisted on being present) took part in the discussion, saying, 'Gentlemen, there can be no doubt on that point, for if he would not, we should force him to do it. We have written to Mehemet Ali the unanimous determination of our regiments to quit this place. Let the fleet come. We will if necessary take him on board by force. We came here to fight, but not to starve.'

Ibrahim drew attention to the fact that for the last eight months, since he had known the declarations of the

Allies relating to the ravages of war, he had abstained from any attack whatever against the Greeks. This was acknowledged. He asked if the Admirals were aware that in the last few days he had released from 800 to 900 Greek prisoners.

Many points of detail were discussed, and it was impressed upon the Pacha that he was forbidden to take away any Greek slaves to Egypt. He answered that he promised not to take one.[1]

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

(Private.)

Navarin: ce 7 juillet, 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Je profite du 'Rifleman' pour vous dire deux mots. Nous avons eu une conférence avec Ibrahim sur le désir de M. de Rigny. Nous sommes tout aussi loin que nous étions, avec la seule différence que les troupes d'Ibrahim veulent partir; mais, au reste, le père ment, le fils ment et toute le monde trompe. Aussi longtems qu'on n'enverra pas 3 à 4 mille hommes et une batterie de canons on ne fera rien, mais du moment que ceux-là débarquent la capitulation est faite dans une semaine. M. de Rigny veut que nous écrivions à Méhémet; je crois que c'est seulement nous compromettre et nous rendre ridicules. . . . . Adieu, mon cher Amiral. Je me recommande à votre souvenir et amitié.

HEIDEN.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Conquérant,' près Paxo: 11 juillet, 1828.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,—Les mesures que V. E. a si judicieusement prescrites dans l'ordre général du 24 mai ont eu le résultat que nous pouvions espérer, et peut-être même ont-elles dépassé nos espérances.

Ibrahim Pacha, réduit par la sévérité du blocus, se voit contraint, soit par le manque absolu de vivres, soit par la révolte établie dans son propre camp, de déclarer qu'il est

[1] Conference fully detailed in larger edition.

prét à retourner en Égypte aussitôt que les moyens de transport lui seront fournis par son père.

Nous pouvons donc croire que, sans ajouter l'emploi de troupes de terre, l'évacuation de la Morée est sur le point d'être accompli. Cet évènement, qui ne peut manquer d'être vivement désiré par nos gouvernemens respectifs, ne me paraît plus tenir qu'aux conditions que nous y mettrons. . . . .

Je dois désirer en mon particulier qu'avant de quitter le commandement de l'escadre de S. M. B. vous assistiez à l'accomplissement d'une telle mesure—d'une mesure aussi décisive—et qui terminera avec un succés incontestable la série des devoirs difficiles que nous avons été appelés à remplir en commun. . . . .

Sir E. C. to Count Heiden.

Corfù: Monday night, July 14, 1828.

My dear Admiral,—Mr. S. Canning is not arrived nor is Monsieur Ribeaupierre. But after a consultation with our colleague, Count Guilleminot, and Sir F. Adam, I am most decidedly of opinion that we should forward Ibrahim's retirement in the manner proposed, with all the haste which the circumstances admit of. In order to arrange our plans, I propose that you should come here directly, and if our Ambassadors should arrive in the meantime we should be ready to meet them. . . . I wish you could have heard De Rigny explain to us all his sentiments as well as all that has passed betwixt him and Ibrahim, his Dragoman, the Viceroy, Drovetti, &c. I am quite sure in such case you would agree with us in his zeal and honest anxiety to perform the service in the manner most satisfactory to us all. I will undertake whenever I meet you to convince you of the rectitude of his intentions throughout in spite of those little 'inconséquences' which give rise to that 'méfiance' which I know it is disagreeable to you to entertain towards anybody. . . . However, I have said enough for the present, and am very confident in the good results of the proposed plan: and not less so of the uprightness and sincerity of our colleague.

Your sincere friend,

Edwd. Codrington.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.[1]

Zante: ce $\frac{4}{16}$ juillet, 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,— . . . Il n'y a pas de doute qu'il faut laisser partir Ibrahim avec toutes les facilités possibles, et le plus vite le mieux; mais je n'y crois rien encore; ils nous ont tant de fois trompés que je crains que ce n'est pas la dernière fois. Pour ce qui regarde la reddition aux Turcs, c'est une idée qu'on leur a mis en tête; je ne sais trop pourquoi: il pourrait y avoir une arrière-pensée. Mais il est vrai que nous n'avons pas les moyens de le forcer, et c'est pourquoi nous serions trop heureux d'être quittes de lui, sauf à nous arranger avec les Turcs après. . . . Mais encore une fois, Mons^r^ l'Amiral, je crains que ce diable de Méhémet Ali ne nous trompe. Je serai toujours bien avec notre collègue, mais je n'aime pas ces intrigues françaises, dont au reste je n'ai pas peur, car nous avons des yeux et du *common sense* tout comme un autre; par conséquent je ne serai pas dupe, mais loyauté et franchise sont ma devise. Adieu, mon cher Amiral,

Votre très-dévoué ami,

HEIDEN.

From W. J. C. to General Ponsonby.

Corfù: July 19, 1828.

DEAR SIR,— . . . I do sincerely trust that, after so much work of both mind and body, the time is not far off when Ibrahim will be forced to yield, and show those who have superseded my father, as well as England itself, that the 'unfortunate misconception' of the instructions has nevertheless brought about the first main practical effect of the Treaty. It would, indeed I hope *will*, be a triumphant way of hauling down the flag, and carry conviction to everyone, except the authors of the injustice, that he has acted up to even more than the spirit of his instructions.

. . . When we were at Zante lately we met Heiden, Capodistrias, and Parker, with whom my father had a long conversation at Stovin's Mole. Heiden being in quarantine as well as the other, my father was constantly doubling his

[1] Received at Corfù, July 19.

fist at him to keep him off, and once was apparently drawing his sword, &c. It seems that all this, with certainly an eagerness of conversation on all sides, has produced an account of the Admirals having had a serious difference almost amounting to personality; Capodistrias, not feeling so hot as the rest, kept his hat on, while the others had theirs off. The Austrian Consul, we hear, has *written this all officially*, which account will be very amusing to you perhaps if you hear it. Heiden, Capodistrias, and Parker were all brimful of De Rigny's apparent doubledealing. I send you the report of the conference at Modon on the memorable *July* 6. Mons. Dovretti has been using his influence apparently well; De Rigny knew what the others at that conference did not know —that Mehemet Ali had tacitly agreed to withdraw his troops from the Morea. . . .

Yours very truly,

W. J. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Corfù: July 21, 1828.

We came away from Corfù last night, as I may call it, for it was nearly dark, after dining with Adam and meeting Guilleminot and De Rigny. . . . I propose now, my dearest Jane, noticing the contents of your lately-received letters. I do not agree with you that there can be 'no recompense for my supersession,' even in any sense of the word. . . . Had I deserved such treatment, then indeed there would have been cause for lamentation; so, indeed, would there have been cause, if I had not the opportunity of making public the injustice of that treatment. Do not let me exceed you in that female virtue, 'patience'! Supported as I am, not only by conscious rectitude, but by the generous commendation of so many high-minded rivals in the pursuit of fame, I could endure an age of suspense with such a prospect as I have before me of eventual exposure. As Lord E. writes, 'Justice, though slow, is sure to come sooner or later;' and her arrival will certainly be much expedited by my return to England. . . .

According to what you have experienced in your daughters, and I in my sons, their conduct alone repays our annoyance.

What baseness it is in Huskisson to say that this matter was not decided on when he left office, unless Lord Aberdeen has falsely stated that it was settled on May 19! But they appear to me all alike in this sort of thing, and to stick at nothing that answers their temporary purpose. I shall throw no impediment in the way of M. putting to sea in the 'Asia' after we meet at Malta, if he settle on so meeting; because it will relieve me from more extensive explanations—explanations, moreover, upon some things, such as my instructions, I cannot be required to offer, since I am accused of not having understood them.

I cannot agree with you that this '*untoward* circumstance' could have been obviated; for I have no doubt of its having been always intended as a prelude to renewing negotiations with the Turks; and when could reasons have been given for it which are so easily refuted?

Recollect the load of falsehood and inconsistency by which this recall is now accompanied. The Duke of C. is told that it is in order to have the Treaty fulfilled, whilst I am myself told it is on account of my misconceiving the intention of Ministers. Then comes an assertion by Mr. H., the ex-Secretary, which is contradicted by Lord A., the in-Secretary. But it is needless to say further in how many instances I can expose the justice of my cause and the conduct of my accusers. My last letter will explain the grounds of my movements, and I hope will show you also some consoling probabilities.

Zante: July 24.

We are this moment arrived, and De Rigny in sight astern. I fear Heiden may have passed outside for Corfù; but I have sent to stop him, and, at all events, we have his assent, and shall proceed without him. My present purpose is to proceed myself towards Alexandria, by way of forwarding the object. This heat reduces our clothing to shirts and trousers, and I think we shall all benefit by *native climate air*. And now, my dearest Jane, let me entreat that, instead of being worried, you will take my view of my situation, and let my pleasure in the prospect before me be doubled by your being a sharer in it.

E. C.

The result of the meeting of the three Admirals at Zante was recorded in a Protocol, July 25, 1828, in consequence of which Sir E. Codrington sailed for Alexandria to communicate with Mehemet Ali himself.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Zante: July 25, 1828, 8 P.M.

De Heiden having joined us this forenoon, we had our conference at Stovin's parlatorio, which ended in the Protocol of which Datchkoff made the copy, which was smoked and given to me properly signed, and which was then copied twice by my *Foreign Secretary* (Will), signed by me, and given to my colleagues. This being settled, I got on board after four o'clock, weighed, and came away for Navarin, where we shall be in the course of the night. If I escape to-morrow being called to Malta, I shall push on towards Alexandria, as required by the Protocol, in order to contribute personally as much as I can to the fulfilment of this primary object of the Treaty. . . .

De Rigny will come on to-night, and will have another interview with Ibrahim, and De Heiden will follow in a couple of days to continue the blockade (except getting his provisions somewhere among the islands), in readiness for the final operation if we succeed in our plan. I think by Ibrahim's not having committed himself to any objectionable proceeding since the receipt of my last *friendly epistle*—having paid the Greeks for all the provisions he has got in his expeditions for the purpose—having liberated eight hundred Greeks, and having promised to send no more away—is sufficient encouragement to us to believe in his decision to embark whenever the Alexandrian fleet appears, as he declares. And if the whole fails, we are but where we were, with additional reason for using less ceremony with him. Our boats at Prodano have been offered goats and fowls at a moderate price, and have therefore concluded that there was no scarcity in the camp; but I suspect this to be a plan of my wily friend to deceive us; although he may not have eaten all his camels and some of his horses, as Mr. Barker

at Alexandria reports, and as Ibrahim's colonels have notified to Mehemet Ali. In fact, he gets up one trick for us and another for the Sultan, in order to obtain from each the better terms. But as he yields as far as he can to all the terms my letter imposes in the first instance, and which were renewed at the conference with him, I have endeavoured to qualify the conditions of his retirement as much as I can, to save him and the Viceroy from being compromised with the Sultan; whilst we thus avoid any cause of interruption to the execution of the measure. We may probably claim the complete evacuation of the Morea in order to secure some other doubtful point—perhaps about slaves—by giving it up. . . .

July 26, 1 P.M.

We have just had a fair view of the larboard broadside of our Ottoman friend (the 'Asia's' opponent in the battle). The division between the two midship ports of the main deck, and also of the lower deck, is gone, and there remains the great open space on each deck. The bow seems a mass of patchwork. I cannot add more than

Your ever affec.

E. C.

From Admiral Heiden to Lady Codrington, at Malta.

Poros: $\frac{26 \text{ juillet}}{7 \text{ août}}$ 1828.

MADAME,—Monsieur l'Amiral m'ayant prié de lui faire copier deux papiers, et de vous les envoyer à Malte, je profite de cette occasion, non pour vous dire la part que je prends à la perte que nous allons faire, car vous connaissez assez mes sentimens pour l'Amiral, mais pour vous prier, Madame, de ne pas le moins du monde vous chagriner pour cela. . . . . Vos bons amis viendront vous voir, vous porter leur marque d'attachement pour l'Amiral; nous, Russes et Français, nous vous *bombarderons* de tems à autre d'une lettre pour savoir comment vous vous portez, ce que vous faites, et puis encore je me flatte aussi que je serai un jour votre conducteur à St.-Pétersbourg, où vous devez, Madame, venir jouir quelques moments des grandes qualités des notre famille impériale, et de l'estime que porte à l'Amiral toute la Russie.

Adieu, my dear Lady Codrington; dans ce moment j'apprends que l'Amiral Malcolm est arrivé, je n'ose donc plus me flatter de vous voir encore. Dieu vous conserve et vous donne un heureux voyage. Je vous prie d'être assurée que mon estime et mon amitié pour vous et pour votre chère famille ne finira qu'avec ma vie. HEIDEN.

From Admiral de Rigny to Sir E. C.[1]

'Conquérant,' devant Navarin: 30 juillet, 1828.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,—Je pense que vous désirerez apprendre ce qui se passe à Modon. Voici les détails que j'ai reçus du Consul d'Autriche, qui s'est sauvé avant hier dans un bateau, et m'est venu demander la permission de se retirer à Zante. Ibrahim est parti le 23 pour aller chercher des vivres. Il a pris 2,000 hommes avec lui; les Albanais, qui s'étaient d'abord dirigés par l'Isthme de Corinthe, sont en quelque méfiance des Grecs, et sont revenus vers Patras. Achmet Pacha, qui commande là pour Ibrahim, a voulu les faire rentrer dans l'ordre, ils l'ont tué; de manière qu'il y a une grande confusion. Si Ibrahim revient à Modon sans vivres, le Consul dit qu'il y aura un grand tumulte; on ne donne que deux onces de farine à chaque homme; tous les chameaux sont mangés; il croit qu'il n'y a plus que pour dix à quinze jours.

Hier j'ai envoyé un drogman au camp pour demander à parler à Ibrahim. Le Kiaja Bey a répondu (ce que je savais) que son maître est allé vers Patras, et qu'il ne pourrait être de retour avant six jours; et qu'il avait ordre de l'envoyer chercher si nous le faisions demander.

Dans la conversation, tous les Turcs et Arabes qui ont parlé ont répété qu'ils étaient prêts à s'en aller, mais qu'ils mourraient plutôt de faim que d'évacuer sur d'autres bâtimens que les leurs. Ils disent qu'ils seront 20,000 en tout, Turcs et Arabes, et y compris ceux de Patras. Je crois que cela est exagéré; ils ont demandé si le vaisseau pourrait sortir dans l'état où il est, et qu'on comptait y mettre les

[1] Received August 3, 1828.

malades, qui sont 1,000 à 1,200. Tout cela se disait en conversation sans caractère officiel. . . .

Agréez l'assurance de ma haute considération.

H. De Rigny, Vice-Amiral.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Candia: July 30, 1828.

I know not when I have been so long at sea without addressing a line to you. . . .

. . . If I can once see the Viceroy's fleet outside under our control, I shall send you word of it; for then I shall have carried my point, let me be superseded whenever I may; although I should prefer seeing them again fairly out of Navarin also, with their cargo. My principal anxiety just now, however, is about you, and the heat which I fear you must find oppressive. I assure you for myself, I doubt if I could stand a third summer of such relaxation of body with such worry of mind, without permanent injury. The determination of the Government in itself gives me no uneasiness, although it causes me much trouble. . . . I do not believe there is upon record a more flagrant instance of injustice—gratuitous injustice; for if they wish my removal as a compliment to the Porte, I would at such a suggestion have asked to be superseded at once. As it is, I can show proof of all their accusations and imputations being unfounded. . . .

Off Alexandria: at anchor, August 1, 9 P.M.

We anchored here, where we found 'Ocean' and 'Pelorus,' about an hour ago. Campbell, who has just parlatorio'd with me under the quarter, with Richards, has read me a note from the Consuls to Boghos. The note says more than I think it ought; but they know their men better than I do. It seems the Viceroy is supposed to have had positive orders from the Sultan for Ibrahim's going to Roumelia. If he continue in this wavering state, or if he refuse to let the fleet, which is ready according to their fashion, come out, I shall not stay here; but if I do not hear of my successor I may perhaps return towards Corfù to explain to the Ambassadors the present state of things. In the meantime the

advance of the Russians may verify Katakasi's opinion, that their successes will regulate the affairs of the Morea. We are all well, and all full of affection for you and yours.

E. C.

The arrival of the 'Asia' off Alexandria was telegraphed to Cairo, and the Pacha immediately came from thence to Alexandria. Sir E. C. wrote to Mr. Consul Barker that hearing the Viceroy had come to Alexandria for the purpose of conferring with him personally, he would enter the harbour at once, but must first require from H.H. a distinct understanding that the decision on his part that his army should be conveyed to Egypt from the Morea must form the basis of the conference.

The English squadron was at anchor outside the reef which forms the port of Alexandria; but upon Mehemet Ali agreeing to the evacuation of the Morea as the basis for a Treaty, Sir Edward Codrington entered the harbour of Alexandria in one of the smaller vessels of war, anchoring near the Viceroy's palace, in which he had a conference with Mehemet Ali.

The Admiral went on shore about nine o'clock to the Pacha's palace,[1] and, passing through the crowd of both Franks and Turks assembled on the outside and within the palace, they were conducted through an outer hall into the Pacha's divan. He was standing up when they entered,[2] and his advancing some way into the room to meet the Admiral was considered an additional mark of distinction. The Admiral then presented the several officers who accompanied him, after which they took their seats on the divan. The Pacha having ordered coffee, and after the usual questions about health were asked, with some other usual compliments, the Pacha desired

[1] The Pacha with a crowd of his officers, was at his window looking on: the Capitana Bey and Moharem Bey were there, but retired as soon as the Admiral entered the Palace.

[2] With a scrupulous attention to his dignity, he adopts this mode, in order that he may not be forced to rise from his seat, when the rank of the person would call for such an attention.

all his attendants, except Mr. Boghos, his confidential interpreter, to withdraw. . . . .

Then ensued a long conference, in which Sir E. C. represented to the Pacha the destitute and suffering condition of his son Ibrahim and his army in the Morea, and urged him very strongly to recall him to Egypt. The Pacha pleaded the difficulty he was under in disobeying the Sultan, whose vassal he was. Sir E. Codrington pointed out that it would be still worse to destroy his army by starvation, which would soon come upon them. The subject of the Greek slaves was very fully considered, and that of the fortresses to be given up was much debated. Finally, the Pacha yielded all the principal points, and agreed to send his ships as quickly as possible to carry out the evacuation of the Morea by bringing home his army to Egypt.

The Admiral then rose to retire, when the Pacha hoped that he would come to see him again before he sailed, &c.[1]

Sir E. C. to Vice-Admiral De Rigny.

'Asia,' off Alexandria: Wednesday, August 6, 1828,—8 P.M.

. . . I think I may say the affair is settled, and settled upon terms which will be satisfactory to you and our colleague, as well as our friends at Corfù. . . . . The Viceroy is convinced that it is of the greatest importance to him, as well as Ibrahim, that the operation should begin as soon as possible; and I have settled that the very first vessels which can be got out shall go to you immediately, without waiting for the others, so that there may be a practical proof of the sincerity of both parties. . . . . I will not conclude, my good friend, without expressing my satisfaction that this important effect should have been so much owing to your able management.

Yours, &c.,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

[1] The Admiral told Mr. Boghos after the interview, that he would come to the Pacha again when his ships were outside the harbour, but he would not do so before. This conference is fully detailed in the larger edition.

Sir E. C. to Vice-Admiral Count Heiden.

'Asia,' off Alexandria: Wednesday, August 6, 1828.

I think, my good friend, all your doubts will soon be removed by seeing a first division of the Viceroy's vessels arrive at Navarin to bring away the troops. I pressed very much the not letting Navarin be given to the Turks with the other fortresses, not with any particular desire to succeed, because I know it would have put Count Capodistrias to great difficulty now to garrison it; and if he gets the assistance of troops, without which he will not be able to keep down the Capitani, he will have no difficulty then in getting all those places from the Turks. But by resisting this point, without which he positively declared that he could not make the agreement, I was enabled to insist more strongly upon the liberation not only of the slaves who are in misery here, but of all others which can possibly be procured. He said he would do his utmost to recover all those who have not embraced their religion, and become with their own consent a part, as it were, of themselves. . . . . I have also said that one of his vessels will be permitted to take a crew from Navarin to bring his new frigate from Trieste to load at Zante with his corn now there, and then bring troops from Navarin here. Therefore, my good friend, give this your sanction, *and send your belligerent character up to the Black Sea* until the Morea is evacuated. As to the poor devils of sick being put into the ship of the line now in Navarin, we must not suffer such a cruel experiment. My intention is, *if no orders from home interrupt me*, to proceed towards Navarin whenever I have seen a division of these ships fairly off. . . . . I have reason to think that this arrangement would have been greatly retarded, if performed at all, but for my arrival. He came from Cairo immediately, and he was yesterday under great anxiety, from fearing that I would not grant the point of the fortresses, in which case I doubt if he ever would have consented, owing to the danger he is in as to the Sultan's anger at the army not going into Roumelia.—Yours, &c.

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

I have received your kind letter about my recall, and your private and truly friendly letter also, which I cannot answer now, except by assuring you that the regard which my family and myself bear you, will not be diminished by any distance at which we may be separated. E. C.

After this agreement to the terms of a treaty on August 6, 1828, a Tatar arrived from Constantinople, and was supposed to bring orders from the Porte for Mehemet Ali not to sanction Ibrahim's quitting the Morea. Mehemet Ali now proposed inadmissible conditions, and in presence of the Consuls of France and England, declared he would not sign the Treaty. The negotiations appeared to be at an end, and a letter of remonstrance was written, by Sir E. C., to Consul Barker for communication to the Pacha.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Off Alexandria, August 7.

. . . . Yesterday I had my conference with Mehemet Ali, and I thought the whole affair was settled. But in the evening he advanced a condition to the consuls who had to draw up the Protocol, to which I have refused my assent, and there the matter rests until I hear again. This is very harassing to one who is as anxious as I am, and who sat up late to say how smoothly all was settled, both to Heiden and De Rigny, as well as to Adam and Spencer.

10, P.M.

I have no answer to the negative I gave this morning, but the Pacha is hastening his ships as much as possible, and this looks very like knocking under. . . . . Good night.

A letter from Mr. Consul Barker, of Aug. 8, 1828, describes an interview with the Pacha on presenting the translation of the letter from Sir E. C.; and after discussion, the Pacha agreed to propose a limit of 1,200 men being left to garrison the five fortresses in the Morea,

saying at the last, 'Were you to see the letters I receive from the Porte you would pity me.'

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

'Asia,' August 9, 1828.

Yesterday the 'Mosquito' brought me Malcolm's announcement of his being on his way to Navarin. I shall not, however, quit this place until the negotiation may be quite broken off, or the ships to form the first detachment are outside the harbour. I think being subjected to a week more of this Pacha's tergiversations would destroy five years of a strong man's life. This morning, an hour after I had agreed to his last somewhat reduced proposals, out comes something now to which I have put a direct negative, and have declared I will hear nothing more than the fulfilment of the above agreement.

9, P.M.

I signed my part this evening, and the Pacha's counterpart signed by him is to come off to-morrow morning early, followed by some of the vessels, which are to anchor alongside us. Robb will be able to tell you what he sees. . . . by which means you will know more than I can write. I have now got Curzon, Will, Hal, Captain Airey, besides Dyer and his clerks, all at work. I fear my more full defence, after a closer examination of all the papers, which W. and I have been concocting, will not be ready. I am satisfied that I have disproved every insinuation contained in Lord Aberdeen's despatch on my supersession. Whenever I have a considerable number of these fellows outside and under our control, I shall push for Navarin to join Malcolm. I know not if he mean to bundle me out at sea or not; but I know that it will be a very awkward quantity of things to turn out at sea into a strange ship not prepared to receive them.

August 10.—10, P.M.

I feel lighter than I have done lately.

[1] I have finished my defence—I have got the Pacha's signet—and I have seen two of his vessels outside.

[1] This refers to Sir E. C.'s letter to Admiralty of August 10, which is given at length in the larger edition, at page 560 of Vol. II.

Monday, 11.

There seems to be a general movement amongst my friends in the harbour, and I may, therefore, say there is now no doubt of the execution of the measure for which you have been so anxious. This might of itself be considered as a sufficient answer to the alleged inattention to my orders. Lord Aberdeen's quotation in the extract I put up for Ponsonby, is the basest thing possible. Out of a paragraph composed of two sentences, the one being the condition of the other, he not only leaves out the condition which an inaccurate examiner might by possibility overlook, but he excludes three words beginning the very sentence he quotes, by which and by which alone its meaning can be perverted. We have endeavoured to avoid using offensive language, but the facts are so strong, so directly opposite to His Lordship's imputations, that there will unavoidably be an appearance of rudeness in the contradictions.

August 11.—4, P.M.

I am just returned from a take leave of the Pacha; fourteen of his vessels are outside, and I therefore send Robb off.

God bless you.

E. C.

Official letters conveying the information of the Treaty of Alexandria, were forwarded to Admirals Sir Pulteney Malcolm, De Rigny, and Heiden, General Ponsonby, Sir F. Adam; and Count Capodistrias, President of Greece, was also fully informed by Sir E. Codrington of this great success for his country.[1]

Sir E. C. to Commodore Campbell, H.M.S. 'Ocean.'

Monday, August 11, half-past 4 o'clock.

I think I may now congratulate you, my dear Commodore, upon having a very nice little fleet to manage, under the assistance of their own Capitana Bey, as I find he is dubbed. saw him standing up on the hammock boards in a flowing pair of

[1] The Turkish original of the Treaty of Alexandria was presented to the British Museum by Sir E. Codrington.

purple breeches, looking out very sharp for a clear channel amongst the other ships in a very officer-like style. . . . . If we should not meet again until we talk over these matters in England, I may now say how much I wish you a successful return to that little spot which, in my view, take it for all in all, is worth the whole of the rest of the world.

Your very sincere and faithful,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

'Asia,' at Sea: August 18, 1828.

You will have anticipated the event, my dear Jane, which, I trust, the 'Hind' will shortly confirm to you. I sent her off as soon as the determination of Mehemet Ali *evinced* by his *signet* was *confirmed* by several of his vessels loaded with provisions being out and anchored amongst our ships; fourteen brigs of war, or at least armed, were so anchored before I came away on the evening of the 11th, and three frigates, one bearing an admiral's flag, at the entrance of the port ready to come out and join them. I conclude all this batch would come away on the morning of the 12th. I would have stayed to see them actually on their way; but, although this would have been more satisfactory in one respect, I deemed it prudent to be able to say I had done my part completely, in case of any *tatar* arriving with news of negotiations being begun, or any other event which might still induce the Pacha to withhold the execution. . . . . I have done my part, and that part is so desired by the Government that they would have a French army landed in the Morea to enforce it! I think I have now put His Grace's Ministry as much in the wrong towards me as I did the said Ibrahim towards the Allies, if our Government had known how to profit by it. . . . . I have felt the heat much more this year than I did the last. I must own I feel very uneasy at times about you and the Malta Scirocco. An English frosty winter will do us all good. I am writing to you, evidently with the prospect of conveying my letter myself. But it is relaxation, and of the sort which I feel I want.

After the successful arrangement of the Treaty of Alexandria, and when a detachment of the Egyptian fleet and convoy were outside the harbour, Sir E. Codrington sailed on August 11, 1828, for Navarin, for the purpose of meeting Sir Pulteney Malcolm, his successor, should he have arrived, or for carrying out the Treaty himself with Ibrahim, should he not have arrived.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

August 21, 1828.

We are now (1 P.M.) approaching Sapienza, and I expect to join my successor before dark. The more I ponder on my whole proceedings the more I am satisfied; and I feel that as strongly regarding my late convention with the Vizier of Egypt as any of the former ones. . . . . Surely even you must admit that it is better for me that I should be superseded than continue exposed to the bad designs of such governors, now that I have the power not only of showing that their imputations are unfounded upon which they have superseded me, but also that I have fulfilled all the objects contemplated by those instructions, to which they say I have not paid due attention.

August 22, 10 P.M.

This morning we joined the 'Wellesley' off Navarin, and are now both working up together to Zante to meet the Ambassadors; and there I am to turn out of the 'Asia' into the 'Wellesley.' This turn-out is a very disagreeable thing, and one on which Malcolm was most decided, and for which he had made his preparations.

The 'Wellesley,' with Sir P. M.'s flag, was met by Sir E. C. off Navarin on August 21, 1828; and he there gave up to him the Mediterranean command, and with it the treaty of Alexandria for execution by the Allied Admirals.

He was not permitted to take his own flag-ship, the 'Asia,' to Malta, but had to shift his flag to the 'Wellesley'

at Zante; and on re-appearing after that change before Navarin, he saw the 'Asia' bearing Sir Pulteney Malcolm's flag, in the harbour with ships of the Allied squadrons under their respective admirals.

On a wish being expressed by Sir E. C. to go into the harbour, he received a note from the new Commander-in-Chief, saying, 'If you are desirous to see your Bay, perhaps it will be as well if you come in by boat without your flag.' This proposal was declined by Sir E. C., with the remark, 'I have no desire to boat it into Navarin;' and he sailed at once for Malta and England.

It was thus that the victor of Navarin parted from the scene of his unremitting anxious labours, and their successful and glorious results.

From Sir E. C. to Sir Pulteney Malcolm.

Off Navarin: Friday, August 29, 1828.

My dear Malcolm,—From what I hear of the position of the Turkish ships when the brig now in Navarin left them, they may yet be some days before the embarkation begins; and as General Maison's presence will ensure its taking place at all events, it appears to me that no good can arise from my staying here. If, therefore, you have no objection, I wish to be off at once. . . . . I have no desire to boat it into Navarin. I hope —— will not find fault with your entering that harbour prepared for battle, and supported by your allies in the same readiness, and attribute to you a hostile spirit. But, as the proverb says, 'One man may steal a horse, whilst another must not look over the hedge.'—Very truly yours,

Edwd. Codrington.

Memorandum by Sir E. C.

Off Navarin: August 29, 1828.

Admiral De Rigny having signified his wish to retire from this command, was answered by M. de la Ferroneys that there were great objections to his being superseded just now; not only because, having done his duty so well hitherto, they were

anxious that he should continue here until the service now contemplated was executed, but because their accepting his resignation at this time would induce people to think the French Government had coincided with the English Government in their supersession of me. E. C.

From General Sir Henry Bunbury[1] *to Lady Codrington.*

Genoa: August 25, 1828.

I shall be delighted to hear that Codrington brings back the Egyptian fleet, and has the satisfaction of seeing this difficult affair accomplished *by himself*; and then he may proudly present to this ungrateful Ministry the battle of Navarin, and the consequent evacuation of Greece, as the glorious fruits of his short service. They dare not attack him; and they cannot escape condemnation if they remain silent after the act of which they have been guilty. They are now putting about a report in London that Codrington *voluntarily resigned* his command. One of the black parts of the case is, their having left him so long a time without instructions. Did they hope to disgust him? or to catch him in some act of indiscretion while obliged to decide for himself under circumstances of singular delicacy and difficulty?

The following letters were written and received after the official position of Sir E. Codrington in the Mediterranean had terminated.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

Devant Navarin, ce 23 août 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—J'ai reçu hier votre billet du 22. Le 'Mosquito' arrive dans l'instant.

Pendant que nous travaillions pour faire évacuer Ibrahim, on ne croyait pas dans nos pays à la réussite, et on décidait l'envoi des troupes. Le Général Maison est parti le 15 de ce mois de Toulon. S'il trouve Ibrahim parti, il n'aura plus rien à faire qu'avec les forteresses. Il me prie de le rencontrer ici, de sorte que je ne puis m'écarter d'ici. Avant de nous quitter

[1] Formerly Under-Secretary of State for War and Colonies.

officiellement, permettez-moi de vous renouveler encore, mon cher Amiral, l'assurance de tout le prix que j'attache à conserver votre amitié. J'espère vous voir encore, quand vous partirez pour Malte; vous y ferez quarantaine plus longue que vous ne croyez. Je vous y écrirai.

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

Zante: ce 26 août 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—J'avais le projet de venir vous faire mes adieux ce matin, mais je ne suis pas bien.

Je ne prends cependant pas encore congé de vous, espérant vous voir devant Navarin avant votre départ définitif pour Malte. En tout cas, mon cher Amiral, nous ne nous oublierons jamais, et c'est au nom de tous mes capitaines et officiers que je puis vous dire cela: tous jusqu'au dernier, sentent vivement votre départ; mais aussi tous espèrent en retournant, en Russie pouvoir de bouche vous témoigner l'estime et le respect qu'ils vous portent. Je vous prie de me rappeler à votre digne épouse et à vos chères filles, que j'espère un jour revoir sinon à Pétersbourg, du moins en Angleterre; car je trouverai leur demeure.

Croyez-moi pour la vie

Votre plus dévoué serviteur et ami,

HEIDEN.

From Count Capodistrias to Sir E. C.

Égine: le $\frac{14}{26}$ août 1828.

MONSIEUR L'AMIRAL,— . . . . J'éprouve un besoin vif de vous exprimer la reconnaissance que vous doit la Grèce pour le service que vous venez de lui rendre encore à la veille de quitter le commandement que S.M.B. vous avait confié dans la Méditerrannée.

Il eut été sans doute à désirer que l'évacuation du Péloponnèse fût absolue, au moins de la part des Egyptiens. Cependant le résultat obtenu par la persévérante sollicitude de V. Excellence et de ses collègues est d'une haute importance. De nombreuses victimes de la barbarie égyptienne vont être rendues à leur sol natal, et la délivrance finale des places de

la Messénie semble ne devoir plus rencontrer de grands obstacles.

Vous avez donc, Monsieur l'Amiral, achevé ce que vous avez glorieusement commencé dans la mémorable journée du 20 octobre.

V. Excellence laisse en Grèce des souvenirs qui ne s'effaceront jamais.

Si, à l'aide de Dieu, la restauration de ce pays repose enfin sur une base solide et immuable, il y restera de ces souvenirs des preuves qui les feront apprécier par la postérité. Dans mon particulier je me félicite, Monsieur l'Amiral, d'avoir fait votre connaissance personnelle, et je ne saurais assez vous témoigner ma gratitude des sentimens dont vous avez bien voulu m'honorer. Je remercie V. E. des vœux qu'elle forme pour le succès de la cause à laquelle je donne peut-être le peu de jours qui me restent à vivre. . . . .

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

'Wellesley': September 1.

A foul wind and little of it, and no prospect of improvement. At Zante, on the 28th, I had an interview with Mr. S. Canning. He is certainly a cautious, measured man, and also a clever one. I imagine he must have unbent to me more than usual, by what passed, and by its being preluded by the observation that 'he saw the turn of my disposition, and therefore that it was best to be perfectly candid with me in all that he had to say.' In this feeling he let out, that believing that he had used the expression in a *private* letter, he was not satisfied with my quoting the term 'cannon shot.' I replied that I thought he must be wrong; for having every reason to be contented with the communications I had received from him, I was not likely to act unjustly or injuriously towards him in any way; and that if I had not thought it creditable to him to have used terms so clear and appropriate, I should not have quoted them, but have given the substance: that I could confide in my not having done any ill-turn to him whom I had reason to esteem, because I had withheld so using a private letter of Lord Dudley, who had behaved so un-

worthily. He said he had nothing to regret as to the substance, but that the expression was not so diplomatic as it should be, and in a public letter he should have given the same sense in other language. By this time, however, he has got my letter explaining that he uses the expression in two letters, each *confidential*, as he calls them, beginning, 'Sir,' and speaking the opinion of his colleagues and himself, in answer to my asking for instructions. They are, in fact, official letters, and only distinguished from protocol joint instructions by his '*confidential*.'

Friday, September 5, 7 A.M.

(Going into Malta, in quarantine.) I have had the pleasure of hearing of your being all well, and seeing you at the window. We are quite well. God bless you. E. C.

Memorandum by ————.

On September 2, 1828, the Egyptian fleet and transports, escorted by Commodore Campbell, arrived at Navarin[1] and found the 'Asia' and 'Conquérant' (French Admiral) with several other ships of war, anchored in the bay with springs on their cables, and quite prepared for hostile operations. Ibrahim Pacha was absent, and it was signified to the Kiaja Bey that Vice-Admiral Count de Heiden, then outside, wished to enter to confer with his brother chiefs. The Bey replied that Ibrahim being absent, he could not allow the 'Azoff' to enter the port, but that the Count might come in person in a boat. On the 3rd the 'Azoff' entered the bay; her tompions were out, and her guns double shotted, and the *silk* St. George's ensign flying, bearing, however, a flag of truce. Would not this collision have degenerated into hostilities had the Turks possessed what they did on October 20? In what did this forcible entry, sanctioned by the British admiral, differ from the entry of Sir Edward Codrington? If his were imprudent, could this be thought otherwise? As far as opportunity offered, there was the same disposition in the new admiral to violate the peace between ourselves and our 'ancient allies'

[1] In execution of the Treaty of Alexandria.

which Ministers have affected to censure in his predecessor. Why was the British admiral's flag-captain sent with a British flag to be present at the mock storm of Navarin—why was that flag left flying several days, with the French and Russian flags, on the walls at Navarin? Why was Captain Maitland, of the 'Wellesley,' sent to force the gates of Modon, and his ship placed to batter Coron? Why were the 'Blonde' and 'Etna' sent to bombard the castle of the Morea? Where is the difference, *in principle*, between the events of the autumn of 1828 and those of 1827? Had there been a fleet to have supported the Turkish commanders of the castles and land forces, could battle have been avoided? What, then, is the conclusion to which all unprejudiced minds must come? Simply this—that the late Commander-in-Chief adopted the only means by which the Treaty of July 6, 1827, could be carried into effect, and which his instructions prescribed; since his successor, though aware that his predecessor had incurred the displeasure of Ministers as not having understood or obeyed his orders, has found himself obliged to follow precisely the same line of conduct. Can he have the same instructions which his brother officer is said to have misconceived?

Sir Edward Codrington left Malta on September 11, to return to England with his family in the 'Warspite'; and many were the expressions of hearty regret which were called forth on the departure of the superseded Commander-in-Chief. The feeling seemed to be universal, both at Malta and among the officers of his fleet. On leaving the 'Wellesley,' and the blue flag being hauled down, the ship was manned, and the crew cheered; and on approaching the 'Warspite,' where his flag was hoisted, he was received with the same demonstration—the value of which consisted in its being not an official matter, but a spontaneous expression of respect and sympathy. At the entrance of the harbour the salute of the batteries merged into the much more gratifying one of a long and loud cheer of hearty farewell from the Rifle Regiment,

the whole of which was assembled there on purpose to pay him this unexpected compliment; and many were the little boats full of friends that accompanied the ship beyond the harbour, to speed the 'homeward bound' with a parting cheer.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE 'Warspite' reached England on October 7, 1828.

On arriving in England Sir E. C., after waiting upon the Board of Admiralty according to official custom, sent to the Duke of Clarence (October 17, 1828) some papers, which he said,

will, I trust, have the effect of removing whatever doubts may have obtained in the mind of your Royal Highness, owing to reports which appear to have been industriously circulated to my disadvantage, before I had an opportunity of repelling them. It is hardly possible to believe that the authors of my supersession had not some other motives for adopting so unusual a proceeding; and I cannot but lament that a more just and generous feeling did not lead them to a different mode of effecting the end they had in view.

If it had been signified to me that it was politically desirable that I should retire from my command, not an hour should have elapsed before I would have expressed my wish to be superseded. I trust I am free from any disposition to place myself in collision with those under whose authority I seek to obtain credit with my sovereign and my country; and there is no sacrifice of personal convenience which would not have been amply repaid to me by the friendly disposition of those whom I now find arrayed against me, &c. &c.

It is a true saying, that a man may be judged by knowing who are his friends and associates: it is scarcely less true that he may be judged as well by the letters he receives as by those he himself writes; and in this way I have ample means of showing the character of my father through the medium of his friends.

Besides those on general subjects, letters of congratu-

lation on his victory, of indignation at his recall, and reprobation of the injustice with which he was treated, came from friends and from comparative strangers—from civilians as well as from admirals and generals. I could multiply them to any extent, did I not fear to weary unprofessional readers; for *they* cannot perhaps fully estimate the value of these communications to an officer ill used and sacrificed as he was. Great, however, was the consolation and support derived under such ill-usage from the frankly expressed opinions of officers of high standing in both services, best qualified by their professional experience and liabilities to judge rightly the professional acts of a brother officer.

Lord Spencer[1] *to Sir E. C.*

Althorp: October 10, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist writing a line to congratulate you on your safe return from a station where, notwithstanding all the *untoward* reflections which have been circulated in various quarters, in a manner, according to my poor opinion, so unjustifiable, I continue to be one of those who look upon your proceedings with sincere admiration, and as being entitled to the gratitude, instead of the censure, of your countrymen.

Your very faithful, &c.,
SPENCER.

When Sir E. C. returned to England from the Mediterranean in the autumn of 1828, he met an acquaintance in the street, a country gentleman of that sort to whom foreign events or public interests are a blank, who, seeming only to associate the thought of him with turnip fields and pointers, greeted him with 'How are you, Codrington? I have not met you for some time; have you had any good shooting lately?' He merely answered, 'Why, yes, I *have* had some rather remarkable shooting;' and passed on.

[1] Earl Spencer, formerly First Lord of the Admiralty.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C., at Merley, in Dorsetshire.

52, Baker Street: Monday, November 24, 1828.

Fifteen hours after we parted I got to this house, where I scrambled into a bed and got a couple of hours' sleep. Wollaston's[1] appearance is very afflicting, and the disease seems to pervade the whole body more or less. His head is nevertheless quite clear, and he continues dictating to different people on scientific subjects about which his mind has been employed. A paper of his on making platina malleable, was read on Thursday last at the Royal Society, partly written by himself, and partly under his dictation. His articulation is very faulty; but I have fortunately caught all he said thus far. My visits have been so received that I am amply repaid for my journey. He shows at least as much anxiety about my case as about his scientific objects. . . . Be assured that, devoted as he is at this trying time to the exertion of the finest qualities of head and heart, he will die the truly great man that his intimate friends have thought him. Die, however, of his present attack, I sadly fear he must, although some little oscillations between better and worse have occasionally excited hopes. I say *fear* when one might rather be expected to say *hope*, considering the physical dependence of one who has ever been the most physically as well as mentally independent of any man I ever knew. But his mind is still competent to do much for science, and the world may still benefit largely by the prolongation of such an existence. I caught a passing wish to see you in his enquiries, which may yet be gratified.[2]

E. C.

Sir E. C. then devoted himself to clearing up the misrepresentations of his official conduct, and the errors of the despatches from the Home Government on which the Admiralty had been ordered to recall him. Having reason to believe, from communications with the public Offices,

[1] His valued friend, Doctor Wollaston, was gradually dying of paralysis.

[2] It was not destined to be gratified; Dr. Wollaston passed away on December 23, before Lady Codrington was within reach of seeing him.

that he was viewed with personal hostility by the Government of the day, he wrote the following note to the Prime Minister:—

From Sir E. C. to the Duke of Wellington.

43, Upper Grosvenor Street: January 28, 1829.

My Lord Duke,—Although I am not aware that a verbal explanation can place my conduct in my late command in a clearer point of view than I have already done by my official letters, the hostility shown me by the Government is so very painful to me, that I am induced to ask for an interview. Knowing that I devoted myself to my duty, and feeling confident that I was successful in executing it, I am quite at a loss to comprehend the grounds of this hostility; and I ask this personal interview with your Grace in the sanguine hope of being able thereby to remove it.

I remain, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's very obedient servant,

Edwd. Codrington.

The Duke of Wellington to Sir E. C.

London: January 28, 1829.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter, and I assure you that neither I nor any individual in the Government, nor the whole Government, feel any hostility towards you; and that I shall be very happy to see you whenever you will call.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your obedient, faithful servant,

Wellington.

The Duke received him with every appearance of cordiality.

Sir E. C. said that from the communications he had had with the Government Offices, he had reason to believe that the Government had a strong feeling of hostility to him:—

DIALOGUE.[1]

Duke. Hostility! I give you my word that neither I myself

[1] In Sir E. C.'s handwriting—written down at the time.

nor any one member of the Government, nor the Government as a whole, have the most distant feelings of hostility towards you. I know no officer for whose services or whose conduct I have a higher esteem.

Sir E. C. Then will your Grace let me ask you why I was so superseded?

Duke. Because you seemed to understand your orders differently from myself and my colleagues, and I felt that we could not go on.

Sir E. C. I only understood my orders in what appeared their very obvious sense to *my* colleagues as well as myself, to Adam and Ponsonby, whose sense and whose judgment you well know, and also to Count Guilleminot, the only remaining Ambassador to whom we could refer for instruction; and I therefore could only act upon that understanding of them. But if your Grace, or any one member of either of the three Governments with which I had to act, had instructed me to take a different reading of them, I should readily have guided myself by it.

Duke. Well! I still understand them as I did at first.

Sir E. C. And *I* understand them as I did at first. But let me ask your Grace which is the part in which we differ?

Duke (after a pause). You must excuse me! ! !

Sir E. C. (A low bow; taking up his hat and turning to depart.)

Duke. If at any time, while in town, you should wish to say anything further to me, I should be very happy to see you.

Sir E. C. Pardon me, your Grace; but if you feel you cannot answer that simple question, I have nothing further to say, and it will be quite unnecessary for me to trouble your Grace again (and he retired).

From Sir E. C., in London, to Lady C., at Windsor.

Wednesday, January 28, 1829.

I had a very satisfactory conversation with Lord Bathurst this morning, although he could not say more than his own full conviction of my desire to do my duty in all respects; that he had vouched for it, and my not being guided by any

political feeling whatever. In short, as he said, his situation was a delicate one, and I replied that I did not expect him to speak, but merely to hear what I had to say in my own defence. I then asked an interview with the Duke of Wellington, and had it after waiting a long time. He received me equally in kindness. He assured me that there was not any hostile feeling whatever in him, in the Government generally, or in any one individual composing it; that there was no man whom he esteemed more for my professional conduct and all my services; that the long and short of the matter was, that I had an understanding of my instructions different from theirs, and that they felt it impossible to go on under those circumstances. I could not get him to point out the part to which he alluded, but he said that Lord Lyndhurst, who had been in the three Cabinets, had always taken the same view of them that he (the Duke) did. I told him that Adam and Ponsonby, besides my colleagues and Guilleminot, read them as I did, and so did every man to whom I had shown them; that if I had been told of any other construction which they put upon them, I should have been guided by it as readily as my own, &c. In short, he *cannot* be wrong, and therefore only is not wrong. But it is clear to me that they know that I am right. He, like Lord M., observed that the Treaty of Alexandria was a very important measure. I have lost the day's shooting, as you will agree with me, to some good purpose.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C., at Windsor.

Thursday, January 29.

I have never ceased conning over my interviews of yesterday, and the result is a conviction on my part that the Premier is very sensible of the injustice done me, and hardly less of his own error in superseding me; but that nothing except 'political expediency' will lead him to do me justice. I mean, that if I am brought fully and fairly before the public, in Parliament, the tone and temper of the members may induce him to go with the current. His complimentary style, and indeed apparent friendliness, I cannot but think was intended to throw me off my guard, into a reliance on him, which might defeat me.

I had a caution on this head before I saw him. He would not name the point of difference in the instructions, or come to anything which would admit of explanation; although he dwelt much and readily upon his colleagues agreeing with him in his view of them.

But, instead of being put down in my own reading, I said I thought them quite clear in my understanding of them, and so did every man to whom I had shown them; and that, although I should willingly have acted upon any interpretation of them which the Government would have pointed out, in the absence of such explanation I could only act upon that interpretation in which my colleagues, and all others whom I had the opportunity of consulting, agreed with me.

I hear he was very short and contradictory of S. Canning's opinions as to the best policy, and I am, therefore, the more suspicious of his conciliatory manner to me. . . .

Not being able to publish official documents, Sir Edward Codrington, by the advice of a friend, drew up a narrative[1] of his proceedings during his command, and had it printed, with several other documents, for private circulation amongst his many professional and other friends.

The letters called forth by the perusal might show the judgment passed upon his conduct by those to whom the truth was thus made known. Nothing could be stronger than the expressions used by Admirals, Generals, and also unprofessional men.

Many letters of interest from friends in the Mediterranean followed Sir Edward Codrington to England, especially from his former colleagues, who did not cease to regret his loss or to express their continued regret.

The following letter from Admiral De Rigny is a curious commentary upon the philanthropic outcry on the matter of Greek slaves:—

[1] It is in Vol. II. of the larger edition.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Conquérant,' Navarin: le 4 octobre, 1828.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—Ibrahim nous a quittés ce matin, et 20,000 hommes à lui étaient partis d'avance en trois convois. La convention a été exécutée; mais sans le Général Maison cela eut éprouvé des difficultés, car il était venu des bâtimens chargés de vivres, et nous avons bien fait d'entrer ici, avec ou sans *springs*. Après-demain on sommera les places. Le 'Breslau' est où étaient la 'Sirène' et le 'Dartmouth.' Si le fort tire, nous tirerons. Nous sommes devant Coron, et Patras. Presque tous les habitans ont demandé de s'en aller en Égypte —cela a un peu augmenté les provisions des places; mais il aurait toujours fallu les renvoyer. D'autres embarras vont commencer. Je vous félicite donc, mon cher Amiral, d'en être quitte, et en datant cette lettre de Navarin, je me plais à croire que vous y trouverez le sentiment qui guide ma plume aujourd'hui. Je vous renouvelle l'assurance de mon sincère et inviolable attachment.

H. DE RIGNY.

Presque toutes les femmes grecques ont voulu suivre les Turcs en Égypte: il a fallu employer la force, même envers les enfans, pour les faire rester *libres* en Grèce. Croira-t-on cela chez vous et chez nous?

From Admiral Heiden to Sir E. C.

Navarin: le 10 octobre, 1828.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Encore dix jours et nous boirons doublement à votre santé, car j'espère que vous êtes bien convaincu que nous le faisons souvent, et que votre nom est journellement à la bouche de chacun.

'Ah, si l'Amiral C. était ici, cela irait comme cela'—pour ne pas dire cela irait *tout autrement*. Oui, my dear sir, we want you every day and every hour. Vous étiez notre point central; aujourd'hui nous sommes trois étoiles errantes; cependant cela va, mais il faut bien autrement agir pour parvenir au même but qu'avec vous.

L'arrivée du Général Maison nous a été d'un grand

secours; car sans lui je crois que nous ne l'aurions (Ibrahim) pas chassé sans en venir à des coups de canon. Mais il paraît avoir beaucoup de respect pour 1,200 Français; il est devenu doux comme un agneau.

Le $\frac{26 \text{ septembre.}}{6 \text{ octobre.}}$

Ibrahim est parti avec tout son monde, environ 18,000 hommes, y compris une quantité des habitans turcs de la Morée. Il a laissé par 400 Arabes dans chacune des trois forteresses, et environ 160 Turcs à Navarin, 500 à Modon, et autant à Coron. Le lendemain du départ d'Ibrahim nous avons pris Navarin par assaut. Les Turcs et Arabes nous laissaient faire, et fumaient leurs pipes. Modon a été pris de même; on a forcé la porte, et est entré avec une centaine d'hommes. Les Turcs n'ont rien dit; ils ont un peu protesté, mais la chose est faite, et nous avons Modon avec 56 pièces en batterie, beaucoup de poudre et des ammunitions de toute espèce en abondance, et huit mois de vivres. Ibrahim sera furieux, mais la chose est faite; et voilà donc la Morée délivrée des Turcs. . . . . Dieu merci, tout est donc fini ici; le Général Maison va en Attique prendre Athènes et Négrepont; et alors notre affaire sera finie, à moins qu'on ne veuille avoir Candie; et si l'on enverra les mêmes médecins et médecines, nous aurons Candie comme nous avons le reste. Voilà la manière d'agir avec nos amis les Turcs, si on agit collectivement et que les trois Grandes Puissances veuillent une chose unanimement et sincèrement. Adieu, mon cher Amiral. Mille choses à madame et à vos chers enfans, que Dieu bénisse. . . .

Votre bien-dévoué ami,

HEIDEN.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

Paris: le 25 mai, 1829.

MON CHER AMIRAL,—J'ai été à la vérité fort bien reçu par le Roi, et je puis le dire aussi par mes compatriotes. Je dois une si grande part de cet accueil aux circonstances que nous avons partagées ensemble, vous et moi, que je ne puis le séparer de votre souvenir et de votre amitié. Je serai bien

malheureux si vous venez à Paris et que je n'y sois pas. Je désire comme vous que des explications parlementaires vous donnent occasion de faire comprendre à vos *countrymen* (s'il leur restait quelque doute à ce sujet) que votre conduite et vos actions ont été telles que, placé dans les mêmes circonstances, vous feriez encore ce que vous avez fait. . . .

J'ai vu Cradock, et beaucoup de vos compatriotes; je puis dire avec orgueil et reconnaissance qu'ils m'ont traité comme un ami et compagnon de Sir Edward. Ce sont deux titres que je tiens à cœur de conserver. Adieu, mon cher Amiral.

Votre très-dévoué et sincère ami,

H. De Rigny.

On May 25, 1829, about a year after the signature of the despatch by which Sir Edward Codrington was recalled from his command, he was at a party at Prince Leopold's, and was somewhat surprised at the following offer being made to him personally on that occasion by the Duke of Wellington, who drew him aside, and said to him :—

'I have made arrangements by which I am enabled to offer you a pension of 800*l.* for your life.' The Admiral's answer was ready and immediate. 'I am obliged to your Grace, but I do not feel myself in a position to accept it.' 'Not accept it? But why not? The King has offered it to you, and I don't see how you can well refuse it.' 'Your Grace must excuse me; I cannot receive such a thing myself while my poor fellows who fought under me at Navarin have had no head money, and have not even been repaid for their clothes which were destroyed in the battle.' 'But you have no precedent for head money.' 'Yes,' said Sir E. C., 'there is Algiers.' 'But there war was declared.' Sir E. C. replied, 'Lord Exmouth was sent on a mission, with a proposition failing which he was to declare war. I was sent to execute a treaty, and was told, if peaceable means failed, to use cannon-shot. In both cases a battle was brought on by the guns of the enemy, and in both cases he was defeated.'

'Well, but I don't see very well how you can refuse a pension when it is offered you.' 'I must beg to repeat to your Grace, that while my men are denied what is due to them, I cannot accept anything for myself.' Shortly afterwards, one of the Duke's political friends asked him, 'What are you going to do with Codrington?' To which the Duke answered, 'What *can* you do with a man that won't take a pension?'

This incident, remarkable enough in the life of any man, however disinterested, is the more worthy of note when the two personages in question were the Duke of Wellington, Prime Minister of England, and the (by him) superseded Commander-in-Chief of the combined fleets of three nations.

From Sir John Gore to Sir E. C.

May 27, 1829.

If 'money is the criterion by which to judge a man,' your sentence is recorded indeed. We are all prouder than ever, and glory more in our friend than even at Patras or Navarin. Surely this fact is not to be hid under a bushel; surely the nation at large is to enjoy the delight of knowing that they have one noble-minded man whose spirit is above temptation and lucre. The nation have a right to know the fact and our profession (particularly those whose cause you advocate, and who nobly did their duty under your banner) to feel that that man is one of *us*. I hope you had on your three distinguished orders and medal to shine in the Duke's eye: he of all men on earth should understand and feel the force of such index, and should acknowledge, 'Palmam qui meruit ferat.'

From Captain George Martin to Colonel Codrington.

June 1829.

My dear Codrington,—Thanks for your letter and the news contained in it—the *offer* of the pension is truly, as you say, worth anything as a practical confession of your father's correctness; and also as a *practical expression* of the *iniquity*

of *Ministers*. But what shall I say to you of the *refusal*, and the *manner of it?* Not that I ever doubted your father's conduct on such an occasion; but there was a nobleness in the manner it was done which ought and must be remembered by every one of the profession with feelings of gratitude and admiration. You and I feel alike as to our surprise that your father could be supposed to compromise his character for anything; but some, and even in the Navy, have done so. What their feelings were afterwards, I know not, and care not.

From Captain Peter Richards to Colonel Codrington.

Stonehouse: June 4, 1829.

DEAR CODRINGTON,—Few things could have delighted me more truly than the confirmation of Sir Edward's triumph in the offer and refusal of the pension. This I have just learnt, and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of congratulating you all, and I do so from my heart, on so great a triumph over tyranny and injustice.

It is the first great step which must lead to full and ample justice to the Admiral in reparation of wrong, as well as in honours and rewards due to his services, and which have been long decreed him in the hearts of all who *know* the events of 1827–8. From the moment of the Admiral's return it was clear the Ministers felt their position with respect to him untenable; and now their chief has acknowledged it—the day of final and complete success cannot be far off.

From Admiral De Rigny to Sir E. C.

'Conquérant,' à Toulon: 8 septembre, 1829.

Au moment de partir pour le Levant, mon cher Amiral, je reçois votre lettre et je m'empresse d'y répondre. J'aurais quelque difficulté de vous expliquer les motifs qui ne m'ont pas permis d'accepter un poste dans le ministère. . . .

Je n'oublie pas que la faveur que je trouve dans mon propre pays je la dois à la chance heureuse d'avoir été associé avec vous; et je n'en serais pas digne si je ne ressentais l'injustice qui vous a été faite dans le vôtre.

J'ai appris que le Duc de Wellington vous a offert une pension, et que vous l'avez refusée. Ou vous avez eu tort, ou vous avez eu raison. Si vous avez eu tort, on ne vous doit pas de pension; si vous avez eu raison, on vous doit autre chose qu'une pension—on vous doit une *réparation*. Telle est mon opinion. Je vais retrouver à Malte et au Levant quelques-uns de vos officiers. Ce sont ceux qui vous conservent attachement et respect, que je recherche le plus volontiers, et je suis sûr d'en rencontrer bon nombre.

Adieu, mon cher Amiral. Je serai bien contrarié de n'être pas à Paris si vous y venez. Ma sœur et ma famille seront très-empressées de vous y rechercher. Je vous renouvelle toujours mon inviolable attachement.

H. De Rigny.

In September 1830, Lady Codrington having gone to spend some time in France for the health of one of her daughters (taking the other two with her), Sir. E. C. occupied that time in going, with his eldest son, to St. Petersburg, to pay his respects to the Emperor Nicholas, from whom he had, in 1827 and 1828, received such gracious marks of favour. The scenes they went through, and the gratifying reception met with at St. Petersburg, are, as usual, minutely described by Sir E. C. in his letters to his wife, from which a few extracts are inserted:—

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

Hamburg: Monday, September 6, 1830 (half-past 8).

We embarked on the Friday, as we had intended, were under way at two A.M. on the Saturday, and betwixt two and three o'clock to-day were here; making good 500 miles in sixty hours. So much for speed, and almost certainty, in making a passage.

The coming up the latter part of this river is extremely agreeable, for the vessel keeps close to the Danish (Altona) side, which is very thickly studded with villa-like residences upon the top of the bank, and with neatly-kept gardens down to the creek. Altona and Hamburg are, in fact, one

continuous town, very odd and Dutch-like, very large, very populous, paved with round pebbles, and with a broad planked walk, neat and well kept, railed off from a large basin of water in the middle of the town. . . . . To Lübeck to-morrow. I embark in the steamer for Cronstadt and St. Petersburg on the 9th; and so, God bless you and yours!

E. C.

St. Petersburg: September 22, 1830.

We arrived here on the 18th. The Emperor went away that same morning for a week, which has thrown us out very much. From Hamburg to Lübeck is the most abominable road ever travelled; the jolting of the *pavé* annoyed me so much I was obliged to turn out and walk, whilst other parts were so boggy and sandy that we walked to lighten the carriage; and we were extricated from a complete stick-fast by the leaders of another carriage behind us. Our journey, therefore, of about 32 English miles, cost us 13 hours, and loaded me with an increased disability from pain in the shoulder. At half-past 8 the next morning we were in a minor steamboat, which put us into the larger one at Travemunde at noon (on the 9th). When we weighed, a foul wind saluted our weighing, and continued to check our passage the whole way; and thus our passage was eight days instead of four or five. It was so strong at times that we could not advance; and after sheltering once under Dago Island, we at another time put into Revel. There we passed one whole day with the agreeable and most hospitable family of the Governor, Budberg; and I think the marked distinction there shown me in my *habit de voyage* by all parties would have contented even you. Here, indeed, I have every reason for saying the same; and were I not bound by other ties, I might well accede to the proposal put to me by all whom I meet, to fix myself here for the winter. Heiden has been heard of in the Cattegat, and has been daily expected to reach Cronstadt; so that I feel sure of our meeting. His wife is a very nice-looking and pretty elderly woman, and was delighted at seeing me. The younger son is a very handsome, agreeably-mannered young fellow, whom we have taken possession of as our cicerone.

With Krusenstiern, who served as midshipman with Sir A. Cochrane, I feel quite at home.

After mentioning his hospitable reception at many houses in Petersburg, Sir E. C. continues:—

I found myself much of a lion before I mounted the star of St. George; and I am now such an object that I shall wonder probably at passing unnoticed as I do at home. I am somewhat too old, however, to feed on such an aliment to vanity, and shall be glad to find myself once more in my little home circle, where the gratification of having been so distinguished here may excite more pleasure in the recollection of it. My shoulder—my confounded shoulder—still checks my pleasure, owing perhaps to the roughness of the *pavé*, and the carriages in which speed is the order of the day.

Sontag gave us four songs two nights ago for 25 roubles each (say francs), and gets about £800 or £900 sterling whenever she plays at the Court, and she is all over Imperially-given diamonds! Better be a foreign singer than a British Admiral.

St. Petersburg: Friday, September 24.

The Emperor arrived at Tzarskoe Selo (Czarial village), and on the same day Prince Lieven wrote a note by his desire inviting W. and me to dine and sleep on Sunday, 26th. Well, we got there at 2 P.M., and at 3, in our full dress, after waiting some little time in expectation of being taken in hand by Prince Volkonski, the Lord Chamberlain, an attendant opened an adjoining door and pointed us to go in. At the very door, before I could take a look, my hand was seized as if by an old friend, and I met the most cordial welcome I ever had from anybody. As all I meet pay me the same high compliments which accompanied this warm reception, I answered my unknown friend as usual, asked him if it was customary to wear gloves here, as I was told, so contrary to our custom, and was told in the most easy terms to do whichever way I liked best. The question then succeeded of 'Comment trouvez-vous *mes* cadets sous Krusenstiern?' This question told me whose hand had been shaking mine and Will's in such welcome cordiality. But hoping he had not seen my mistake, and

not being embarrassed, I brought in 'Your Majesty' directly, and thence slid into a little more deference in my manner. After some twenty minutes of such cordiality—he said, 'Mais attendez un moment. Je désire vous présenter ma vieille femme'—'my old wife'—and away he went. She came forth directly, dressed for dinner very nicely, and ornamented with large aquamarines and very fine diamonds. Her *àbord* was suitably cordial, but evincing something of shyness. As to the compliments she paid me, in a very pleasing manner, I cannot undertake to repeat them, and shall leave you to imagine what you would have felt and said had you been in her place. They then went away, and a somebody came and conducted us into a large rotunda, where I was presented to princes and princesses, and so forth, till all the vanity I could muster was glutted with their compliments, their pleasure at seeing me, their hope I was come to stay, the gratification they assured me my arrival afforded their Emperor and Empress, &c., &c., &c. Shortly after their Majesties came into the saloon and did their court in an easy, pleasing manner, and thence proceeded to the dining-table, where they sat side by side. Their attendants of the first rank sat next to them, and I was conducted opposite, and seated betwixt two big-wigs. W. was some little distance on my right, with an excellent cicerone, who was with us in the steamer 'General Frederichi.' Both their Majesties addressed me frequently throughout the dinner, having placed me, I imagine, for that purpose, and their manner was so easy and so kind I felt quite at home. He speaks a little English, and she much the same, but understanding it, I think, better. I took Heiden's method of using either English or French as best suited me, and got on, as Ponsonby says, 'somehow or other' without difficulty. As to the dinner itself, it was, I presume, much as usual—the appearance elegant, the viands good, and the music noisy. Our number was betwixt seventy and eighty. After sitting a moderate time we returned to the saloon, gradually separated into detachments, and were told to be ready for *dancing* at eight. I was not sorry to be relieved of my harness, and that heavy sword particularly. . . . The Emperor in manliness and manly beauty shone most conspicuously, as did his 'old

wife' for agreeable lady-like elegance in appearance and movement. It would hardly be fair to discuss her as a beauty, although there is a highbred *pleasingness* in her person, which is in my eyes more valuable. In dancing the 'Mazourka,' as they call it, but which is no more than our cotillon, she danced with everybody, as others do, and she did the same in walking the Polonaise, to which she invited me, in one instance, and in which I subsequently joined two or three times, as did the Emperor.

Are you shocked at this Sunday dancing? You are not a Catholic, and may think that they had better choose some other day for such amusement. However, you will agree with me that such sovereigns, who strive to dispense happiness to those around them whose welfare is at their mercy, cannot lose favour with the Creator of the Universe for not being quite of our way of thinking in all matters.

Wednesday, September 30, 1830.

I start afresh with my trip to Cronstadt yesterday. The Emperor desired Lieven to convey me to Peterhof, where we were to meet him and embark in his steamer for Cronstadt. We drove at once to the boat, which was waiting in a canal fronting the palace, and shortly after our arrival came the Emperor. After shaking me cordially by the hand and an easy 'Good morning' to Prince Lieven, Count Tolstoi, Admiral Greig, and the two or three others, all of us being in caps and without swords, by way of undress uniform, the Emperor stepped actively into the coxswain's berth and took the tiller. He desired me to sit amidships, directly before him. I shyed. 'Ici,' said he. I still shyed, approaching a little nearer. He repeated his 'Ici' in the same good-humoured way, until I was quite in the Admiral's berth, when I told him I did not feel comfortable thus sitting with my back to him. We first used paddles, and when the canal widened we took the oars, he giving the word as a coxswain would. He continued performing this *duty* throughout the day; but, upon my sitting down the next time we took to the boat in a sort of determined way, so as to see and be able to talk to him, he smilingly consented. I mention these trifles because

they show the tone of his manner towards one. From the steamer, upon entering which he took me down to see the cabin, and showed me his cups and saucers, glass, &c., purposely made for her, he pointed out the berth for his 'old wife;' his own, where the bed, as he observed, was necessarily a foot longer, and all the minutiæ, in which I took great pleasure. We were very soon in the roads of Cronstadt, where we first visited a ship just returned from round the world; and then in succession six of the line and a frigate, one of the former being named after the Empress, and which he therefore called 'my wife.' We then landed, that he might show me Cronstadt. But I have omitted a visit to a very perfect battery in progress, which he took me to before we visited the ships. I there observed to him that his Majesty was treating me as an enemy, showing me what I might expect if ever I should come in that character. He laughed and shook me by the hand, and said, 'I hope it will not be you that will be ever sent in that character.' I replied, 'Your Majesty may depend upon it; for I should decline it, both by inclination and the certainty of failure in attempting it.' At Cronstadt britchkas were ready for us, and he desired I should accompany him in his. I went round to the left side; he did the same, and, stepping actively in, down he sat on the *left* side, and I was necessarily obliged to go round and take his right. He then showed me and explained in the most agreeable manner all the works, the town, 'my old friends,' as he termed them, the 'Azoff,' 'Ezekiel,' 'A. Newski,' 'Ganggout,' &c. After this we returned to the steamer to an excellent dinner. He went below himself at first, leaving us on deck, and shortly after called out to us to come to dinner. I found him on the left of the head of the table, and he made me take the place of distinction on his right. Looks, on my part, objecting, and on his insisting, were interchanged. But down I sat, with the same interchange of looks as preparative. By the time dinner was over we had reached Peterhoff, where, with a cordial shake by the hand with me, and some little kind expressions to the others, he set out for Tzarskoe Seloe with his aide-de-camp, young Prince Suwaroff, and we for our lodgings, both Lieven and myself sleeping most of the way.

You will see in this visit to Cronstadt the manner in which the Emperor had received me, and you will not wonder at the reception I meet with from all classes.

St. Petersburg: October 4, 1830.

Notwithstanding my having explained in my letter of yesterday that W. would not be invited to the dinner for to-day, I had a message this morning from Prince Volkonski that the Emperor had ordered him to be invited; he consequently attended as my aide-de-camp this morning (being also mounted on one of the Emperor's horses), at one of the most brilliant and imposing spectacles I ever saw. We were scarcely in our stirrups when the Emperor cantered past, wishing us 'good morning' with his good-humoured smile. We then followed into the centre of the palace parade, where the 3rd Regiment of infantry guards and a regiment of cavalry guards formed a square. We cantered briskly along their fronts, the Emperor bidding 'good morning' and the troops answering their 'God bless you;' the Emperor afterwards manœuvred them, the Empress being over the palace entrance, the Grand Duke Michael and the Emperor's son keeping close to him on horseback. After these manœuvres the whole marched into the square within the palace, where we all dismounted except the Emperor, the son, and Grand Duke. After regulating the troops they also dismounted, and we all approached the centre of the square, where the priests and the choristers were prepared with their ceremonies previous to blessing the new colours. This was very imposing, and the singing beautifully simple: it was altogether, however, too long, as it included a prayer for each individually; and I found the part where we rested one knee on the gravel and pavement much too long for my angular marrow-bones. After this ceremony was over, we took to our horses, and after the troops were manœuvred out of the palace yard, we again dismounted, entered our carriages and came home. The windows of the palace were filled, and the crowd of heads filled the intervening space betwixt the troops and the wall, and when the whole troops cheered by signal beat of drum it was very fine. . . .

6 P.M.

We have not been a whit disappointed in the dinner. W. and I first went to the large *manège*. I saw the tables laid ready for 5,000 men, with an excellent repast and a bottle of wine for each, all in one room. We then went to the lesser *manège* close by, where 500 covers were laid for the officers. Shortly Prince Volkonski sent for me, and we went back to the large one, to meet the Emperor, and there saw the soldiers all assembled in their places, with the Grand Duke Michael and all the attendants of high rank in waiting. The Emperor came in, attended by his very dignified 'old wife' and her ladies. They walked up each of the avenues, left open in a cross-like form, and took a mouthful and a sip at two places to the health of the soldiers, which act received their simultaneous thanks, the Emperor occasionally noticing an old friend amongst them.

The Grand Duke Michael called my attention to a party of retired grenadiers who, he told me, now held places in the Douane; and he observed, after telling me the amount of their present pay and advantages, 'Voilà à mon avis *le vrai libéralisme*; n'est-ce pas, monsieur l'amiral?' to which I said, 'Monseigneur, je suis entièrement d'accord.' But I might have added that, as custom-house officers they were somewhat too minute in examining commercial travellers. The soldiers were now, by word of command of the Emperor himself, directed to begin their dinners, and we passed over to ours in the other *manège*, which, by the way, I must tell you is a very beautiful building, prettily ornamented on the roof, and attached to the stables, where the horses are more neatly bedded than in any of our stables, the floors being of wood, and there being stoves for warming them. Two or three general toasts were drank, appropriate, I presume, to the occasion, but without any speeches from the Emperor, and with a band that drowned all that could be said. So ended this magnificent spectacle, of which I never before have seen the equal.

Having met the Emperor and Empress at the Academy, and been very kindly received by them, Sir Edward Codrington says, October 6, 1830:—

If all their little kind expressions were to be repeated, it would make me appear vain and foolish as overvaluing trifles. But it is the custom of this very exemplary couple thus to express their feeling of kindness to those around them, and there is no dissentient of any nation here to their just praises. They certainly afford an example which many other Courts require, and which the most morally disposed may take as their guide. . . .

October 6, 1830.

One week more will terminate our career in this round of gratifying attention, when we shall be again in the steamer for Lübeck. That I am still rheumatic I attribute to the place and the way of life; and to that rheumatic disposition I attribute the stiffness which my ride with the party on the parade has given me. I told you of the singing on blessing the new colours being beautiful. To-day we were favoured by the head of that establishment calling nearly sixty of these singers together, and giving us some of the most beautiful and faultless vocal music I ever heard. The strains of the Sontag, who is so much run after, are as nothing in comparison. The General-Governor was delighted with our admiration, and is to repeat the treat on Saturday. The correctness and perfection of the little urchins who composed two-thirds of the number, is accounted for by the selection of any children whatever who exhibit at an early period an aptness for the purpose.

October 7, 1829.

As the Emperor had called me lazy for not being at the parade the day before, we went to that of yesterday. He himself acted as inspecting general, his brother and a great number of other generals—probably all here—assisting.

After the infantry had marched off we had an exhibition of the Circassian cavalry, which was very curious. A piece of paper was placed on the ground, and was shot at on full gallop. The pistol man did not quite hit it, but one of two of 'Les Amours du Nord,' who had also a musket, hit it very fully. Their facility of turning their little Barb or Arab horses is very striking, as is their costume; but I cannot

approve of either mode of doing things for adoption by others. They are very picturesque objects, and their dress seems a very agreeable one.

October 7.

A note from Count Nesselrode, to tell me that the party at Tzarskoe Seloe is put off. I believe this arises from the sensation produced in the country by the deaths arising from the cholera morbus, which has reached Moscow, and will probably come here eventually. I begin to feel very anxious for our re-union, notwithstanding the gratifying, the warm-hearted reception I have met with here from all sorts and conditions of persons.

Sir E. C. to his Brother, Mr. Bethell.

Petersburg: October 5, 1830.

My dear Bethell,—. . . In the magnificence of the buildings no accounts have said too much of this city; and I am quite sure that none have said enough of the merits of the Emperor as an absolute monarch. Absolute he is certainly, but with an inclination to do everything which is just and right, and with a mind competent to direct it. I might well be suspected of being biassed by his conduct to me personally were not my feelings and principles fully known, and become a habit which at my period of life is not easily changed. Absolute as he is, I have never seen the man who, in my opinion, is more fit to govern a *free* people. There is no quality which excites popularity in England which he does not possess in a superior degree.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

St. Petersburg: October 12, 1830.

This morning we are going to take leave of the Empress at Tzarskoe Seloe, and to-morrow we embark for Cronstadt; from whence we are to start in the night or early morning of the 14th for Lübeck. We were to have had a fête at Tzarskoe, but the Emperor receiving bad accounts from Moscow of the disease and the want of proper management, set out on Saturday morning to arrange matters himself. He will put every-

thing into proper train, expose himself to diminish others' fears, and submit to 21 days' quarantine before he returns to the bosom of that family in which he finds real domestic happiness. If ever mortal man was worthy of being entrusted with absolute power, this is the man; and God speed him in his virtuous course, say I.

Half-past 10 P.M.—12.

We are just returned from Tzarskoe, and a very gratifying take-leave we have had. The Empress had evidently been suffering under that anxiety about the Emperor's visit to Moscow which she has so frequently endured on his account. She received me in her own room in the company of all her children and one pretty maid of honour (Princess Ourusoff). After calling my attention to my own portrait already hung up, and expressing her regret that I felt obliged to go, and that the Emperor had not had the opportunity of seeing me last Sunday, I said I felt sensibly the loss I had had, but that I was repaid by the contemplation of the noble conduct of a sovereign so devoted to the good of his country, and that I did not believe there was any other like him. I then said I had a sort of conscientious desire to mention to her a mistake I made at my first interview with the Emperor.

Sir Edward Codrington described the scene to the Empress, at which she laughed heartily and enjoyed it very much.

She then called my attention to the children, who form a group that any mother might envy possession of, talked over their likenesses, &c., leading me on to the reception I had met with at Petersburg, and her hope that I was satisfied with it, which produced from me the expression of what you know I really feel for such kindness. She then desired W. might come in, and kept up conversation with him for some time. After this she desired to know what she was to say to the Emperor for me. 'That I have a very grateful sense of all the kindness he has shown me, and shall never forget it, and that I shall quit Petersburg with the highest admiration of his personal conduct and character.' She showed her satis-

faction at this, expressed a wish that I should come again, took off her glove, and said she must shake hands with me 'à l'anglaise.' This she did heartily, but I did not let that hand go without kissing it with the sincerest admiration of the person to whom it belonged. We dined with the Prince Volkonski; I sat next to his very intelligent, *instruite*, and agreeable daughter. I found it a very pleasant dinner. In the evening we were presented to the Grand Duchess, whom we found not only very handsome, but particularly conversible and agreeable. I was only this evening informed that I ought to have asked to be presented. This opportunity arose from my expressing my regret to one of his attendants that I was going away without having seen her. If your old husband has not been led away from his judgment, these are two of the most delightful women he ever met with.

Hamburg: November 1, 1830.

We reached this place only this morning at 10 A.M., having left Petersburg on the Navarin day, but not, as I had feared, without seeing our friend Heiden. He arrived at Cronstadt on the 18th in the evening, and Prince Menzikoff, a sort of Lord High Admiral, went down to him on the 19th. On the 20th he had leave to go up to Petersburg, and Prince Menzikoff sent the Emperor's steamer for him. I sent him word of my movements, and he therefore had a boat to take me from the Petersburg steamer on our arrival and convey me to his flagship. It is singular that he should arrive at Petersburg, and I go away, on *the* anniversary. He had prepared a sort of dinner, and had his Navarin officers to meet me. We drank the day in champagne, the Emperor, and each of us three Navarin Admirals, and each was accompanied by a salute; and we wound up, but not with a salute, with you and your family. Upon our quitting the 'Vladimir' in his boat, she saluted me with 15 guns; after which I joined my steamer to come this way, and he to rejoin his Countess, after an absence of three years and four months. That our meeting was more hurried than we could have wished is true; but it was a cordial one, and will not be forgotten by either of us, as you well know. He has been

hard-worked, and under much anxiety, but is nevertheless looking well. He will learn more from his friends Greig and Krusenstiern of my endeavour to impress his Emperor with a full knowledge of his merits than it became me to tell him myself; and I shall have unbounded satisfaction in hearing that he has been well received. My letter to him about De Rigny appears to have mainly contributed to their finishing on the best terms possible. So much for this subject until we meet.

We started on that evening from Cronstadt with favourable appearances, but on the 22nd were again forced to shelter in Revel. I had no hesitation in putting on my St. George, and asking the excellent Governor to let W. and myself share his family dinner. The Baroness Budberg being in mourning for a brother prevented their having any company, and we had therefore the pleasure of dining with them and their two daughters only, on that day and the 23rd, during which we were still detained in Revel by a westerly gale of wind; and as they are an excellent and most agreeable family, and as they received and treated us as if we were old friends, our stay with them was a very good break into the disagreeable time we had to undergo in the steamer.

On Saturday 23rd we again put to sea, with the wind though not quite so strong, still against us, and, after a hard fight against wind and a head sea, we got sheltered under the island of Bornholm, which, having anchorage all round it, is made this use of by vessels of all sorts going and coming. We had no encouragement to move until the 30th, and I more than once wished we had kept snug, fearing our coals which we had no means of replenishing, would not hold out: however, the vessel and her master both managed well, and we accomplished our object. My next will be from England. And now I must say may God bless you and yours, on the part of W. and myself.

E. C.

Sir E. C. arrived in England with his son, on the 9th November, having been detained at Lübeck by the illness of his servant, an old friend, who had then lived with him

for twenty-one years, and continued to do so for twelve years more, till pensioned off from failing health.

From Sir E. C. to Sir James Graham.

92, Eaton Square: January 5, 1831.

DEAR GRAHAM,—I wish you to consider me as a candidate for the Mediterranean command. You are probably aware, from what has passed between us before you were in office, of my considering myself precluded not only from asking, but even from accepting any command under the late Government, so long as they denied the just claims of the crews engaged in the battle of Navarin. The change of Government, and the candid explanation of your sentiments, and those of many other of my friends now in office, has placed me upon a different footing; and in spite of a desire to pass the rest of my life quietly with my family, I now court the opportunity of showing I am not unfit for the situation from which I was withdrawn in a manner so harsh and so unusual.

Yours, with great esteem,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

The Mediterranean command was also asked for at the end of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's time by Sir John Gore, who, however, expressly stated that he put forward his request as only second to that of Sir Edward Codrington, whose claim for that command ought to be considered as paramount to that of all others, and before whom he himself would gladly give way. It was, however, given to neither of these two admirals, but to an officer (Sir Henry Hotham) who had *not* asked for it, and who so little wished for the appointment that he took some days to consider whether he should accept it.

In January 1831 Sir E. C. went to Paris and spent a portion of the winter there. Nothing could exceed the distinguished reception he met with from King Louis Philippe, and the gracious kindness extended to him and his family by His Majesty, by the Queen, and by Madame Adelaide. The Royal family were then all young, the

only one grown up being the handsome and princely Duke of Orleans; and both Sir E. C. and Lady C. learned to feel personally interested in them all, from being then admitted to the unformal evening réunions, in which they found the family party sitting round a table with work and similar occupations, and the younger children coming up to them with simple friendliness, trying to talk to them in their then imperfect English.

The King's familiarity with English, and their long conversations being held in that language, was of course a great relief to Sir E. C.; for though he understood French well, he never was able, from not having learnt it early, to master the pronunciation of it: and it was the constant amusement of his daughters to watch his conversations with the marshals, generals, and distinguished men he met with, these courteous persons listening with imperturbable gravity to his laborious and strangely-pronounced words, in deference to the worthy thoughts and opinions conveyed in them; while their own replies and arguments (and their high compliments too!) were given with a rapid fluency which he could follow and admire without ever approaching to it. The courteous attentions paid to him were unbounded, and so was also the genial and frank kindness, which was evidently much deeper than the matter-of-course French *politesse*; and which was received and appreciated by him and his family with heartfelt gratitude as well as gratification. He found himself an honoured guest among the most distinguished, and the welcome he met with everywhere was as flattering as it was cordial. Among many names I can mention only a few:—such as Marshal Macdonald, Marshal Duke de Trévise, Prince de la Mosqua, Duc and Duchesse de Massa, Princesse de Wagram, Duc de Dalmatie (Marshal Soult), General Lafayette, and his gallant companion in arms and zealous supporter in trial, Admiral De Rigny,

now at the head of his profession as Ministre de la Marine.

Soon after his arrival in Paris, the King asked him what French Order he had; and finding it was that of St. Louis, given him by Charles X., His Majesty said, 'Then I must now give you the Legion of Honour.' And with that Order he was consequently invested by Louis Philippe at a special interview.

Sir E. C. to Captain W. C.

January 19.

Yesterday we all dined at the Palace. Our number was about thirty-four. Marshal Macdonald, Duke, I think, of Tarentum; Admiral Truguet, who commanded a ship before I was born, and who, though 84 years old, looks younger than I do; another old Admiral, De Rigny, La Bretonnière, &c., &c., being of the party, and also Duperré, whom I had nearly forgotten. I was desired by Madame Dolomieu, the head lady of the Court, to take out the Queen, and the King handed out your mother. The Orleans not being ready, Janey was handed out by the little Nemours. I found my neighbour the Queen very agreeable, and my left-hand neighbour, the eldest daughter, very well for a young one and a stranger. I was surprised at Her Majesty helping the soup, fish, &c., as did the King opposite, in the middle part of the table. His Majesty desired me to drink wine with him, and I got a glass of better sherry than I ever tasted, which he got at Cadiz when I was there in the 'Blake.' The dinner was excellent, and very agreeable for a royal performance. After dinner we returned to the salon, from whence the King led me into a billiard-room adjoining, and kept me in intimate conversation upon public matters for an hour, in the course of which he spoke of his own proceedings and intentions in as open a manner as any intimate friend could do. It was to me a very interesting conversation. . . . The object nearest his heart is a close alliance with England; and it is curious that he should, as I observed to him, have used the

very expression used by De Rigny at Corfù. Everyone of the influential men I have conversed with, whether in office or out, has followed the compliments in which they have all, without exception, addressed me, with the expression of their anxious desire for the amicable intercourse betwixt the two nations, of which we had set the example in our squadrons. I might put you *au fait* as to my reception here, by telling you it is the counterpart of that of Petersburg; and after being treated in so distinguished a manner by those who live under the most despotic governments in Europe, as well as those under perhaps the most free, I cannot help being the more strongly impressed with the contrast in England. I know scarcely anyone, except Lord Goderich, who has shown me any extra attention since my striking my flag. And even after such of them as I was taught to rely upon came into power, not one word of good intention towards me escaped any of them; which, let them say what they will, has appeared very extraordinary to all others who have mentioned the subject to me.

January 20, Midnight.

. . . . Everything seems to be settling down quietly in Paris. The National Guard is composed of shopkeepers, who have more reason than any other class to prevent the plunder desired by the rabble; and the latter are being enlisted by thousands for the general army and for the corps in Algiers. I judge by what the King said to me that the formation of an effective army is considered as the means of averting war, and that the absence of such defensive power in France might probably induce the Northern Powers to risk the attempt to restore despotism throughout Europe. I trust there is little chance of such an attempt being henceforth successful.

Paris: February 6, 1831.

I went by order to meet the King and the Royal family yesterday at the panorama of Navarin, and the Queen took my arm and received the explanation of everything from me; and she joined with the King and all the rest in delight at the representation, and the difficulties I had to contend with, and my success in overcoming them. . . .

I told Mons. D. Argout, the Minister of Marine, that my receiving kindness here was said to be an offence in me toward the English Ministers. 'Then,' said he, 'I hope we shall be the means of offending them much more before you leave Paris, for we cannot do too much to prove the estimation in which we hold you.' I told the King the same, and he laughed heartily at the folly of it. To-morrow Soult has *marshalled* a dinner, as De Rigny says, purposely for me.

Paris: February 16, 1831.

The scenes in the town yesterday were curious. The 'Bœuf Gras' and all the masquerade fun going on, on the Boulevards, and afterwards in the play-houses, which were full; whilst in the Fauxbourg St. Germain the people were dilapidating and sacking the Archbishop's Palace, in spite of the National Guard being all out to prevent riot.[1] Janey and I in the meantime went first to a ball in the above Fauxbourg, and passed quietly and uninterruptedly from thence to another at Rothschild's, which was quite full. Many of the National Guard went from the dance to join their regiments under arms. The row began with the Carlists, whose effort was soon put down by the people, and they were then excited by the Republican party. But the majority are for the King and Ministers, and above all, for union with England. The King told me, 'that if the Duke of Leuchtenstadt had been proposed from without, he would not have objected; that his opposition arose from his being put forward by the war party here;' and the name of Nemours being permitted to go to the vote was in fact to prevent the election of the other, which would probably have occasioned breaking peace with England. . . .

. . . . We were at the Palace Concert on Wednesday, and heard Paganini, who is a sort of fiddling Quixote, and, as far as I go, in spite of some beautiful tones, more worth, or rather extraordinary, to see than to hear.[2]

[1] We saw these two lines written on one of the walls:—
'Quel est ce tumulte? quel est ce cri d'effroi?
C'est le Souverain qui veut parler au Roi.'

[2] This refers to Paganini's famous *tour de force* of playing very difficult music upon *one string only* of his violin.

Sir E. C. to Colonel W. C.

Paris: February 20, 1831.

These last three days I have attended the Chamber of Deputies, where, as you will see by our own newspapers, the debates have been very stormy but very interesting. I have now heard almost all the best speakers, and some of them, such as Dupin (senior), Odillon Barrot, Guizot, are very eloquent. They have more gesticulation, perhaps, than one might wish, but it is generally appropriate, and not in that hammering style which has obtained amongst our senators; and indeed they are more attentive to their tone of voice than our speakers in general, who rant about nothing. Lafayette to-day described what he and his friends considered as republicanism in his plain, quiet, appropriate manner, which pleased me much. Read it in the French papers, and you will perhaps learn to admire this kind-hearted, benevolent, and consistent old man as much as we do. . . .

Paris: March 24, 1831.

The official permission having been duly received yesterday by Sebastiani, the King this day conferred upon me the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. After himself putting the ribbon over my shoulder, he kissed both my cheeks, observing that it was a French, although not an English, custom, and a mark of regard of which he was glad of such an occasion for showing me; that his desire to invest me with this honourable distinction arose from the high estimation in which he held my conduct for the manner in which I led the French squadron to victory in the battle of Navarin, and for the esteem in which I was held not only by that squadron but all France. Nothing could be more gracious than his manner of doing it, or more cordially friendly than the shake of the hand which accompanied it. Sebastiani was there in uniform as Foreign Minister, and Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, as Chancellor of the Order. The King regretted having detained me so long for this, and in order to ensure seeing me again before my departure, desired I would dine with him to-morrow, and ask your mother and sister to come also. Thus, here is another *slap in the face* to my soi-disant

friends. I trust those said friends will compare the treatment *I* have met with, with that of De Rigny under my orders. He has been made a Vice-Admiral, a Count, and Lord High Admiral; I have been falsely accused, judged, condemned, and punished without being heard in my defence, by one party; and censured by another in order to excuse a pre-determination to withhold justice from me, because I am not content under such circumstances to rely upon their supposed good intentions!

Sir E. C. left Paris and returned to England with his family at the end of March 1831.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the summer of 1831 Sir E. Codrington was appointed to the command of the Channel Fleet, for the purpose of exercise in evolutions, &c. The proceedings of this fleet are given somewhat in detail in the larger edition, though curtailed here, on account of the interest attaching to one of the latest of our *sailing* fleets. Sir E. C. hoisted his flag (white at the fore) on board His Majesty's Ship 'Caledonia,' at Spithead, on June 7, 1831.

In offering the command of the squadron, Sir James Graham wrote:—

> In the selection of an admiral to take the command of this squadron it has been my duty to choose an officer of tried experience and approved merit; and I have, therefore, the greatest satisfaction in offering this command to you, as a mark of respect for your past services, and under the conviction that whether in peace or war his Majesty's fleet cannot be entrusted to a more zealous or meritorious officer.

From Sir E. C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.

Off the Lizard: July 28, 1831.

Sir,— . . . .

The want of information which I find in the different officers under my command as to all matters relating to the higher branch of the naval service, the language of signals, and the evolutionary movements of a fleet, amply proves the wisdom of reverting to the ancient custom of sending our guardships to sea during the summer months. Your Royal Highness will be aware that the many years which have elapsed during which this object has been sacrificed to false economy and po-

litical patronage, has made the recovery of that knowledge which was acquired during the war rather up-hill work. I trust, however, that as great an advance has been made in this squadron as the time and circumstances have admitted of; and that I may venture confidently to submit its improvement to the professional eye of his present Majesty. I feel extremely ambitious of so doing; and I am persuaded that his presence would have a very beneficial effect upon the future exertions and the future well-doing of the naval service at large.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Extract of a letter from Sir E. C. to the Admiralty.

'Caledonia,' off the Lizard: August 6, 1831.

. . . . Considering the evolutionary movements as first in importance, I have lost no opportunity of putting them in practice; the practice of signals having been simultaneous with these operations. And I trust that the officers of the different ships of the squadron are now as well informed in these two branches of the profession as the time and circumstances have permitted; and further, I have given them an opportunity of observing the lighthouses and the marks relating to all the shoals and dangers on the coast, from the Isle of Wight to the Land's End and Scilly Islands inclusive. Although I consider the use of the great guns as more effectually learned by the exercise of a few guns every day on board each individual ship, I have embraced such opportunities as have offered for ordering a general exercise, when the wind or weather was unfavourable for evolutionary movements.

From Captain W. J. C. to Lady C.

The Downs: August 9.

Here we are at our immediate destination, which was kept a secret by order from the Admiralty. This looks like being in the neighbourhood of Holland if that Power means to attack Leopold, as the papers tell us he has done already, and that the French, per contra, have advanced 50,000 men into Belgium. However, my father thinks that our readiness with the fleet, and within so short a distance of the Scheldt, with the

promptness of the French, will frighten the King of Holland, if he is acting by himself, and not pushed on by others, such as Prussia and Russia. It was two days ago that we received the order for the eastward; and here we are: for promptness is everything in a case like this. . . .

In a letter to Sir James Graham written from the Downs, August 11, 1831, Sir E. C. says:—

If we should have to enter the Scheldt it is material that I should know what places are in possession of one or other of the contending parties. If wanted, I trust you will find us well on the alert. I tell the captains I will grant every indulgence and give all the notice that circumstances admit of; but that when I call upon them I expect increased exertions. I am glad you are getting to rights again. It will not do to be ill in these times. I hope you will find an opportunity of visiting this squadron, whether the King does so or not; for, in spite of the inaptitude of some of my scholars, by which I am worried, I think I can show you that we have gained ground.

From Sir E. C. to Lady C.

August 11, 1831.

My pen has been hard at word to-day, and I have scarcely been out of the cabin, and this minute I have received your letter (quarter before three), when Parker and sundry others up to eighteen dine with me. . . .

August 12.

As the Dutch have a three-decker now there (the Scheldt), in addition to their frigates, this ship may go also; and I cannot imagine that their squadron will, under any circumstances, be rash enough to risk their fortune against this. If matters should go to such an extremity, it will certainly be the policy of our Government to effect their purpose through such a force as will make it more becoming to yield than to resist. . . .

The expectation of hostilities with Holland passed away, and the fleet were ordered to return to the westward; and on their way went through trials of sailing and much evolutionary practice.

Sir E. C. to Lady C.

'Caledonia': September 21.—3.30 P.M.

I have just now received orders to go to Cork and stay there about four days, merely to please Paddy, and our cruise is extended to October 10, when I am to anchor at Plymouth, but to strike my flag at Spithead in the 'Caledonia.'

Cove of Cork: September 24.

After getting the order on the 21st, we came across the St. George's Channel in admirable order. As to my staying here four days—unless the wind come well to the north we cannot get the ships out again, and therefore it may not depend on me.

. . . . It is a nice and a pretty harbour, studded round on the points as well as in the coves, on the hills and in the valleys, with houses which indicate fortunes made in business; and the scenery deserves even the name of 'riant.' And yet we know that dulness, poverty, and discontent prevail around it; and therefore it is impossible to contemplate all its evident powers of production without feeling that it has been borne down by misgovernment. . . .

Cork: September 29, 1831.

We are this minute returned from Killarney, the lovely Killarney, which far exceeds the Scotch or the Cumberland lakes. No trip ever paid better, and, in spite of wet weather, we saw everything to great advantage, and are all delighted with our excursion.

I cannot enter on this subject, however, until a more leisure and suitable moment, for I have enough to do to prepare for the Corporation dinner to-day, at which all the captains and amateurs are invited to attend.

October 1, 1831.

Here we are again on board, after having undergone an extreme of gaiety, from which I am glad to return to my floating home. Our dinner with the Mayor and Corporation

went off remarkably well, and I may say I never attended on such an occasion where mirth and good humour prevailed so conspicuously throughout, even to the period of it when the wine had driven away the wits of many of the party. We sat down at about half-past seven, and did not get away until two o'clock, and some remained until four. The Cork papers which I have sent to you will give you most part of our movements, and I am not sorry that they do not include *all* that was said, for, although it was very well there, it would not be quite well to detail in print. The Mayor himself did his part well, for although he blundered most ludicrously into scrapes, he most good-humouredly blundered himself out again. My health was drunk in more than one shape, and as I had to propose toasts in return, I was often on my legs. I have certainly been received here with most unbounded kindness; and the object of sending us here, as far as pleasing the people, has been eminently successful. The steamer which brought us down to-day (gratis)! and is to take us up again on Monday if still here, has brought 5,000 persons to visit the squadron; and you may imagine the boats of Cove have been well employed in bringing off those who came down by land, in addition to the numbers which came by water from Cork in sailing and other vessels.

Whilst the gaieties have been going on, a hard gale from the S.S.E. has been blowing into the harbour, and torrents of rain have fallen, so that we have had an escape from rough treatment. God bless you all!

E. C.

I was *ordered* to stay four days, but not told not to stay more.

. . . . . .

Cove of Cork: October 5, 1831.

Considering the strong political hostility of the persons who subscribed, to the number of some two hundred, to give me this last dinner,[1] and the almost irresistible disposition to enter upon the subject, the meeting went off remarkably well. Under these circumstances, as I had sat till past two o'clock

[1] The mercantile body of Cork.

at the Corporation dinner, I considered it right to do the same on this occasion; and appearances and words are very deceitful if I have not given great satisfaction to all parties of whatever way of thinking. The various speakers were ever and anon upon the brink of hostile ground, and it was amusing to watch the progress of their sentiments under the avowal with which they all commenced of a determination to avoid the expression of any opinion which could possibly interfere with the great object they had throughout, of marking their 'unbounded admiration of the illustrious individual who had honoured them with his presence.' At length, the list of toasts agreed upon by both parties being gone through, one man proposed a toast to which he 'thought the most fastidious of the opposite party could not object—"The People, from whom all power emanated."' A more sensible one immediately, in a very well-judged and well-delivered speech, entreated his friend to withdraw his toast. This produced a counter-speech from another friend and a negative reply from the original, who was convinced that 'The gallant Admiral himself would find no difficulty in showing his approbation of a sentiment which was the foundation of our glorious Constitution.' The chairman had observed to me, in answer to my fear for the result, that I alone could smoothen matters into harmony again; and this appeal to me gave me the opportunity I had been watching for. . . . In rising, therefore, to ask this Mr. Burke to withdraw his toast, I disavowed any objection to the sentiment itself, considered abstractedly, but that my wish for its withdrawal on the present occasion arose from its being often used as a watchword of more objectionable meaning, and therefore liable to excite unpleasant feelings in persons of different sentiments amongst the present company. That, as I had before said, whenever I put on my uniform, I banished from my mind all political bias, and confined myself to a strict and rigid execution of the instructions of those in authority over me; that under less liberal governments the merely sitting in a society where such a toast was drunk would become a ground of reproach; and therefore, under

these different considerations, I trusted the gentleman would consent to withdraw the toast. He really did so, in compliment to me; but in the blundering way in which they do most things, he talked away his willingness into other appearances. I took the first opportunity after this of beating my retreat, and this person, as well as all the others, pressed forward to 'have the honour of shaking hands with me,' and he again assured me that the furthest thing from his mind was to do anything unpleasant to me. W. is writing, and will probably touch upon other points of this mirthful and ludicrous, but highly complimentary and gratifying fête. The avowed radical started by calling me Lord Codrington, and when corrected, he said I ought to be so, and therefore he should continue so to address me, as, in fact, he did, showing that it was not a mistake in the first instance. The whole scene, although I sat in fear of an ebullition, was ludicrous in the extreme, and I wish you could have a full account of it.

E. C.

Off the Land's End: October 16, 1831.

At length we have got off thus far on our way home, and probably shall be in Plymouth Sound to-morrow; there is not wind enough to carry us there to-day. We got out yesterday at the earliest possible moment, and the wind came more fair after we made an offing. Our confinement in Cove has been very tedious; because the necessity of being ready to start suddenly, prevented our going out of sight of the ships, and the badness of the weather deprived us of the little enjoyment within the harbour which we might otherwise have had. Cork will much regret us; for according to what we hear, we have caused the circulation of some 40,000*l.* in that neighbourhood, and we have gratified the sight of nearly that number of spectators; for some came even from Dublin to see us. The Mayor told me I might come in for Cork if I would stand; but I am not so disposed.

Sir Edward Codrington's flag was hauled down on

October 24, 1831, and he returned to his home in London.

In 1831 Sir E. Codrington canvassed the borough of Devonport. The 'sailor's friend' was popular; the borough was newly enfranchised, and enjoying its first election, and he was returned with ease. Of course there were many who opposed his election, one of whom becoming excited beyond measure by his political feelings, actually sent him a challenge, accompanied by a threat that if unnoticed he should be posted as a coward. It did remain unnoticed; and shortly after, a friend meeting him in London greeted him with—'I congratulate you, Codrington, on being in a position to laugh at a challenge.' His great object in going into Parliament was to advocate the cause of the Navy, which he felt to be little understood by the generality of the people; and especially to plead the cause of his own ill-used sailors in the battle of Navarin. He had felt it as a heavy injustice towards himself and his fleet, to be, from mere expediency of party politics, denied the thanks of Parliament, which are the customary acknowledgment of such services; and also the gratuity which had been so justly deserved by them. To this latter object he determined to devote his untiring exertions, and never to rest until he had obtained for his men the reward which was their due, and which previously had been given for other similar services. When in the House of Commons he confined himself to naval subjects, and frequently brought forward cases of special ill-usage in the service. He said, that on first rising to speak in that assembly, he felt it a more trying ordeal than going into action.

In December 1831, notwithstanding the former refusals of the Government, Sir E. C. again attacked the question of the gratuity to the fleet of Navarin, by sending an official letter to the Admiralty, with a private

letter to Sir James Graham, the First Lord, telling him that by the desire of His Majesty he had now sent his memorial to the King in Council.

From Sir James Graham to Sir E. C.

(Extract.)

Admiralty: February 21, 1832.

Your Memorial has been referred by the King in Council to this Board, and we have felt ourselves bound to adhere to the previous decision of the Board of Treasury on a strict review of the merits of the case. I fear this decision will be rejected by you as unsatisfactory: but the Board were unanimous in their opinion.

From Sir E. C. to Captain W. C.

February 23, 1832.

The negative to the Memorial announced to me in Graham's note upon another subject, has disgusted me so much that I feel indifferent as to whether this Admiralty or the former hold dominion over us.

I have in reply expressed my surprise at the Board being unanimous as at present constituted in rejecting such a claim: as it will be as unsatisfactory to the King and to the profession generally as it is to me; that my regret is not merely personal; but that I lament it on account of the Navy in general and the Admiralty Board in particular.

In 1832 Lady C. again went abroad with her two youngest daughters for their health, and Sir E. C. made a tour of visits with their eldest daughter. This tour was extended to North Wales and the Menai Bridge (the most beautiful wonder of that time). They went from Liverpool to Manchester by railway, the first yet opened in England; and that short transit was an exciting and delightful novelty to Sir E. C. He wrote of it

The sensation of passing with such rapidity accompanied by such a load of coaches and passengers, was as agreeable as

extraordinary; and when we met another train of carriages, or waggons with coals, &c., coming towards Liverpool, the sight was quite astounding.

Such was the impression then produced on the mind of a man who had seen many extraordinary things, of that which has now become a familiar object to almost every child in England.

After his election at Devonport Sir E. C. and his daughter went to Paris, in December, 1832, where they were joined by Lady C., and spent a part of the winter, as on the former occasion, receiving most marked and gratifying attention and kindness from King Louis Philippe and his family; returning home in the spring.

Sir E. C. to Captain W. C.

Brighton: April 12, 1833.

(After speaking of Lady C.'s health)—The time is arrived with us when home and quiet is the best and most natural resource, instead of longings after Rome and so forth. I think the Mediterranean affairs will pass over by Mehemet Ali getting a good slice, and more decided independence; and some good may arise from Russia having shown her disposition.

The Order of the Bath.—House of Commons.

Friday, April 18, 1834.

Sir Edward Codrington.—I hold in my hand a bill of fees which was presented to me in consequence of my having had the honour of being made a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. I was quite shocked at seeing this bill—not on my own account, because I was determined never to pay one farthing of the money; but I was shocked to find that any officer having received such an honour from his Sovereign should be called upon, under such circumstances, to pay for it. This honour was conferred upon me gratuitously. I never asked for it, nor would I have had it if I could only have obtained it by asking for it. Whether asked for, or paid for, if

obtained by either means, it would have been equally valueless in my estimation. Indeed, the Order itself was lessened in my estimation from the moment I received this bill, for I did not receive it till some three years after the honour had been conferred upon me. Upon receiving it, I showed the bill to the First Lord of the Admiralty, who observed that it was very hard upon me to have such a sum to pay. 'Not the least,' I replied, 'for I don't mean to pay a farthing.' I was told there was an Order in Council that everybody must pay the customary fees; but my reply was that I had nothing to do with the Order in Council; and that as I had neither contributed to the Order in Council, nor asked for this or any other such distinction, I would not pay one single farthing for it; and I wish, Sir, all the officers on whom the honour was conferred had done the same thing. It would have upheld the distinction very much. Among the items which struck me most forcibly is the charge of 122*l.* to the King's household. What patent right can they have to entitle them to this sum? The bill which I hold in my hand——

Several Honourable Members.—Read! read!

Sir Edward Codrington.—It is short, and I will read it.

MEMORANDUM OF FEES.

	£	s.	d.
The Secretary of State's Office	16	17	6
The seven Officers of the Order . . .	164	17	2
The King's Household	122	2	0
The Lord Chamberlain's Office	26	14	6
The College at Arms, for Supporters . .	55	16	0
Total	386	7	2

After a certain time I was sent for by the First Lord of the Admiralty, who told me that I should hear no more of this claim. I said: 'If this distinction is conferred only upon the condition of paying for it, you may take it back again from me, for I would not have it on such terms;' and I do think, Sir, that in acting as I did, I only performed my duty as well to the Order as to the service; and I repeat that it is my conviction, that if every officer had acted as I did, the Order would have been held in higher estimation than it is.

Note written down by J. B. C.

May 17, 1834.

Sir E. C. was stopped to-day, in coming out of the House of Commons, by Mr. ——, who asked him for his advice under particular circumstances. A member had thrown very disgraceful reflections upon him in a most pointed manner, but yet without actually naming him; and turning away from him so as to render indistinct a portion of what he said, and partly to remove the appearance of its being directed at him. The strong and full report in the papers, however, left no doubt on the subject, and he was on the point of sending his friend Colonel —— with a *message* to Mr. ——.

Sir E. C. said, that though averse to *offering* his advice on such a subject, he would not hesitate to give it when asked for; professionally, he was always desirous of making his experience or his opinion available to younger officers, which he considered as one of the duties of an officer of his standing; and he would not refuse his opinion in this instance.

The principle he had laid down for himself through life was to avoid duels, for he considered duelling an odious and unjustifiable practice; and his own conduct had been guided by this principle; he did not mean to state that he would never fight a duel—there might be cases where a man of honourable feeling had no other alternative left him—but having made it his rule to avoid fighting, he considered himself especially bound to avoid also the giving offence to any man—that sort of offence which should make him consider himself wounded in honour. And he also considered himself especially bound, should he *so* have offended any man and afterwards find himself to be in the wrong, to make ample excuse and reparation to that man; and if the offence had been given in the presence of ten, he would wish the excuse to be given in the presence of twenty.

It was a part of the principle he had thus laid down to himself, that when a man said anything of him which he deemed injurious to him, he desired to leave him an opportunity of removing that impression, or of explaining the cir-

cumstances that had given rise to it; and of this there had been an instance in his own case.

Under all these considerations, therefore, his opinion was, that instead of sending a hostile message by his friend Colonel ——, Mr. —— should write a letter to Mr. —— in the most conciliating spirit of which the case admitted—taking the ground of his having (unconsciously perhaps) said that which cast severe reflections upon him, and requesting that if, as he did not doubt, this had been done unintentionally on his part, he would have the goodness to state it publicly in the House of Commons. And this letter, he added, should be sent by his servant.

The letter was *so* written, and *so* sent; all intention of blame or reflection was disclaimed by Mr. —— as publicly as the supposed insult had been offered; and Sir E. C. was thus the means of preventing a duel between a man of middle age, the father of a large family, and a young man whose life was valuable as being that of a man of high talent and promise.

At this time came at last to Sir Edward Codrington the opportunity he had so long yearned after, to which he had sacrificed his own interests, and for which he had himself gone into Parliament—of bringing before the country the still unrequited services of his men, and publicly urging their claims to that justice which was still denied to them by the Government.

On June 17, 1834, the debate took place in the House of Commons on Sir Edward Codrington moving for a Committee to enquire into the claims of those engaged in the Battle of Navarin.

Though opposed officially by the Government represented by Mr. Labouchere and Lord Althorp, yet the feeling and support of the House was so strongly in favour of the motion that the consent of the Government was given, and the object of Sir E. Codrington secured.

House of Commons.

BATTLE OF NAVARIN.

(Extracts from Sir E. C.'s Speech.)

Tuesday, June 17, 1834.

Sir E. Codrington brought forward the following motion, and commenced by reading it:—'That this House resolve itself into a committee to examine into the propriety of presenting an address to His Majesty, humbly requesting him to be graciously pleased to take into consideration the claims of the officers, seamen, and royal marines, engaged in the battle of Navarin, on October 20, 1827.' He was sorry, he said, to be under the necessity of troubling the House at all on the subject. . . . He had moved for papers, showing that head-money was given every day—that it was allowed for the capture of negro slaves; and why should it not be allowed for the capture of Greek slaves? It was bestowed largely in cases of piracy: and one gallant officer had received something like 800*l.* as his share for a battle with pirates. He (Sir E. Codrington) had been engaged with those who were to be looked upon in the nature of pirates, for the fleet he had destroyed was meant to do more than ever pirates did or could do—to exterminate a whole people. His own merits and claims, whatever they might be, he put entirely out of the question; but he hoped the noble lord would do him justice on the matter which preceded the battle,[1] and by which it would be amply justified. Most unfair and shameful misrepresentation had gone forth upon that point, which the noble lord would be able to contradict. If credit were due to him for the battle of Navarin, much more was, in fact, due for what preceded it. . . . He could not understand on what ground remuneration was now to be refused; when, as far as his knowledge went, head-money had been given in many cases before a declaration of war had been issued. It had been granted to Admiral Boscawen, to Admiral Byng, to Sir G. Warren, to Admiral Gambier, and to several others who had been engaged with the enemy before the issue of any declara-

[1] Alluding to the encounter at Patras.

tion of war. He had looked with great attention into those cases which were similar to the battle of Navarin, and he had found that the head or gratuity money had been given in them. . . . There was another case which bore a strong resemblance to his, and in which the same gallant admiral, Lord Exmouth, was the actor. He alluded to the expedition to Algiers. Lord Exmouth was sent by the Government, in the first instance, to negotiate with the states of Barbary relative to the barbarous practice of Christian slavery, and he was next commissioned to proceed to hostilities, and to use force if his demands were not complied with. Now he really could perceive no distinction between the two cases. . . . He assured the House that the exertions which he made in regard to this subject were not dictated by any personal consideration. . . . When he stated to the illustrious personage under whose commands he acted that he would give up his own share, the answer was, that he would on no account be allowed to do that. 'You,' said the illustrious individual to whom he had referred, 'You may be in a situation to do without that share to which you are entitled, but recollect that this question does not alone concern you. Remember that you are the advocate of the other officers and men, who may not be able to afford such a sacrifice; and therefore on no account must you relinquish your due.' He (Sir E. C.) had thought it necessary to say this much, in order to show to the House that, in making the present motion he was actuated by no pecuniary—no personal considerations [hear, hear]. . . . Now, had he (Sir E. C.) made war, instead of taking prompt measures for insuring peace, he would perhaps have had a claim to head-money which could not have been resisted. It was well known that he took the uttermost pains to prevent bloodshed, and to make a peace; and now what was the course pursued towards him for his attention to the interests of the country? See what an example the treatment which he had received held out to officers. After he had done what he thought was due to the British flag, he took such measures, that it was seen by the enemy that he did not contemplate further hostilities, and the consequence was as successful as he had already stated. He saved a war taking place, and a reward was refused. If a

war had taken place, their prize-money would have been awarded to his squadron. Another consequence of refusing all rewards under these circumstances, under circumstances which they had always considered to entitle them to a reward, was the effect which such treatment would have upon seamen hereafter [hear, hear]. On two occasions the men had been in such a state that the captain and officers, who had great difficulty in quelling the disturbance, had declared that it would be necessary hereafter to make a specific bargain with them before they could be called upon to enter into an engagement. Let them weigh well the consequences of that. . . . He concluded by moving the appointment of a committee in the terms stated.

. . . . . .

Mr. Labouchere, though he not only spoke for himself, but on the part of the Government, when he said that it was impossible that the honourable and gallant member could have been engaged more gracefully and honourably than in endeavouring to obtain for the gallant officers and seamen with whom he had served, rights to which they considered themselves entitled, still opposed the motion on the ground that hostile proceedings were not contemplated in the instructions, and that it was a general rule not to grant head-money or gratuities for actions, unless they were preceded by a declaration of war.

Sir F. Burdett had felt pained that the motion was opposed, for he must confess that in whatever light he looked at the case, it appeared to him clearly made out, being founded on justice, policy, and the best interests of the country [hear, hear], and therefore deserving the consideration of Parliament. . . . If it were true, unbendingly true, that let the most gallant action be performed which it was in the power of man to perform, placed in the most trying and delicate situation, yet he should, on account of some punctilio, be refused that reward to which he was entitled, he begged them to remember the consequences that must flow from such a doctrine. . . . If he had sailed back from Navarin—if he had not had the honour of the country so deeply at heart, he would have been reproached for not having accomplished the views entertained

by Government, and on him would have been imposed the full blame of all the disastrous consequences which might have ensued [hear, hear]. . . . When he remembered how he obtained the command of the fleet, how he put a stop to the jealousies of the commanders of the Allied fleets, and how he contrived to combine their strength, to direct their movements and unite their efforts, he could not but say, that if any action ever redounded to the honour of a commander, this brilliant achievement redounded to the honourable and gallant Admiral, and covered him with laurels. . . . If, as it was alleged, there was no precedent for rewarding the men under such circumstances of credit to them, then let a precedent be made; it was, indeed, time to make one. . . . The honourable and gallant Admiral was in a difficult and singular situation at Navarin; but his position in that House was still more singular. . . . It was the first time in the annals of history that a distinguished officer, after having achieved an action which reflected the highest honour upon his country, was compelled in that House to defend himself; to hear himself censured for having said he hoped that the House would consent to relieve these ill-treated seamen, and do them that tardy justice which has been so long delayed.

Lord Althorp spoke with reference to the question he had asked some years before relating to the encounter at Patras—*Why the action was not gazetted?* for he then felt, and he had always felt, that that action was one of the most brilliant [cheers] which had occurred. The answer which he then received gave him a certain degree of doubt as to the origin of the action, and it was observed that no shots were fired from the Turkish party; but he had since ascertained that many shots were fired [hear, hear]. With regard to the daring nature of that engagement, if that was not to be called most brilliant—if that was not to be admitted as inferior to no other, if not superior—an action in which one line-of-battle ship, one sloop-of-war, and one frigate, engaged fifty sail of vessels, some of them of no mean size, and well armed and manned, and although opposed to their full fire, compelled the whole fleet to return to their original position—if that was not a brilliant action, then, indeed, he did not know what

other engagement could be dignified by that appellation. . . . With regard to the battle of Navarin, he must again repeat that it was a most talented achievement, that it had shed a splendid lustre upon the name of the honourable and gallant member, and that he, of all men, ought not to be blamed for what he did, or made the subject of misrepresentation. The grounds on which the Government had acted had been stated by his honourable friend, and in stating his concurrence in those grounds, he must still express his regret that he felt it necessary to oppose the motion.

Mr. O'Connell made an eloquent speech in favour of the motion, and others followed on the same side. Ultimately, Lord Althorp rose and said that he had formerly stated his reason for opposing this motion; but no one seemed to concur with him in his opposition but the honourable member for Middlesex [hear, hear]. In such circumstances he could not think of dividing the House on the question, and would therefore not persist in his opposition [cheers]: and he hoped his honourable and gallant friend would allow him to congratulate him on the result of his motion. He was sure that his gallant friend well knew that any opposition which he gave to it was merely from a sense of duty [hear, hear]. He would only add that this result was a reward which the honourable and gallant Admiral well deserved for his distinguished conduct throughout the transaction [cheers].

The motion was then carried without a division. . . .

That was a day of *such* relief and gratification to him, that he said to us in the evening: '*Now* I can go to bed without that subject weighing on my mind as it has done hitherto. For years past it has been my last thought at night, and my first in the morning.' When he came home from the House of Commons he gave us an account of what had passed in the debate,—the closing speech of Lord Althorp in withdrawing the ministerial motion opposing the grant, and his own final reply and motion; and then added playfully, 'The gallant Admiral would have said more to the Noble Lord, had but his voice answered the helm.'

It was in order to keep himself free and unfettered in the struggle against the Government for obtaining this act of justice to his officers and men, that he had refused to accept from Government the offered pension to himself of 800*l.* a year. And so it ever was with him; the spirit of duty was the constant guide of his life—it was warmed by the spirit of chivalry which glowed within him unchilled throughout his long life of active devotion to the duty of the hour, whatever the duty that the hour might bring.

Still in all such cases of delay there must remain the painful fact that many brave and deserving men—perhaps, too, disabled from gaining a livelihood—must have died between 1827 and 1834, without any benefit from this vote, or even the gratification of knowing this tardy acknowledgment of their services obtained for them by the untiring efforts of their chief.

In January 1835, upon the dissolution of Parliament, Sir George Grey and Sir Edward Codrington were re-elected for Devonport.

In April 1836, Sir E. Codrington received a very gratifying testimonial from his Navarin officers through their representative, Captain Curzon. It was a very beautiful silver vase, ornamented with representations of the bow of the 'Asia' (an actual likeness), and naval emblems of various descriptions; with the following record engraved on one of its sides:—

Presented to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B. by the Officers who served under his command at the Battle of Navarin, in testimony of their admiration of his able and persevering advocacy of their claims in Parliament. June 1834. 'Forti et fideli nihil difficile.'

From Sir E. C. to Captain Curzon.

Eaton Square: April 24, 1836.

My dear Curzon,—You will readily believe me that I prize above all price the beautiful and magnificent memorial

presented to me by you and my other brave companions in arms who so nobly supported my flag and the honour of our country during that day of severe trial, of which it will descend through my family as a lasting record. That my zealous advocacy of your just claims was crowned with success would alone have been felt by me as a sufficient reward for my exertions; but the addition of such a splendid proof of your esteem and regard has made an impression on my heart which will continue to the end of my existence. I will beg you to communicate these sentiments to those who have united with you in this testimony of their attachment to their old Commander-in-Chief.

Your sincere friend,
EDWD. CODRINGTON.

In January 1837 Admiral Codrington lost the dear wife who had been the treasure of his heart for thirty-six years; and deeply did he feel this misfortune. In our home retirement after that great loss, he and I used to walk up and down the room together for hours (following out his old professional habit), while he talked to me of her. I had long been his most habitual companion, as well as hers, amongst their children; a habit that had grown up insensibly out of the two circumstances of my brothers being older and withdrawn from home by their schools and their professions, and my sisters being considerably younger.

Having always taken great interest in what I considered his *live anecdotes*, I got him, in this time of leisure, into the habit of letting me write them down from his dictation. He used to 'walk the quarter-deck,' as he called it, while I wrote, taking the drawing-room from corner to corner, because he said the side of the room was too short—'like a fisherman's quarter-deck, two steps and overboard;' and I was always astonished at the command of language he showed in this occupation, considering what I had heard him say of his want of educa-

tional training, and his never having learnt a rule of grammar; for he never hesitated for an expression, and never changed a word in the sentences which he dictated so distinctly and deliberately. The incidents related as having taken place at and after the battle of the 'First of June' and before and after the battle of Navarin, &c., were caught and recorded in this manner.

The influence of this dear wife and mother ever remained, and pervaded the home of which she was the guiding spirit: it survived as a power of blessing. On one occasion, many years after her death, I ventured to call it in as a help in the time of need. My Father was very much irritated at a circumstance that had happened, and in the excitement of the moment seemed bent upon taking a course which, however spirited, we all felt to be very imprudent; but our remonstrances were powerless. In the evening, while walking up and down the room, still talking the matter over, I said quietly, 'I cannot help thinking very much of what *she* would have felt about it; I think she would have been very sorry.' He made no answer, and we parted for the night: but the thought of *her*, the peace-maker, acted like a charm to soothe the irritation; and when he joined us next morning a calmer judgment had taken the place of it. I felt, however, that so sacred a spring of influence was not lightly to be touched, but to be cherished with reverence; and rejoice that no other occasion ever arose to make me have recourse to it again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEVOTEDLY faithful to the duty he had undertaken of advocating the cause of the Navy, Sir Edward Codrington, undeterred by the difficulty of gaining the attention of the House of Commons to the subject, brought before the House on July 25, 1838, the grievances of naval officers. He spoke with heartfelt earnestness, with knowledge of his subject, and with careful exactness, giving details gathered out of official documents and regulations. . . .

In February 1839 Sir E. Codrington received a beautiful piece of plate, presented to him by many naval officers, through his old friend, Admiral Thomas. It was a large and massive salver, embellished with naval devices, with the following inscription in the centre of it:—

Presented on the 27th February, 1839, to Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C. of St. Louis and of the Legion of Honour of France; G.C. of the Redeemer of Greece; Knight of the Second Class of St. George of Russia; and M.P. for the borough of Devonport (by a limited subscription) from 500 naval officers, as a mark of their esteem, respect, and regard, and in testimony of the deep and grateful sense they entertain, not only of his unwearied, independent, and able advocacy of the rights and privileges of their profession in the Commons' House of Parliament, but also for his generous support and defence of the forlorn and friendless officer, the distressed widow, and the destitute orphan, whether suffering under injustice and oppression, or sustaining injury and wrong.

Sir E. C.'s answer to the above:—

Eaton Square, February, 29 1839.

My dear Thomas,—When I first became a candidate for a seat in Parliament, I avowed my object to be the attainment of a more just consideration for the interests of our profession, and of those connected with it. In pursuance of that object I have laboured assiduously, and I trust I may now feel I have not laboured in vain. That I have not been as successful as I wished, may be owing to my want of that Parliamentary knowledge, and of that oratorical power for which our early life so little fits us. But I can confidently say, that it has not been owing to any deficiency of zeal or exertion for the cause I had undertaken. I own I have sometimes felt disheartened by my want of support, both in and out of the House of Commons; but this feeling has now given place to one of the highest gratification, at receiving so splendid a testimonial of the approbation of my brother-officers. And in the proud satisfaction of exhibiting it amongst my naval friends as an heir-loom in my family, I trust I may lead others to feel, as I do, that their best exertions are due to the welfare of our naval strength; and that the most gratifying reward they can have, for the zealous use of their exertions, is the spontaneous approbation of their professional brethren. If anything could add to the satisfaction I feel on receiving this highly valued memorial, it is that you, my dear Thomas, with whom I have been associated in much arduous and interesting service, should be made the medium of its presentation.

Yours with warm and sincere regard,

Edward Codrington.

In November 1839 Sir E. Codrington was appointed Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. He consequently gave up his seat in Parliament, and removed with his three daughters to the Admiralty House in the Dockyard. His eldest son was at that time with the Guards in Canada, and his youngest in command of H.M.S. 'Talbot' in the Mediterranean. Captain John Montagu was his flag Captain. The three years at Portsmouth were spent in the regular routine of official duties, varied by constant

open-house hospitalities. The Admiral's hours were early and punctual: his officers were sure of finding him in his office at ten. He was never seen out of uniform while in commission: even in the rare evenings of being alone at home, or in his afternoon rides, or yacht-sailing excursions, he invariably wore his undress uniform, and he enjoined as far as possible on others under his command a similar practice. Nor did he in any ship he commanded, permit any one to smoke in any part of the ship except the galley.

In 1840 Sir E. C. received from the Prime Minister (Lord Melbourne), the offer of the Government of Greenwich Hospital. He declined it with expressions of gratitude; adding, 'It is not that I am at all insensible to the value of the boon; but that I feel still equal to serve my sovereign and my country usefully and with credit to myself, if unfortunately a war should take place; and I would not willingly for any pecuniary advantage put myself out of the opportunity to which such an event might give rise, of undertaking whatever services I may be deemed competent to perform.'

From Sir E. C. to Lord John Russell.

Portsmouth: November 15, 1840.

Dear Lord John,—I cannot help thinking that you have had something to do with Lord Melbourne's kindness in offering me the Government of Greenwich Hospital, and I therefore assure you that my refusal of it does not arise from either a want of sense of the kindness of the offer, or of the value of the boon itself. As I have told Lord Melbourne in my answer, I feel that I have still something left in me in case of war, and I am not willing at any price to put myself aside under such circumstances. To you I may add, that it being my opinion that so distinguished a retirement should fall to the lot of each distinguished officer from the top of the list, I should not feel comfortable in possessing a professional situation to which, in

the opinion of the profession at large, there were others who had a better right.

Yours with sincere regard,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

While writing these words Sir E. C. had a strong wish and hope that this highly-prized situation might be offered to his old friend Sir Robert Stopford, and was much gratified in seeing his hope fulfilled.

One great pleasure Sir E. C. enjoyed at Portsmouth was the circumstance of his son Henry having been present in Sir Robert Stopford's fleet at the siege of Acre, November 3, 1840. In command of the 'Talbot' 28 guns, he was engaged with an earthwork battery on the south front. The Companionship of the Bath was given to him for this service, and he shortly afterwards returned to England to be Flag Captain to Sir E. C. at Portsmouth.

From Sir E. C. to his Son Captain Henry C.

Portsmouth: November 30, 1840.

This morning your account of Acre came by the Cross Post from Devonport. I cannot describe my present feelings, nor need I attempt it; suffice it that our joy is equal to that felt by yourself when you took up your pen to announce these glad tidings. You have now had your fair share of fighting, my dear Harry, and I shall certainly be very glad to find you once again of our home party. It ought to have fallen to my lot to have commanded on this memorable occasion. But so far from any jealous begrudging feeling, it gives me unbounded satisfaction that my old friend Stopford, who openly avowed a most just and liberal opinion of all my conduct on the occasion of Navarin, should wind up his professional career so honourably. Besides your very interesting account, including also your own proceedings, in which we are so personally concerned, we have seen an excellent detail with a plan by Mr. Saunderson to Admiral Bouverie, and we consider ourselves quite *au fait* as to the whole affair. You seem to have had a very considerable share in the preliminary proceedings, consi-

dering your standing and the inferior craft you command. I must say I think the plan of attack you had formed in your own mind strikes me as being an extremely good one and very easy of execution. I rather hope you may be sent to resume your station at Constantinople, and that the Turks will see that you have not been more backward in support of their cause than you were on the other side when you were equally performing your allotted duty. However, as my present object is to express merely my joy at the good fortune you have had in being in such a battle and escaping unhurt, and also my high gratification relative to your whole proceedings, I shall make over this to one of your sisters to be finished. We shall most likely have Stopford's official account to-morrow. In the meantime, my dear Harry, accept the hearty blessing of your greatly admiring and warmly affectionate father,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

Continued by Maria C.

November 30.

Your own clear and full account of your gallant proceedings at Acre, my dear Harry, has doubled even the joy we felt the other day on the mere hearing you were there, had fought well, and were safe out of it. Your plain and natural but most vivid description brought the whole thing before us. If you had seen how our dear father's eyes ran over, when he read your letter at breakfast, with tears of pride and pleasure, you would have thought yourself sufficiently rewarded by these alone. . . .

In February 1842 Her Majesty the Queen came, accompanied by Prince Albert, to spend a day at Portsmouth, and slept at the Admiralty House. The next morning Her Majesty went off to Spithead in the yacht to visit the 'Queen,' new three-decker, accompanied by Admirals and Generals, Lords of the Admiralty, and the Duke of Wellington. The latter was at that time far from strong; more infirm indeed than at a later period of his life; and he caused great uneasiness to the sailors around him

by unsteadily mounting and descending the companion ladders with his hands encumbered with his large cocked hat and his umbrella, and pertinaciously refusing any help whatever. Many a hand was offered to relieve him of the umbrella, and none could imagine why the offer seemed to vex him so much, until we afterwards learnt that this offer of holding his umbrella for him had often been used as a trick by his admirers to obtain and carry it off as a memorial of him: he had lost so many umbrellas by this means, that he was now resolved to hold it for himself.

This visit of Her Majesty was a real pleasure to the Admiral; for his seventy winters had in no degree chilled the chivalrous loyalty of his nature, which had been especially called forth towards her when he had seen her ascend the throne as a young princess of eighteen; and he was gratified, too, by the special kindness and consideration shown to him both by her and Prince Albert in many little ways.

From Sir E. C. to Sir Isambard Brunel.

Portsmouth: March 2, 1842.

Thanks! many thanks! my good friend, for bringing my mind, even in the winding up of the hurly-burly in which I have been for the last week, to the interesting work [1] which is now so near its completion; and which will add high honour to those splendid abilities, the useful exertion of which for the benefit of the country of your adoption has already placed you in so eminent a position. In the hurried view which Prince Albert and the Archdukes could only afford to give on this occasion to the block manufactory, I was glad to take the opportunity of expressing my sentiments on the merits of the inventor. Remember, my good friend, that whenever you can spare time to come and see how this astonishing work is going on, you will be sure of meeting a hearty welcome from all the inhabitants of the Admiralty House. The railroad to

[1] The Thames Tunnel.

Gosport is now satisfactorily established, and the journey performed in about three hours and a half.

My daughters desire to add their kind regards to those of your sincere friend, E. C.

In the summer of that same year Sir E. C. had the pleasure of a visit from this old friend, and of course he went to inspect his own block machinery. We walked with him about the dockyard, and it was very interesting to observe the simple pleasure he took in re-visiting the remarkable work that had brought him great distinction. We found there one grey-headed workman who instantly recognised him and never took his eyes off him while within reach. This man accosted him reverentially, saying he was one of the men placed by him at that machinery when he first set it up so many years ago.[1] As we returned to the house, he said, in answer to an observation of mine, 'Yes, it is very good; I do not see anything in it that I could wish now to change;' and the words were spoken with unaffected gratification, quite free from any tone of self-vaunting.

From Sir E. C. to Mr. Sidney Herbert, Admiralty.

Portsmouth: October 28, 1842.

. . . . . .

I conclude that the object of the 'Excellent's' establishment is to make the practical knowledge of gunnery general throughout the service, and not merely to establish a limited number in the higher and more abstruse branches of science; and with this feeling I have marked my approbation of the instruction in those ships in which the orders were given by each of the officers at their own quarters. In my opinion every inducement should be offered to all classes to profit by the instruction in the 'Excellent,' so as to make this branch of the duty as general and as much a matter of course as seamanship or any other. I am not sure that we have not lost ground in the latter in consequence of the greater encouragement

[1] Thirty-four years.

given to gunnery; and we may eventually be obliged to have an establishment for teaching seamanship, as we have done gunnery.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWD. CODRINGTON.

My Father's three years' term of command at Portsmouth being finished, his flag was hauled down on the 10th December, 1842, and he returned with his family to settle himself once more at home, and enter again into London society. But with all his eager enjoyment of society, it was his home, after all, that was his 'natural element.' His bright and original remarks, and the professional stories collected throughout so active a life, seemed to be most naturally called forth in that atmosphere; and when some racy anecdote came out quite fresh and new, and I asked him, 'Where can that come from *now*?' he would answer, 'Oh, it is out of my old bag of shakings' (an expression which will be readily understood by sailors). The bag of shakings seemed indeed to contain an endless store, and went on supplying the home fireside with many a bright gleam, even until near the close of life.

His eldest son, who had long been married, continued, after marriage as before, to have his home with his wife and children in his father's house; and the younger son also, when not at sea, always shared the home of his father and sisters.

In 1843 Sir E. C.'s eldest daughter was married to Captain Sir Thomas Bourchier, who was already a valued friend of his; he wrote of him as his 'adopted son,' and the intercourse was always of that character. They settled near him in London, and very rarely did a day pass without the welcome sound of his knock at the door of the little home (that peculiar knock—one, *two*, THREE—so well known to his friends, and always so gladly heard at

their door). Nothing ever was like his welcome to those he loved; his old-world courtesy—his graceful high bearing—were not disturbed by, but simply merged in the heartfelt cordiality of the welcome which was such a pleasure to himself as well as to them.

In July 1846 Sir E. C. received a letter from Lord John Russell, saying, 'I have the Queen's permission to offer you the situation in Her Majesty's Household of Groom in Waiting. Her Majesty is desirous of having a naval officer of distinction in her household.'

Sir E. C. held this situation for a few years: increasing age induced him to resign it.

From Sir E. C. to Jane Bourchier.

Bishopsgate: October 23, 1846.

MY DEAR JANE, — Congratulations are always agreeable. Our servants' dance (on Navarin day) went off admirably. The room was beautifully dressed up with flowers, by the help of their guest Mitchell, the gardener, NAVARIN in dahlias surmounting the end window; and they had a regular supper in the entrance ante-room. I started with Dame Hills,[1] and went through *five country dances*, without being any the worse for it then or the next morning.[2]

Sir E. C. to J. B.

December 25, 1846.

Thanks, my dear Jane, for your letter and the affectionate expressions of both yourself and your husband, on which I set a just value. I assure you you cannot miss me more than I miss you. It is well to be without absolute suffering at my period of life, and I am probably as free from it as most of my compeers approximating my 77th anniversary, after many trials of severe excitement. But the aches, pains, and inconveniences, and the deterioration of memory accompanying age, under the most favourable circumstances, greatly dimi-

[1] The housekeeper, who had come into the family as nurse in 1814.
[2] Sir E. C.'s age was then 76¼.

nish the desire for protracted existence; and such is my present feeling.

God bless you and yours!

E. C.

Up to this time Sir E. Codrington had never been offered the naval good service pension, although services which had begun in 1783 had carried him through four general actions, besides the war service at Walcheren, on the coast of Spain, and New Orleans. The offer now came to him from Lord Auckland, as detailed in the following letter to his daughter:—

From Sir E. C. to Jane B.

February 25, 1847.

I was in the Admiralty yesterday, when I received a message that Lord Auckland wanted me. He said that a good service pension having fallen in by Lake's death, he considered me as the most entitled to it, if I chose to accept it; that he did not think any just claims should be passed over without giving the choice, upon the ground of the claimant being wealthy, although in some instances, poverty, accompanied by other circumstances, might justify a preference. I said that I had considered myself unfairly treated by being passed over in favour of Rowley and Lake, the former of whom I believed had received more money than had fallen to my lot, that my income was principally annuity, and that I should gladly accept the boon, and was gratified at being restored to the condition of distinguished and meritorious services.

Nothing could be more kind and gentlemanlike than his whole way of talking the business over, and I consider myself booked for this very convenient addition to my pecuniary means. But thus the matter stands until I hear it officially.

Sir E. C. to Jane B.

June 21, 1847.

We who are deputed to seek an extension of the order of June 1 met to-day, but must meet again to sign our representation which we for the present are to keep to ourselves. Byam

Martin and his committee are overwhelmed with letters and claims. It is in reality a very difficult question, take it which way we will. The *Gazette* is not a criterion of general merit, nor are the medals heretofore given, and, as being given for some single actions, open a fair claim for many others: nor is success a just criterion of merit. Woodruffe's action with the Rochfort squadron, by which he saved his convoy, is a noble achievement, although he was necessarily made a prisoner. The 'Mars' and the 'Alexander' are of the same sort. And the 'Queen Charlotte's' on June 23, 1795, was one of the finest operations ever done.

It was very gratifying to Sir Edward Codrington to have offered to him for the second time the proudest and pleasantest retirement that could be given to an old and distinguished officer. But as, when first placed at his disposal in 1840, he found it too early to reconcile himself to final retirement; so now, in 1847, he felt it too late, at seventy-seven years old, to enter upon a new home and the duties of a new situation.

Sir E. C. to Jane B.

(*Confidential.*)

June 27, 1847.

Lord Auckland wrote yesterday to see me, and offered me the much coveted Greenwich. He said the appointment was in the Premier, but would go by his recommendation. We talked the matter over fully and freely, and I cannot say I feel at all desirous of accepting it. The whole hospital wants reformation, and the Governor in that respect is a mere cypher. I should go away from all my present pursuits and habits of society, and the power of saving two or three thousand pounds, without a prospect of doing any real good, does not appear to me sufficient temptation. Thus the balance of my present feeling is against my acceptance of it. The comfort of this home and the London intercourse, with the gratification of every real want at my age, ought to content me.

E. C.

This offer was made in very gratifying terms by Lord John Russell, and gratefully declined.

To Jane B., in answer to an inquiry about the new 'War Medal.'

March 26, 1848.

The clasps on my new medal are June 1, 1794, June 23, 1795, Trafalgar, and Navarin. The committee seem to exclude Flushing, where the 'Blake' was close under the batteries and set on fire three times by red-hot shot, and where she fired about thirty rounds in aid of the bombardment; and also all the different affairs on the east coast of Spain.

To Jane B.

May 27, 1848.

You may judge of the relief we have derived from your letter just arrived, after the sad account received last night; for the regard and esteem in which we hold Bourchier makes suspense painful.

E. C.

Sir Thomas Bourchier recovered from his illness at that time; but the climate of China had done its work upon him. In April 1849 he died, while Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, and Sir E. Codrington felt this sorrow very much. Owing to the position he had filled, the funeral was a public and military one; and he who took the part of chief mourner, walking all the way in the slow and solemn procession, was the sad-hearted 'adopted father' of seventy-nine years old, who mourned him with such true affection.

From Sir Henry Ward[1] *to Sir E. C.*

Steam Vessel 'Ionia,' Bay of Navarin: July 1, 1849.

My dear Sir Edward,—I did not see you before I left England to say good-bye, so I will write a line from the scene of your triumph twenty-two years ago, which I have taken the opportunity of visiting on my way from Zante to Cerigo,

[1] Newly appointed Governor of the Ionian Islands.

to the great astonishment of the garrison in the forts, who are evidently much puzzled with our manœuvres and cannot conceive what we are about. Never was there such a place, certainly, to catch an enemy's fleet in, but it must have been murderous work—something like 'blunderbusses for two in a sawpit'—where nothing but English pluck and English discipline could have gained so complete a victory. I was fortunate in having on board an Englishman named Forrest (now commanding the 'Ionia'), who served under you, and gave me all the particulars of the battle, from the spot where the 'Asia' took up her position. Few things have gratified me more than this sight of the scene of so memorable an action; and having seen it, my next impulse was to tell you so, which I hope you will excuse.

Pray remember me to Lady Bourchier, whose loss I heard of with much regret, for Sir Thomas was a fine officer; but I saw too clearly when I was at Chatham that his days were numbered, and that nothing but the energy of his mind sustained the man.

Hoping that you bear your years and honours as well as when I last saw you, believe me, my dear Sir Edward,

Yours most truly,

H. G. WARD.

When I first proposed to publish this record, a friend wrote to me, 'How *will* you be able to describe him—represent him—make this generation understand him? There are none such now: all at once so frank, free, spirited, dignified, kind, and warm! His presence and manner can no more be written than his beautiful head could ever be painted. How *wooden* I used to think all his pictures were when I was a child, and wonder painters should see him *like that*.'

I do *not* attempt to describe him; the few left who can remember him will themselves be able to fill in the outline indicated by the natural expression of his thoughts and feelings in his own letters to his home.

J. B.

In the summer of 1850 Sir E. Codrington's wonderfully healthy constitution began to give way. The action of the heart was weakened, and dropsy began to show itself. Still, the natural vigour of so fine a constitution, uninjured by either hard living or bad climates, gave full play to the doctor's remedies, and he rallied again for a time. He was staying at Roehampton for the summer, and he took advantage of his first day of improved strength to drive to his lawyer in London, to settle a doubt in his mind as to whether he had in his will done as much as he wished for his servants. He soon after returned home to Eaton Square, and having quite given up society, he received but few of his friends after that time.

His favourite solace had habitually been, and was to the end of life, his home music, which he would listen to for whole evenings with pleasure. At first his choir had comprised five united voices: latterly there were only the two youngest daughters left in the home; but theirs was the choicest of amateur singing, and he dearly loved it. He had always been extremely fond of music; and without any knowledge of it himself, he had a refined and discriminating taste. With a perfectly true ear and pleasing though untrained voice, he formerly used to sing some of Dibdin's and other sailors' songs with excellent spirit and expression: but though every kind of music was welcome to him *if* it was *good*, sacred music was that upon which he always set the highest value.

About the month of March 1851 the disease re-asserted itself, and did not again give way: its progress was very slow, for he had a wonderful reserve of strength; but it gradually subsided into lethargy.

By degrees the lethargy deepened into those longer and ever-lengthening intervals of silence and apparent insensibility, or at any rate freedom from suffering—that mysterious condition in which doctors and metaphysicians conceive that spirit and soul are set free to roam backward

and forward over past and future in their high converse, untrammelled and unimpeded by the quiescent body.

We cannot know, but we may believe it.

On April 27, 1851, he completed his 81st year; and on the following day he closed his long, and happy, and useful, and honourable career.

He was buried in St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. A memorial tablet was placed there, and another in the church at Dodington in Gloucestershire.

Extract from Sir E. C.'s Will.

March 10, 1816.

It is my desire that whenever or wherever I may die, my corpse shall be buried in one of the nearest churches or burying-places, without any ostentation, and with as little cost as possible. If the distance will admit of it, I should wish to be carried to the grave by a suitable number of the poorer persons of the parish, or by old sailors, and that each of them should have a guinea for his trouble. I further wish that a simple tablet should record the place of my burial, and that a similar record should be put up in the family church at Dodington.

The wish thus expressed, and confirmed by a codicil in 1830, was carried out, to the disappointment of many friends who, like the writer of the following note, would have wished to collect around his grave, in token of the esteem they had borne to him in life.

His two sons and his eldest daughter were present.

From Admiral Baynes to Colonel C.

You say the last sad offices are to be attended only by yourselves. I had hoped to have been allowed to have paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of one who has been in truth my most kind and constant friend in boyhood and manhood for upwards of forty years, and whose memory I must always cherish with the warmest affection. I will not, however, press further on this subject than expressing the wish.

Inscription on the Tablet at Dodington:—

IN MEMORY OF
ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON, G.C.B.,
THIRD SON OF EDWARD, THE YOUNGEST SON OF SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON
OF DODINGTON, FIRST BARONET.
BORN, 27TH APRIL 1770. DIED, 28TH APRIL 1851.
BURIED IN THE VAULTS OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON SQUARE, LONDON.

HE ENTERED THE NAVY 1783, AND SERVED
LIEUTENANT OF H.M.S. QUEEN CHARLOTTE, IN THE BATTLE OF THE 1ST JUNE 1794.
COMMANDER OF H.M.S. BABET, IN THE ACTION OF THE 23RD JUNE 1795.
CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. ORION, IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR 1805.
CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. BLAKE, IN THE SCHELDT, AND ON THE EAST COAST OF SPAIN 1809-13.
COMMODORE AND CAPTAIN OF THE FLEET ON THE COAST OF NORTH AMERICA, 1814.
COMMANDER IN CHIEF
OF THE ALLIED FLEETS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND RUSSIA,
IN THE BATTLE OF NAVARIN, 20TH OCTOBER 1827.

At the time of his death Sir Edward Codrington was a Knight-Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

" " of St. Louis, and of the Légion d'Honneur of France.

" Second Class of St. George, of Russia.

" Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.

" Grand Cross of the Saviour, of Greece.[1]

He held the Naval Gold Medal as commanding a ship-of-the-line at the battle of Trafalgar; and the War Medal with four clasps for

Lord Howe's action, June 1, 1794.
Lord Bridport's action, May 23, 1795.
The battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805; and
The battle of Navarin, October 20, 1827.

On seven different occasions[2] he received letters of commendation from his official superiors, besides letters

[1] This order was sent to Sir E. Codrington in February 1834, by King Otho of Greece, 'pour vous donner un témoignage ostensible de la reconnaissance de la nation grecque.'

[2] As stated by Admiralty order calling for record of Services in 1846 in the larger edition of this Memoir.

of thanks from the Admiralty for the services therein referred to.

Also letters of commendation and thanks from the Ministers of Spain in 1813, and of Greece in 1827.

An autograph letter of commendation from the Emperor of Russia in 1827.

He was included in the vote of thanks of Parliament four times, viz.

For Lord Howe's battles in 1794.
Lord Bridport's action in 1795.
Battle of Trafalgar in 1805; and
The Capture of Washington; and operations on the Coast of America in 1815.

The thanks of Parliament were withheld from the fleet that gained the battle of Navarin, by the Ministry of the Duke of Wellington.

From Colonel Codrington to Admiral Count Heiden.

110, Eaton Square, London: May 1, 1851.

My dear Admiral,—Your old friend, my father,—your old commander-in-chief on a glorious day—breathed his last in this house on the 28th of April—the 27th having been his 81st birthday. To no one did he give a more cordial share of his regard and affection than to yourself, both on public and on private grounds; and I need scarcely tell you that those feelings, formed and cemented as they were by the most trying and glorious circumstances of professional service, were not changed towards you during the last days of his life. Up to his 78th year, he was in full enjoyment of personal and mental activity, constantly on horseback, and in society, and participating in every thing that could give him interest or pleasure.

But this could not last to the end, and for the latter two years of his life he had been infirm though well, until about a year ago he was attacked by dropsy. The skill of his medical attendants kept this off, till a more serious break-up this spring. He was confined to his house only for about

three weeks before his death. We were all with him—myself, who am still in the army—my naval brother, whom you remember—my eldest sister, whom you called 'Varinka,' whose husband, Sir T. Bourchier, died two years ago—and my twin sisters.

All of our most kind remembrances to you, my good Admiral; I know no one will feel and share our sorrow more than yourself.

Your very sincere,
J. W. CODRINGTON.

Kind and gracious messages of enquiry were repeatedly sent by Her Majesty the Queen during the illness of Sir Edward Codrington; and also by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, whose kind and steady friendship for him had been kept up until the close of his life: and many, very many, were the letters received by his family bearing witness to the love and esteem in which he was so generally held. A very few specimens of these are added to close this memoir.

Lord John Russell, after expressing his 'deep and sincere sympathy,' adds:

'The loss of so distinguished a man is national, but his kindness of heart could be felt only by his family and friends.'

Sir James Stirling says:

'In that loss, you may rest assured, the world and the naval profession will sincerely participate, for a brighter or nobler example of what an English gentleman and an English Admiral should be, never existed. I can most truly say, that ever since I have had the honour to know him, it has raised me in my own esteem to feel that I could estimate the value of his character, and do justice in my own mind to his rare and valuable qualities of truth, candour, frankness, and benevolence.

'It must be a most consolatory thought to you that the part he was allotted to perform in the world was so well executed.'

From Lord J. H.:

'If ever there was a man who combined the qualities of a high-minded gentleman, with all the requirements of a first-rate officer, that man was Sir Edward Codrington. It will be a satisfaction to those who had the honour to rank amongst his friends, to know that his last moments were tranquil and free from suffering.'

From W. B. H.:

'It may indeed be wished by any of us that knew him as I did, that when we shall be called away we may be found to have worked as ardently and faithfully for our country and our fellowmen, as he has done.'

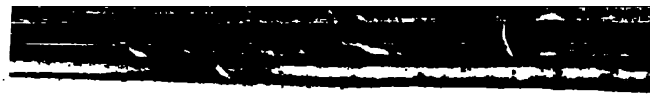
From Admiral Sir William Parker:

'You have reason, my dear Codrington, to be proud of the name you bear. Your father's services will be handed down to posterity in our naval annals, and there can be but one feeling of regret amongst his surviving friends. Peter Richards has described to me the closing scene, which marks the unostentatious character of the lamented and single-minded individual who directed.'

On lit dans le 'Courrier d'Athènes' du 28 juin, 1851:

Dans la séance du 17 juin, M. Zanos, député de Santorin, après avoir rappelé à la Chambre tout ce que le pays doit à l'amiral Codrington, . . .

Le sénat, sur la proposition de M. Psylla, a exprimé par une mention spéciale consignée dans le procès-verbal, les sentimens douleureux que lui a causés la mort de l'amiral Codrington.



APPENDIX.

OTTOMAN NAVARIN FLEET.

1st Turkish Division, commanded by the Capitan Bey, sailed from Alexandria, August 5, 1827.

Gen. No.	Ships	Guns	Men	Remarks
1	1 Ship-of-the-line, Capitan Bey's Flag . .	84	800	Dismasted and driven on shore.
2	2 Ditto . .	74	730	Destroyed with all the crew on board.
3	1 Frigate (razée)	54	500	Destroyed.
4	2 Ditto . .	52	450	Ditto.
5	3 Ditto . .	44	360	Ditto.
6	4 Pedroni Bey[1] .	52	450	Driven on shore, but got off; arrived at Alexandria Dec. 1827.
7	5 Ditto . .	52	450	Dismasted and driven on shore, but afterwards got off; arrived at Alexandria Dec. 1827, *unserviceable.*
8	6 Ditto . .	52	450	Ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto.
9	1 Corvette . .	28	200	Destroyed.
10	2 Ditto . .	26	180	Ditto.
11	3 Ditto . .	26	180	Ditto.
12	4 Ditto . .	26	180	Dismasted and driven on shore; afterwards got off; returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827; since repaired, Aug. 1828.
13	5 Ditto . .	26	180	Ditto, ditto, ditto, laid up.
14	6 Ditto . .	24	180	Ditto, ditto, returned to Alexandria in a sinking state and totally unserviceable.
15	7 Ditto . .	24	180	Destroyed.
16	8 Ditto . .	24	180	Ditto.
17	9 Ditto . .	24	100	Ditto.
18	10 Ditto . .	22	180	Ditto.

[1] The Pedroni Bey sailed from Alexandria in this frigate, but is said to have shifted his flag (at the fore) to No. 2, a 74 in the same division.

OTTOMAN NAVARIN FLEET—*continued.*

Gen. No.	Ships	Guns	Men	Remarks
19	11 Corvette . .	22	180	Destroyed
20	12 Ditto . .	24	180	Ditto.
21	1 Guerrièn Moharem Bey .	60	500	Ditto.
22	2 'Diana' . .	58	500	Ditto.
23	3 Frigate . .	58	500	Ditto.
24	4 'Leone'[1] . .	60	500	Dismasted; returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827; since refitted.
25	1 'Navarin' .	22	150	Destroyed.
26	2 'Lion' . .	26	160	*a.* Returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827.
27	3 'Lion' . .	22	150	*a.* Ditto, ditto.
28	4 Ditto . .	22	150	*a.* Ditto, ditto.
29	5 Ditto . .	24	150	Disabled, ditto.
30	6 Ditto . .	22	150	Ditto, and driven on shore; returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827; since repaired.
31	7 Ditto . .	24	150	Destroyed.
32	8 Ditto . .	24	150	Ditto.
33	9 Ditto . .	22	150	Ditto.
34	10 Ditto . .	22	150	Ditto.
35	11 Ditto . .	22	150	Ditto.
36	1 Brig . .	22	130	Ditto.
37	2 'Washington' .	22	120	Not in the battle.
38	3 Ditto . .	20	120	Destroyed.
39	4 Ditto . .	20	120	Ditto.
40	5 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
41	6 'Satalia' .	22	120	Returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827.
42	7 Ditto . .	18	120	*a.* Ditto, ditto.
43	8 Ditto . .	18	120	*a.* Ditto, ditto.
44	9 Ditto . .	18	120	Disabled and driven on shore, ditto.
45	10 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto.
46	11 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto, returned to Alexandria, Dec. 1827.
47	12 Ditto . .	16	110	Ditto, ditto, ditto.
48	13 Brig . .	14	100	Destroyed.
49	14 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
50	15 Ditto . .	14	90	Ditto.
51	16 Ditto . .	22	120	Ditto.
52	17 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
53	18 Ditto . .	16	110	Ditto.
54	19 Ditto . .	14	100	Ditto.
55	20 Ditto . .	14	100	Disabled; returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827.
56	21 Ditto . .	20	120	Destroyed.

[1] The 'Leone' did not leave Alexandria with the division, but joined it at Navarin.

OTTOMAN NAVARIN FLEET—*continued.*

Gen. No.	Ships	Guns	Men	Remarks
57	1 Schooner . .	18	120	
58	2 Ditto . .	16	80	[1]
59	3 Ditto . .	14	80	[1]
60	4 Ditto . .	14	80	[1]
61	5 Ditto . .	14	80	[1]
62	1 Fire Brig .	4	15	Destroyed.
63	2 Ditto . .	4	15	Ditto.
64	3 Ditto . .	4	15	Ditto.
65	4 Ditto . .	4	15	Ditto.
66	5 Ditto . .	4	15	Ditto.
67	6 Ditto . .	4	15	Driven on shore; returned to Alexandria Dec. 1827.
	Tunisian Division.			
68	1 Frigate, Tunisian Admiral .	42	350	Destroyed.
69	2 Ditto . .	32	300	Ditto.
70	1 Brig . .	18	120	Ditto.
	2nd Turkish Division, commanded by Tahir Pacha, from Constantinople direct to Navarin.			
71	1 Ship-of-the-line, 'Tahir Pacha'	60	550	Dismasted and driven on shore; arrived at Alexandria.
72	1 Frigate . .	50	350	Destroyed.
73	2 Ditto . .	48	350	Ditto.
74	3 Ditto . .	44	350	Dismasted and driven on shore; arrived at Alexandria Dec. 1827.
75	4 Ditto . .	44	350	Destroyed.
76	5 Ditto . .	44	350	Ditto.
77	6 Ditto . .	44	350	Ditto.
78	1 Corvette . .	28	150	Ditto.
79	2 Ditto . .	26	150	Ditto.
80	3 Ditto . .	26	150	Ditto.
81	4 Ditto . .	24	150	Ditto.
82	5 Ditto . .	24	150	Ditto.
83	6 Ditto . .	24	150	Ditto.
84	7 Ditto . .	24	150	Ditto.
85	1 Brig . .	18	120	Ditto.
86	2 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
87	3 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
88	4 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
89	5 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.
90	6 Ditto . .	18	120	Ditto.

[1] These four schooners are said to have remained afloat after the battle, but as they never appeared at Alexandria, it may be supposed they perished.

OTTOMAN NAVARIN FLEET—*continued.*

Line	Double Frigates	Frigates	Corvettes	Brigs	Schooners	Fire Brigs	Transports		Total	Remarks
							Aust.	Turk.		
2	0	5	12	0	0	0	0	0	19	Captain Bey's division from Alexandria.
0	4	0	11	21	5	6	8	33	88	Moharem Bey's ditto, ditto.
0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	Tunisian division, ditto.
1	0	6	7	6	0	0	0	0	20	Tahir Pacha's ditto, from Constantinople.
3	4	13	30	28	5	6	8	33	130	Total, Transports included.
1	3	9	22	19	1	5	0	0	60	Destroyed.
2	1	4	8	9	4	1	0	0	29	Remain, besides Transports.

Thus it appears that sixty vessels of war were totally destroyed, and the remainder driven on shore in a shattered condition, with the exception of the 'Leone' (dismasted), four corvettes, six brigs, and four schooners, which alone remained afloat after the battle. Of those which were afterwards got off, at least one ship-of-the-line, two 52-gun frigates, and one, if not two, of the corvettes are too much damaged to be repaired. The Austrian transports had sailed from Navarin previous to October 20, and at least nine or ten of the Turkish armed transports having received the remnant of the crews of some of the destroyed vessels, hoisted pendants, and were reported as brigs of war, on their return to Alexandria in December 1827. The three corvettes and two brigs marked *a*, are said to have been present on October 20; but as they had not the slightest mark of having been engaged, it is probable they were the vessels said to have been at Patras, Modon, &c. &c. The 'Washington' returned to Alexandria with despatches after the affair of Patras, and was kept by Mehemet Ali for the purpose of carrying his instructions to Ibrahim on the subject of his forcing his way through the Allied squadrons as directed by the Porte. The loss

in killed and wounded is stated at 3,000 of the former, and 1,109 of the latter.[1]

PETER RICHARDS,
Commander of H.M. Sloop 'Pelorus.'

[1] This account was furnished to Capt. Richards by M. Letellier, the French Instructor of the Egyptian Navy; but the number of the wounded is evidently incorrect.

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